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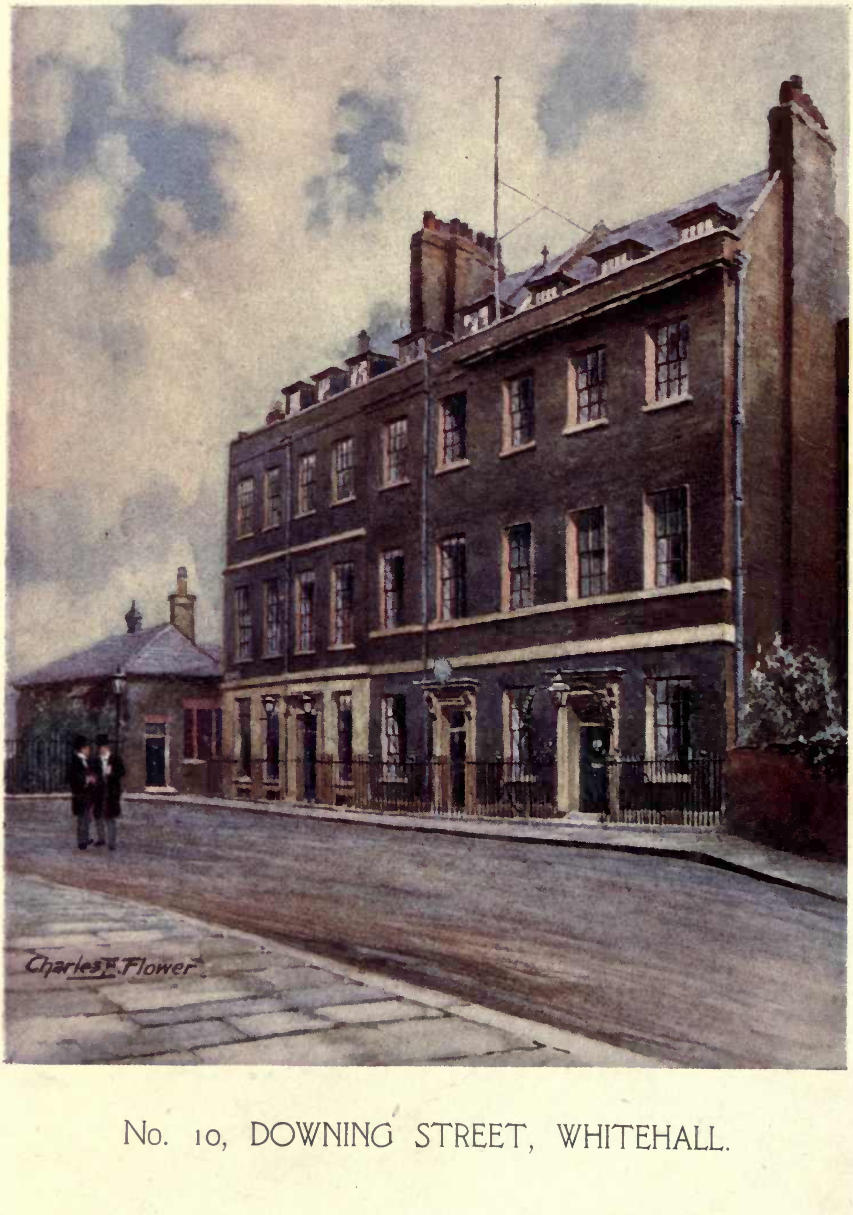
Charles E. Flower

No. 10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL.

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No. 10, Downing Street, Whitehall:

Its History and Associations.

BY
CHARLES EYRE PASCOE,

Author of
"LONDON OF TO-DAY."

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR, AND OTHER SKETCHES,
BY CHARLES E. FLOWER.

A Memory of Great Names and
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Contents.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY . . . . i.–ix.

THE BUILDER.

CHAPTER I.

WHO WAS GEORGE DOWNING ? . . . 3–14

CHAPTER II.

DOWNING'S CAREER DISSECTED . . . 15–33

THE STREET.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNINGS OF WHITEHALL . . . 37–49

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEGINNINGS OF DOWNING STREET . . 50–66

CHAPTER V.

" HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSE CALLED THE COCKPIT " 67–86

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE
OFFICE OF FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY. 87–105

THE HOUSE.

CHAPTER VII.

NO. 10 109–125

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED . . . 126–145

CHAPTER IX.

SOME OF THE ROOMS 146–165

CHAPTER X.

A CABINET-ROOM COLLOQUY . . . 166–185

CHAPTER XI.

REVERIE 186–211

SOME PAST ASSOCIATIONS.

NOTE 215–216

PRIME MINISTERS FROM 1735 . . . 217–218

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Chapter XII.

Walpole, Wilmington and North . 219–235

Chapter XIII.

The Pitts, Father and Son . . . 236–251

Chapter XIV.

Fox and Grey 252–265

Chapter XV.

Melbourne, Peel, and others . . 266–286

Chapter XVI.

Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone 287–301

Chapter XVII.

Conclusion 302–322

Historical Notes 323–333

Index 335–344

List of Illustrations.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR.

No. 10, Downing Street, Whitehall . . . *Frontispiece.*

FACING PAGE

The Garden of No. 10 67
The Cabinet-room (1907) 87
The Reception-room 109
The State Dining-room 146
The Treasury Board-room (Office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer) 166
House of Commons 186
House of Lords 287

SKETCHES.

PAGE

Wolsey's Treasury 42
"King Henry's Head" Tavern, Downing Street . . . 52
The "Axe and Gate" Tavern, Downing Street . . . 62
Whitehall Entrance to the Cockpit Passage 70

PLANS.

Section of Ordnance Survey Map: Sites of Cockpit, Tilt-yard, Tennis Court, etc. 76
Plan drawn by W. L. Spiers, Esq., A.R.I.B.A. 84
Plan of Downing Street, 1749 112

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE
Plan of Downing Street, 1799 114
No. 10. From a Plan by Sir Christopher Wren, 1677 . 118
No. 10. From a Plan by Sir John Soane, 1825 . . . 120

PORTRAITS.

FACING PAGE
Sir George Downing, 3rd Baronet 3
Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, K.G. 10
Thomas, 1st Lord Clifford of Chudleigh 18
Thomas Osborne (Earl of Danby), 1st Duke of Leeds, K.G. 26
Sydney Godolphin, Earl of Godolphin 32
Henry Booth (Baron Delamere), 1st Earl of Warrington . 40
Sir John Lowther, Bart., 1st Viscount Lonsdale . . . 48
Sir Robert Walpole, K.G. 56
Spencer Compton, Lord Wilmington 62
Henry Pelham 72
Thomas Pelham Holles, 1st Duke of Newcastle . . . 80
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham 90
The Marquis of Bute, K.G. 96
George Grenville 102
The Marquis of Rockingham, K.G. 116
The 3rd Duke of Grafton, K.G. 122
Frederick, Lord North, 2nd Earl of Guilford, K.G. . . 130
The Earl of Shelburne, 1st Marquis of Lansdowne . . 136
William Pitt 142
Henry Addington, 1st Viscount Sidmouth 152
William Wyndham, Lord Grenville 158
The Duke of Portland, K.G. 172
Spencer Perceval 178
Robert Banks Jenkinson (Lord Hawkesbury), 2nd Earl of Liverpool 192
George Canning 198
Lord Goderich 204

No. 10, DOWNING STREET.

FACING PAGE
The Duke of Wellington, K.G. 210
Charles, 2nd Earl Grey, K.G. 216
Viscount Melbourne 222
Sir Robert Peel, Bart. 228
John, Earl Russell, K.G. 234
Edward Stanley, 14th Earl of Derby, K.G. . . . 246
The Earl of Aberdeen, K.G. 254
Viscount Palmerston, K.G. 262
Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. . . . 270
William Ewart Gladstone 278
The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G. 294
The Earl of Rosebery, K.G. 302
Arthur James Balfour 310
Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, G.C.B. 318

⁂ *Search has been made in London, at Cambridge, at East Hatley, and very diligent inquiry also has been made at The Hague, for a portrait of Sir George Downing, 1st Baronet, the builder of Downing Street, but unfortunately without success.—C.E.P.*

Note.

WHEN a writer has finished his work and sent all to the press, there is generally in a book of this kind one page yet lacking; that page in which it becomes his grateful duty to acknowledge his obligations to those who have rendered him help.

In every case, in the present instance, that acknowledgment has to be made to strangers.

To Mr. Henry Higgs, Private Secretary of the Prime Minister. If this book be entitled to any merit, I shall be most indebted to him for the reward. It was his interest in the history of No. 10, Downing Street, which led to the compiling of this record.

To Mr. Walter L. Spiers, A.R.I.B.A., Curator of the Soane Museum, for ever-ready technical aid; to Mr. E. Gardner, of Park House, South Hampstead, for access to his well-known and matchless collection of engravings of old London; to Mr. Percy G. Sedgwick, of the London County Council's service, for personal assistance in drafting the plans; to Mr. Emery Walker, of 16, Clifford's Inn, for the right to reproduce the several copies of portraits of past Prime Ministers, by him taken from those in the National Portrait Gallery.

My thanks further are due to Mrs. Drew, of Hawarden Rectory; to Lord Welby, G.C.B., for permission to reproduce the engravings made from those Portraits which hang in the Reception Room of No. 10, and which he presented to the Treasury; to F. S. Parry, Esq., C.B., sometime Private Secretary to the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, when Prime Minister, whose collected notes were of great assistance; and last, not least, to the Rev. J. C. Saunders, M.A., Senior Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, Rector of Hatley St. George, Sandy, to whose hospitality, in Sir George Downing's country, I am much beholden.

For the help thus generously rendered, I am chiefly indebted to those, to whom I have not the privilege of being otherwise known, than through a letter.

One sentence more I would ask permission to add. In an experience now extending over many years, seldom before have I had so much reason to admit my obligations for the personal interest shown—beyond the mere letter of the contract—in the painstaking production and printing of a Book, as I have to those, from whose press this present example issues : Messrs. Delittle, Fenwick & Co., of York.

CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.

WALLINGTON, SURREY.
November 25th, 1907.

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Introductory.

"WHAT find you better or more honourable than age?" asks an old English writer, long forgotten by all but students of literature. "Take the pre-eminence of it in everything: in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree"—as of that street and house, for example, of which we are about to write. What better, except it be "old authors to read"; one of the four things cited by Bacon, in commendation of age.

Being myself a lover of things old—old friends, old times, old manners, old authors, and, not the least, old London, through which I have diligently roamed and mused, as it were, apart, for many years; being, as I say, a great lover of everything old, quaint and unconventional, naturally enough I love that old author, Montaigne, and his good translator, John Florio. I regard Florio so much, and think of him so gratefully, that I like to picture him as having done that masterpiece of his, the translation of Montaigne's Essays, in some pleasant lodging of Queen Elizabeth's Westminster, not a great way from the Queen's palace of Whitehall.

Assuredly he was thereabouts living in the reign of her successor, to whose youthful son, Prince Henry, he was French and Italian tutor, and thus attached to the Court. Moreover, he was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Through the whole of King James the First's reign lived John Florio, and was duly gathered to his fathers in the year 1625, which witnessed the accession of Charles I. Then came the Commonwealth, and then the Restoration, and lo! we have the plans and beginnings of Downing Street, Whitehall. George Downing is on the political stage of England, scheming, intriguing, building, adding Manor to Manor, and making money—laying out a London street that bears his otherwise ill-remembered name to this day.

But wherefore these prefatory references to Florio? Why he more than any other? Why not with equal relevancy Sir Philip Sydney, or Ben Jonson, or Shakespeare, or—not to seem flippant when most serious—why not "Stephen Sly, or old John Naps o' the Green"?

Because, it so happened, Montaigne's Essays was the last companion of my solitude, when I took up the pen to write this opening chapter. As I was on the point of laying the book aside, my eye chanced to fall on the following eloquent passage: "He could never (he began by saying) mutiny so much against his own country, but he must needs look on its capital city always with a favourable eye. 'It hath my heart from my infancy. The more other fair and stately cities I have seen since, the more her beauty hath power, and doth still surprisingly gain upon my affection. I love that city for her own sake . . . I love her so tenderly, that even her spots, her blemishes, and her warts, are dear unto me.' He was no perfect patriot (said he), but by this 'great matchless city; great in people, great in regard of the felicity of her situation; but above all, great and incomparable in variety, and diversity of commodities;' . . . the glory of his country and 'one of the noblest and chief ornaments of the world.'"

Such was the passage from Montaigne, last communicated to me by the good Florio, when I took up my pen to begin this book.

This might have been written, thinks I, but for its touching eloquence, and quaint old-world phraseology, by myself. It might have been written of that city which hath had my heart from my childhood —Old London. This might have been thought by me, in some forgotten dreamland, where I, musing in restful ecstasy on memories of things that were, conceived these same "high erected thoughts" of bygone London and wrote them down. I loved that city for her own sake; yea, so tenderly that she doth still surprisingly hold my affection; and shall to the end.

"Love is the May-day of the heart." I date back that fair festival in London's case—need I write how many years? It shall suffice to say, that I have known it thus intimately, in every phase of its varied life, for half a century. A little more, and never more can I know it. In parts, I know it not already. The London, when that "fair festival" of my earlier affection for it was first observed, is vanished for ever. It lives now only in memory.

If I could have fixed a peg into our wheel of the city, and stayed it where it was, right willingly would I have done it, any time these last thirty years. For never was there a more constant lover of the Past than he who writes; bred, beyond doubt, of his boyhood's cloistral life in the heart of the old city; fostered by that cloistral life's time-honoured associations, and many curious customs and traditions, dating from Tudor times; made lasting because during those school-days it was, that he first kept the May-day of his youthful heart's festival, in learning first of all to know and then to love London.

Such a Book, then, as this might claim to be "consubstantiall to his author . . . not of an occupation and end strange and forraine as all other bookes"; but as representing, in a sense, the fruits of love's labour—as may be hoped, finally in this case to be won.

The glory of England, this London of ours, and one of the noblest and chief ornaments of the world—the which glory, and the which noble and chief ornament, successive statesmen of No. 10, Downing Street, for nearly two centuries, have borne no mean part, and given no few gifts of genius, bred of a noble patriotism and duty to the Throne, in fashioning.

"Seldom do I come in, or go out, of this house, but I see little groups of people looking at it. They stroll into the Treasury Passage, and gaze about there; and I see them on the Parade, looking up at the windows."

I will not gratify an idle curiosity by saying who thus spoke; but it was he who most of all encouraged me to write this book, who made the task easier, and granted the necessary facilities. Whatever may come of it, to that gentleman am I most beholden for the encouragement which a writer nowadays most needs, whose literary qualifications do not include the paramount gifts of Fiction, and who essays to-day to publish a book, the chief interest of which lies with the Past, and not with the Present.

"Surely," said my counsellor, "there will be many who will be glad to have such a book? It seems to me that its title alone must awaken interest?"

I bethought me of those little groups of pilgrims and strangers who are to be seen wandering in Downing Street and its vicinity, and resolved that these in part, at all events, should represent my readers. I would appeal from the Cæsars of the vogue unto them. It had been decided that a subject such as mine was of no popular interest to-day. Then, thought I, it is to the few I will address my book—firstly, to those who know Downing Street, and whom Downing Street knows; next, to the faithful but uninformed pilgrim at the shrine; lastly, to him who, like myself, cherishes a love of the Past, and the many kindly memories it recalls.

The writer has seen London change from the town of the Georges—aye, and of a period more remote than that, to the world's pleasure-ground and metropolis of to-day. Dare he in these pages borrow of the slang of the street and write "down-to-date" in everything? but most "to-date," perhaps, in what it has copied from across the Atlantic; a good deal that is good, not a little that is indifferent; some, in his time-worn opinion, that was not deserving of being copied? He will not stay to discuss in what particulars as regards either. It is sufficient to admit that he prefers the Old to the New city.

He has not the smallest doubt but that many Americans share with him that preference; just as many prefer the New York and Boston of yesterday to the twin cities of to-day. It is an error to suppose that all the notions we are said to borrow from America are "real American." For one example, a general lack of interest in "the things which do renown this city" is the reverse of real American. That much will I vouch for. In other times, I published a book about London of the present, and the past too. For twenty years its author's most appreciative supporters and indulgent readers came from America.

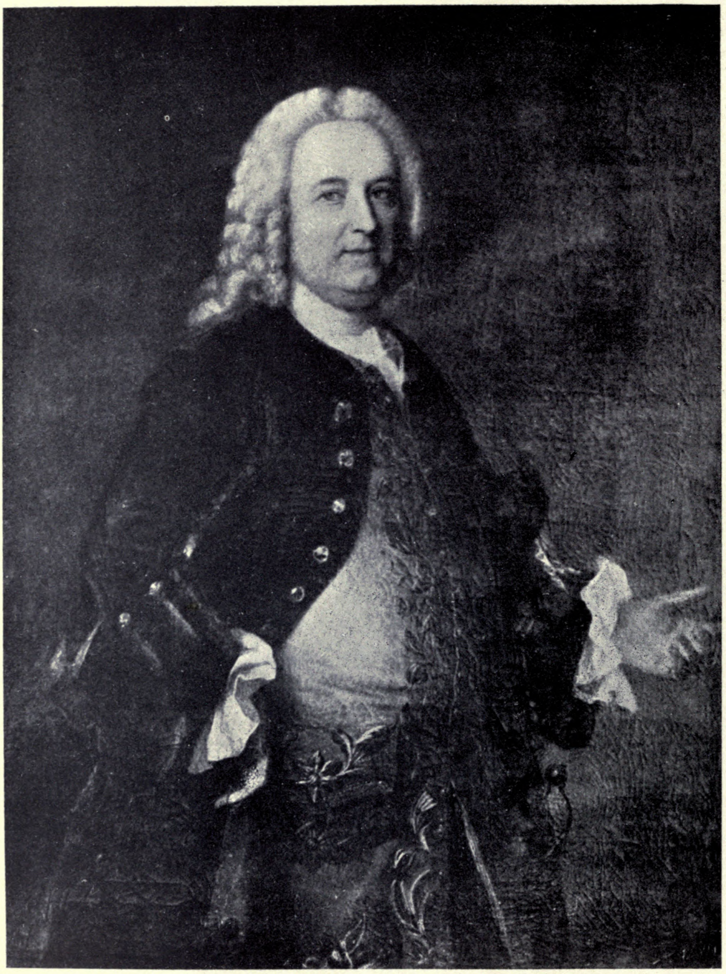
I fancy I am able to descry, in those "little groups" standing on the Horse Guards Parade, and gazing up at the windows of No. 10, Downing Street, some of the younger members of their families. I can see the young couple from Boston, and the older gentleman and lady from Philadelphia chatting, and no doubt wondering in which room it was that Walpole slept, and where it was that Pitt and Lady Hesther Stanhope dined, and where it was that the lady playfully blacked the Prime Minister's face. His portrait hangs over the mantel-piece in the State Dining-room. In imagination, I make a note of a well-dressed senator from Washington, who is examining the exterior of the old Treasury. If in my company, perchance we might pass through from the First Lord's house, to his colleague the Chancellor's room, and there see the Council table, the King's chair, and the Budget-box sacred to the memory of William Ewart Gladstone. Is it possible the honourable senator from Washington would be interested? I should be sorry to think otherwise. I make no doubt he would; and be not merely interested, but declare himself grateful to any Londoner who was willing to show him the courtesy.

Here and there I think I can espy other strangers, from London's suburbs and the provinces—faithful alone among the faithless, these English pilgrims, to one of England's most famous shrines: the site of the historic "Cockpit." Here stood the Duke's lodgings, good pilgrims, and there King Henry's Tennis-court, and there again his Tilt-yard, and over yonder Lady Castelmaine's lodgings, and not a great way off, in Axe Yard, lived Samuel Pepys, for a time the official colleague of George Downing. Peep through the door in the garden-wall and look to your left, and you will see a bricked-up exit of the Cockpit passage. A "water-gate," say some, through which the Protector secretly passed at times to the water-side. Doubtless he passed through the passage, though not to the Thames ; but to the Lord Protector's palace of Whitehall, formerly the Cardinal's, and later the King's. Shall I go on ? Need I gossip further in this introductory chapter ?

Do not let it be said, good pilgrims, that we English are less interested in these reminiscences of English History, and this famous shrine that belongs to it, than the lady and gentleman from Boston, our esteemed friends from Philadelphia, or the honourable senator from Washington ; he who is willing to thank a Londoner for walking at his side and discoursing about a street which, socially speaking, is the least of all the world's streets, but politically the most famous in name and reputation.

An Englishman may be pardoned for having it so, and yet more a Londoner who, knowing his London, loves it, and dares declare there is no city in the world its equal—whether for study, amusement or recreation ; especially that kind of recreation, in its way the most pleasurable and innocent of any, which attracts so many to-day to Downing Street, of which, until now, no History has been written, to tell people of its interest.

The Builder.



SIR GEORGE DOWNING, 3rd Baronet.

FOUNDER OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

From the Portrait at Downing College, Cambridge.
Photographed by Scott & Wilkinsons, of Cambridge.

Legislative Library Ontario.

CHAPTER I.

Who was George Downing?

THE character of the builder of Downing Street was summed up by Pepys 250 years ago. A letter at my elbow, dated May 26th, 1907, from the distinguished Professor of English History in the University of Oxford, says that "no new material has come to light concerning Downing's personal history." Then Pepys's contemporary testimony still holds good, save in one important particular. He omitted to say that Downing was "a most capable official." That omission is now supplied by the learned editor of the Calendar of Treasury Books (1660-7), to be found in the Public Record Office: "A doubly perjured traitor," writes he; "but a most capable official." Thus much stands to the credit of George Downing's account to-day.

It might reasonably be asked, why then open it, two centuries and more after his death? One might with equal reason ask why Henry I. ordered Public Records to be kept at the beginning of the twelfth century, and why the State now contributes some thousands annually for their safe custody, and sundry collateral purposes of administration? And, moreover, why learned gentlemen make careful selection from these dusty accumulations of centuries, and edit such records, and hand the results of their labours over to the State to be printed, published, and sold? Obviously with a view to the promotion of useful knowledge, and haply in order that History may be less false than it is sometimes written. But for such well-preserved records, none might have discovered anything now standing to the credit of George Downing.

Let justice be done, even though the memory of Downing perish. Twenty years ago, in a paper I then published on No. 10, Downing Street, I came to the conclusion that for "slimness, avarice, ingratitude and treachery," its builder had few his equals. I then knew nothing of his American antecedents, nor did at that time (I believe) the honourable Historical Society of Massachusetts. Now each of us knows all. The best that the Society knows is, that he was not American; and the worst that I know is, that he was English—a fact which greatly encouraged me in paying so many handsome and well-merited compliments to American pilgrims in the introductory chapter.

Who was this George Downing, whose name yesterday Whitehall so well knew, whose name to-day is seldom omitted from our daily newspapers, and which seems destined to survive many to-morrows of England's political history, when other and more illustrious names are forgotten? While stands the Treasury of England, England shall stand. Will some future iconoclastic First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings, greatly daring in his reconstruction schemes, venture to obliterate that name, known to-day throughout the world? familiar to Englishmen throughout the empire, familiar to Americans, familiar to foreign nations, and promising to remain so to next ages; a name for more than 200 years, inseparably connected with the Treasury of England, and the adjoining house of England's Prime Ministers.

Though we mislike Downing the man, we regard the familiar name, and trust that future First Commissioners of Works may always spare the titular idol for sake of its wealth of historic memories.

Who, we ask, was George Downing?

Salem, once the chief seaport of New England—chosen land of the Pilgrim Fathers: "Here (1906) are many stately and reposeful old houses": the Custom House, to wit, in which Nathaniel Hawthorne, pleasantest of America's earlier authors, was employed; the house on Federal Street in which Lafayette was, in 1784, entertained, and Washington in 1789; the birthplace, and various domiciles, and landmarks of the aforesaid Hawthorne the elder; the Pickering Mansion, built in 1649; and last, not least in interest, Plummer Hall (containing a library of 24,000 volumes), on the site of which hall stood "first the house of the Puritan, Emmanuel Downing, whose son George Downing gave his name to Downing Street, in London; and afterwards that of Simon Bradstreet, the last colonial Governor." Thus a book transmitted from Boston, by an old friend, a co-partner of the pen.

A famous predecessor of Bradstreet's, John Winthrop by name, second Governor of the colony, a name still held in high regard in America—arrived at Salem in the month of June of the year 1630, with the charter granted the preceding year to the "Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." Whence arose the flourishing city of Boston of to-day, in which this present writer spent two of the happiest years of his life, unfamiliar as yet with the history of Downing Street, Whitehall.

Harvard, Cambridge, Cambridgeport, and indeed the whole of the now thickly-populated region of the Charles River, were very different in George Downing's time from what they were even in our own; or peradventure we should never have heard of him and his building operations in London, over against Whitehall. In these latter days, his "Admittatur in

Collegium Harvardinum, Georgius Downing," must have led such a man to greater political enterprises nearer home. Most assuredly so. He would probably have become first of all Governor (perhaps Senator) of Massachusetts, assuredly for a while Ambassador to England (for old times' sake and to greet his father's old friends), and finally, possibly, President of the United States. Who can tell? These, however, are matters purely conjectural, and aside from the current of this story.

Curiosity tempts us here to ask what took Emmanuel Downing to America? Was he, indeed, of a sour solemnity, sullen superstition, gloomy moroseness, and imbued with all the stubborn scruples of the ancient Puritans? Was he really of that "tumult of absurdity, and clamour of contradiction, which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet" in England in his day? In brief, was he, indeed, a sufferer for conscience sake, or was he a mere "passive resister" of temporary embarrassment, of sufficiently broad-minded principles withal, to prefer a land promising milk and honey, to one without and given over to a "gloomy moroseness"? In a word, did the Winthrops invite him over, or did he go of his own accord? As to his politics, he and his family were Parliamentarians.

The English derive their pedigree from such a range of nationalities (as Emerson rightly wrote), that there needs sea-room and land-room to unfold the varieties of their talent and character. " The ocean (he suggested) perhaps serves as a galvanic battery, to distribute acids at one pole, and alkalies at the other. So England tends to accumulate her Liberals in America and her Conservatives in London . . . but the Briton in the blood hugs the homestead still." This was written in 1847. It might even better have applied to the year 1647—Downing's own time.

England, tending to accumulate some of her more ardent " Liberals " of that period of history, when they were more ardent than ever before, in the lately organized Bay Colony, and they finding it very good, the Puritan Emmanuel Downing, sometime of the Inner Temple (might, we suggest, not too successful barrister-at-law ?), sailed thither from England to join them—with plenty of sea-room before him on the Northern Atlantic. Being by birth and education a gentleman (his people originally of Suffolk or of Cambridgeshire), naturally he would mingle with the best in the colony—Johnson, Winthrop (to Lucy, a sister of Winthrop, first Governor, Emmanuel Downing had been already married in England), Dudley, Bradstreet, Blaxton, Wilson, Cotton, Eliot, Endicott

—one of whose name, John, ripped out with his dagger the red cross of St. George from the colony's flag. Captain Robert Keane perchance also greeted Emmanuel Downing friendly ; he who was the first commander of the first military company ever raised there ; now the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, offspring of our own—the City of London's Train-Bands, " ardent Liberals " the majority, who during the Civil War in England, marched to raise the siege of Gloucester.

" After God had carried " Johnson, Cotton, Bradstreet, Winthrop and the rest safe to New England, and " we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity." Thus it is inscribed on the beautiful Johnston Gateway of Harvard College-yard, recalling " New England's First Fruits " of the period 1636-9. George Downing partook of those fruits in a measure, and was apparently filled ; or never could he have done what he later did—in Cromwell's service, in King Charles the Second's, at the Hague, in Paris, and elsewhere ; not to add for his own special behoof while he lived, and to the material advantage of certain of his relations who succeeded him and bore his name. Truly, for him to have been so cordially hated by the States General of Holland, he must have been a state's general in himself, born, not made.

But not to indulge further in these incidental reflections; the question we have proposed is: Who was George Downing? and it is for us to answer it as best we can, so as to show, if possible, what manner of man he was. Americans have always known more about him than we. Years ago they found out all about his family affairs, leaving us to find them out for ourselves—naturally enough in America, at our own risk of time, trouble and research, when, if ever, we became interested in that London street, where the Prime Minister of England officially resides.

Happily, in more senses than one—for to know him to whom we refer and his wife was to esteem them, and of the nature of a liberal education—among other friends whom the writer had the good fortune to make while in America, was William S. Robinson, of Springfield, Massachusetts, once well known in the highest walks of American journalism, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Warrington." In an appendix of a little book* given me by his wife I have found some interesting particulars relating to the Downing family, which I do not think have before

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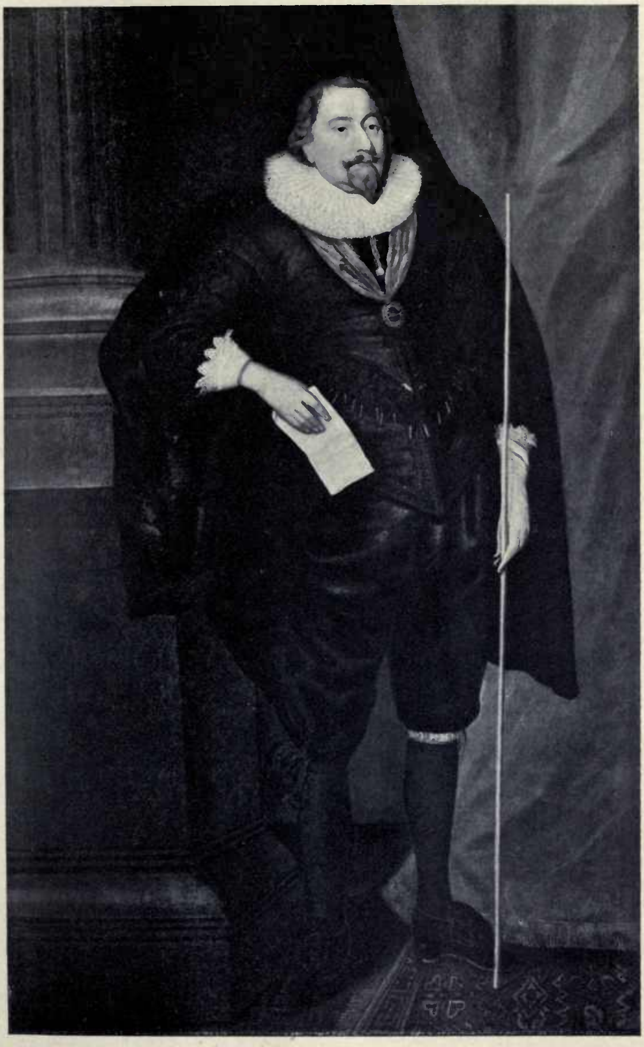
*"Massachusetts in the Woman Suffrage Movement."—Harriet H. Robinson. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1881.



RICHARD WESTON, EARL OF PORTLAND, K.G.

LORD HIGH TREASURER, 1628.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street.
After Sir Anthony Van Dyck.

been published in England. Feeling certain that the facts related can hardly fail to interest some of the pilgrims who are attracted to Downing Street, I reprint them here.

Says the author : "Mr. [Emmanuel] Downing and his wife [Lucy, sister of the first Governor Winthrop] remained in England some years after John Winthrop came to New England, and these early letters [quoted] are written from that country. In one of these letters to her brother, Lucy Downing expresses the desire of herself and husband to come to New England with their children ; but laments that if they do come, her son George cannot complete his studies. 'You have yet no societies nor means of that kind for the education of youths in learning.'"

She goes on to express her solicitation in the matter and says : "It would make me goe far nimbler to New England, if God should call me to it, than otherwise I should, and I believe a colledge would put noe small life into the plantation." This letter was written early in 1636, and in October of the same year the General Court of the Massachusetts colony agreed to give £400 towards establishing a school or college in Newtowne, two years later named, as now, Cambridge. Soon afterwards the Rev. John Harvard, an English Nonconformist, who had emigrated to Charlestown, by Boston, died and left one half of his estate to this "infant seminary," and in 1638 it was ordered by the General Court that the "Colledge to be built at Cambridge shall be called Harvard Colledge."

Whether Lucy Downing's earnest plea to her brother, the then powerful Governor of New England, for a school in which to educate her son, prompted him, or hurried his attention thus early to act in this direction, we cannot now tell. It is, as the record from which we quote says, "certainly a remarkable coincidence."

"Early in 1638 Lucy Downing and her husband arrived in New England, and the name of George Downing stands second on the list of the first class of Harvard graduates of 1642. The Downings had other sons who do not seem to have been educated at Harvard, and daughters who were put out to service. One of these daughters was married, or given in marriage, against her own wishes, for she preferred at least two lovers to the man chosen by her parents to be her husband. The son, for whom so much was done by his mother, was afterwards known as Sir George Downing, and he became rich and powerful in England. . . . In after life he forgot his duty to his mother, who so naturally looked to him for support ; and her last letter written from England after her husband died, when she was old and feeble, tells a sad story of her son's avarice and meanness, and leaves the painful impression that she suffered in her old age for the necessaries of life."

It is a pathetic story, and one that has been told by many women since Lucy Downing's day. "I am now att ten pounde a yeare for my chamber, and three pounde for my servants' wages, and have to extend the other ten pounde a yeare to accommodat for our meat and drink, and for my clothing, and all other necessaries I am much to seek, and more your brother Georg will not hear of for me, and he says that it is only covetousness that makes me ask more. He last summer bought another town near Hatly, calld Clappum, [which] cost him thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds, and I really beleeve one of us two are indeed covetous." The poor old lady then goes on to tell the high price of coal and wheat, and sends word to her nephew, John Winthrop, Jr., to see if he cannot help her in her want while she lives, and after her death help her daughter Peters (one of those who went out to service), who, she says plaintively, "never yet had any portion, and to her I am sure it will not be offensive to my son Georg, whilst the principal remains to him, it being his patrimonie."

"This letter was shown to John Winthrop, Jr., and he wrote at once a long letter to Sir George, begging him to make some suitable provision for his mother 'aunt Lucy in her tyme of age and infirmity,' and to settle upon her about an hundred pounds as annuity. Sir George in a short note replied, that it was not in his power to do more for his mother than he was already doing, that his means were not so large as was supposed, nor had he nearly as much money as people thought. The sequel shows, however, that he died very wealthy, and that the accumulated wealth of his family during their generations was finally used to establish a college in Cambridge, England." "It is hard to estimate," adds the author to whom we are indebted for these interesting particulars, "how much influence the earnest longing of this one woman for the better education of her son had, in the founding of this earliest college in Massachusetts."

CHAPTER II.

Downing's Career Dissected.

"ALL things preach the indifferency of circumstances," wrote the sage of Concord—everyone knows his name: "the Man is all." Himself notably proved it. As did George, son of the Puritan, Emmanuel Downing, whose erstwhile homestead of the old colonial period is yet pointed out to inquiring wanderers in the neighbouring Salem.

Neither father nor son appear to have been enamoured of that primitive New England town, in their day but recently founded. The father doubtless yearned for the more agreeable companionship of the Inner Temple Hall, and the son—well, he had his fortune to make. Apparently, he early made up his mind that it did not lie in the direction of ploughing the land and raising stock in a new colony. London was a far more attractive city to dwell in than Boston, and the respectful, simple-minded villagers of English Suffolk or Cambridgeshire, were pleasanter to mingle with—as may be supposed in the father's case—than the more forward and free-spoken people of Puritan Salem. Once the notion of suffering for conscience sake had worn itself out, farewell to a primitive colonial life for the Downings. Enough of it was as good as a feast to Emmanuel. First the son and then the father passed back to old England.

I have on my table a letter bearing date 1906, November 9th—the annual commemoration, by the way, of London's Corporation, some of whose members may recall the American Ambassador's speech about Downing Street, delivered in the Guildhall, November 9th, 1900—from the venerable President Eliot of Harvard University, who thus writes, verifying dates and occurrences :

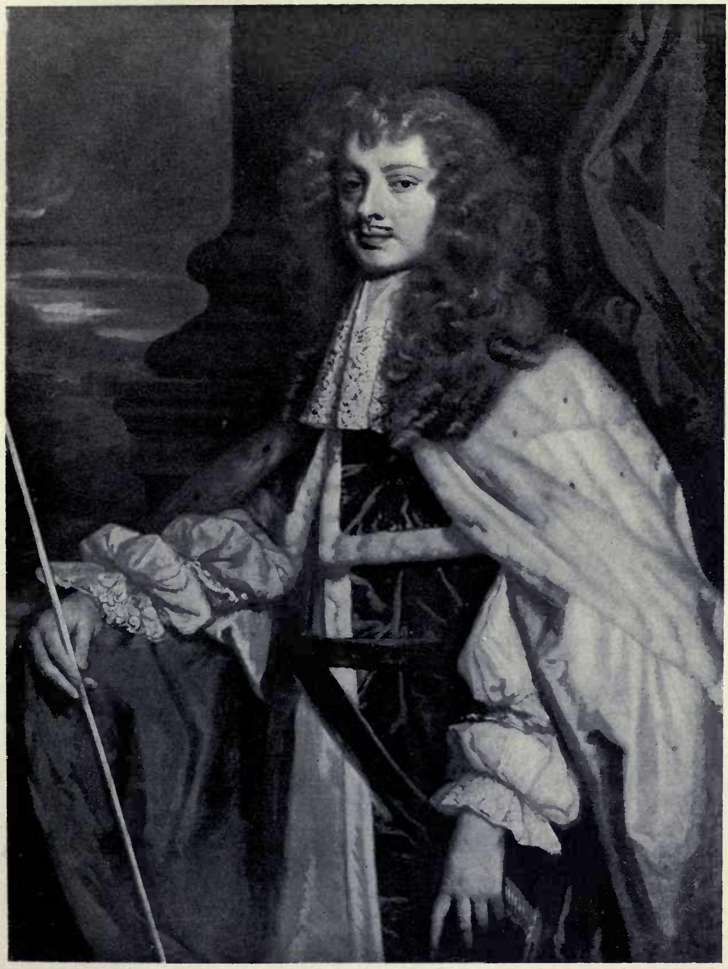
" In the list of persons admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1642, is the name of George Downing." That fact conclusively shows that the son was not in England that year. Neither was he there the year following. " At a meeting of the President and Fellows, on the 27th day of the 10th month, 1643, the settlement of the account of John Harvard's administration was authorised ; a treasurer appointed, a Seal established, and two instructors were chosen for the present help of the President, to read to the junior pupils, as the President shall see fit." Of these two instructors, employed at a salary of £4 per annum, George Downing was one. Cromwell's " crowning mercy," the battle of Worcester, did not come till September 3rd, 1651 ; so that there was an interval of eight years in which Downing might vacate the Harvard tutorship, travel a bit, preach a bit (in the West Indies, it is said), and sail across the ocean to England, there to await something turning up.

Something eventually did turn up for George Downing, once he had landed in the old country. It must have been easy for him to have procured letters credential from " ardent " Liberals in America, to still more ardent Liberals accumulated in England—among the chief, Oliver Cromwell, making his voice heard and arm felt throughout the land. Him he appears presently to have approached ; and, history saying truly, became chaplain in Colonel Okey's regiment of Roundheads temporarily, till something more promising offered than preaching to soldiers, most of whom were preachers themselves. On the 12th September in the year last mentioned, Cromwell arrived in London, being received with regal honours ; and Hampton Court Palace appropriated to him and his family. George Downing must have made his appearance in England some time between the years 1643 and 1647, being then between twenty and twenty-four years of age.

He who later became " a perfidious rogue " and " doubly perjured traitor," was appointed Scouts-

Master-General in the service of the Parliamentary army—in which capacity he came nearer and nearer to Cromwell ; till ultimately, when that great man was made Lord General, and Protector of the Commonwealth, Downing " clung to the sides of his coach." A gentleman who could do that without coming to grief deserved all he could get. In Downing's case what he got was admission to the English diplomatic service. He was made Cromwell's ambassador to the Netherlands.

But before these things came to pass, Downing had become the official colleague of the little man known to every student of English manners as Samuel Pepys, who, as we all know, lived in Axe Yard, Westminster, having his wife and their servant Jane with him. Axe Yard is now swallowed up by the stately buildings of the Foreign Office. Downing was certainly Pepys's superior officer in 1660, and doubtless the two occasionally met at the King's Head " ordinary " in Leadenhall Street, for a cut of mutton and glass of claret—civil service chief and clerk of the first division might we say ? Being much of an age, and both crafty and ambitious, they were naturally enough not too fond of each other. Pepys, shrewd little man as he was—son of a retired tailor—clearly didn't take to Downing—his official superior—son of a gentleman of the Inner Temple, and as wide-awake as himself.



THOMAS, 1st LORD CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH.

LORD HIGH TREASURER 1672.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street,
by Sir Peter Lely.

"We talked much of Cromwell," he somewhere notes of someone, perhaps his late colleague. "He was a brave fellow, and did owe his crown to himself, as much as any man that ever got one." Holding this view while Secretary of the Admiralty, in the reign of Charles II., who allowed Oliver's body to be dug out of its grave in the Abbey, drawn past Whitehall to the gallows at Tyburn, there hanged, the head cut off and the body buried under it; holding such views, what wonder that it is he who has blasted the reputation of the builder of Downing Street for all time, in calling him "perfidious rogue," and "most ungrateful villaine"—as indeed he was.

Yet Downing himself seems to have done his best to get on good terms with Pepys. He asked him to join his suite, when he was going back to Holland to forward Monk's plans for the Restoration. He sent for him to his bedside, to tell Pepys that he had a kindness for him—a clerkship of the Council; the which kindness Mr. Samuel much mistrusted, "fearing that his doing of it was only to ease himself of the salary which he gives me."

"To Mr. Downing's lodgings," notes the little gentleman nine days later. "Then came he in and took a very civil leave of me, beyond my expectations. So I went down and sent a porter to my house for my best fur cap; but he coming too late, I did not present it to him." Which we may be sure pleased Mr. Pepys "mightily," for he went forthwith to "Heaven"—a well-known coffee house of his day, near Westminster Hall—and dined there with a fellow-clerk of the Council; the conversational *piéce de rèsistance*, we would lay a wager, being Downing himself. Pepys had got to know of him long before the year 1659-60, when he was re-appointed by the "Rump" Parliament envoy to the Hague. He had known him as a member of both Cromwell's Parliaments. He had known him when "he was doing the lacqueying to Cromwell's coach." In all probability he first heard of him when he was of Okey's regiment, fighting—or preaching—against the Monarchy. Certainly Mr. Pepys later knew of Downing's correspondence with Thurloe, Cromwell's Secretary, about the doings of the Royalists over the water in Holland. All this Mr. Pepys very well knew. Lastly, he was familiar with every move of Downing, in respect of his pitiless hunt after the three "regicides"—Corbet, Okey and Barkstead. But for his infamous conduct in this business, his name might perhaps have been forgotten with his death; unless as "a most capable official" of the Treasury, and as Colbert said: "*le plus grand querelleur des diplomates de son temps.*"

The signatures and seals of the above-named three appear on the "Death Warrant of Charles I."; Barkstead being a goldsmith, Okey a chandler, and Corbet a "gentleman."

Let us consider the case of Okey, with whom Downing was regimentally associated during the Civil War, shortly after his arrival in England, fresh from the study of republican principles in New England.

Those who have diligently studied their London, know that in the Peers' Corridor of the Palace of Westminster is a fresco-painting by C. W. Cope, R.A., representing "The setting out of the Train-Bands from London, to raise the siege of Glos'ter," an enterprise much furthered by one Pennington, "factious Lord Mayor" of the year 1643, just about the date when Downing was on his travels to England. Many a bold 'prentice lad of Okey's then flourishing trade of chandlering was included in that spirited array of citizen-soldiery; two or three, may be, joining a comrade's company from his own enterprising establishment in the vicinity of Cornhill. Better for Okey had he peaceably remained in his counting-house at the receipt of custom, than have plunged into the whirlpool of national politics.

But, we are told, he would not be stayed. Nor would the Lord Mayor, who possibly might have been influenced to become "factious" by Okey himself. Nor would the Common Council of the Corporation, which in its turn was influenced by Pennington. On the 6th of August (1643), we read, "though it was Sunday," the Lord Mayor summoned the Common Council for the evening, to adopt a petition to the House of Commons, calling upon the House "to persist in their former resolutions," and not to assent to propositions from the other House (stop-the-war propositions) "which would be destructive of our religion, laws and liberties." The factious Lord Mayor himself presented that petition, and "multitudes" followed him to Westminster to see him do it.

Our sympathies as a Londoner, we confess, are all with his petitioning lordship, upholding religion, law and liberty; with the City's spirited Train-Bands, clad in buff, marching forth, singing lustily (as in Cope's picture), to the relief of Gloucester; and last, not least, with that "man of humanity and honour" (for thus it is written), a city chandler by trade, who was in the field somewhere fighting, as colonel of a Parliamentary regiment. A man can hardly be too zealous in what he conceives to be the cause of Liberty; nor should a good citizen ever be indifferent or forgetful of the interests of Freedom. Whether he should take up arms, being a chandler by trade, and essay to lead a regiment in Civil War, in support of his political opinions—why, that's another story, nowise pertinent to that we are relating.

As in many another too-ardent politician's case, Okey's zeal outran his discretion. It beat all his more selfish interests hollow—his love of family, hearth and home; his city interests, tallow, wax and spermaceti; his pecuniary interests in regard of his "running cashes" at the sign of "The Three Squirrels"; his humaner interests in regard of those neighbours and customers he daily met in Cornhill: his zeal in the cause of Liberty beat all his more selfish and material interests hollow. And his winning-post was the gallows.

Okey would have escaped that fate but for Sir George Downing. He departed out of England when the Restoration was inevitable, and had remained unmolested in Holland for something like two years. Then, as we read in Pepys, "this morning (March 12th, 1662) we had news that Sir George Downing (like a perfidious rogue; though the action is good and of service to the King; yet he cannot with a good conscience do it) hath taken Okey . . . in Holland." "Last night (March 16th) the Blackmore pincke brought the prisoners Okey (and two others) to the Tower, being taken at Delfe, where, the captain tells me, the Dutch were a good while before they could be persuaded to let them go; they being taken prisoners in their land. But Sir George Downing would not be answered so: though all the world takes notice of him for a most ungrateful villaine for his pains."

Okey, in his "calamitous condition," behaved, the chroniclers say, with becoming "submission" on the scaffold. "He prayed for the King, and expressed his intention, had he lived, of submitting peacefully to the established Government"—only too surely, since he had at last learnt how that the "ins" are quite as desirable, in a general way, to live under as an established form of government, as the "outs." So "in consideration of his good character, and of his dutiful behaviour, his body was given to his friends to be buried." Exit, by strangulation, Okey, citizen and chandler, "regicide"; no more regicide in sober truth, good reader, than you or me. A fighting Praise-God-Barebone politician he—one who, looking for the millennium, found it, alas! under a black cross-beam with a rope dangling from a chain. Had he lived a year longer, he might perchance have read "Hudibras," and so have learnt the frequent fate of "those who in quarrels interpose"—if indeed it would have wrought Okey, the ardent Liberal, any good.

When the London world of that time—that lying eastward of the Exchange in Cornhill, and westward towards the Temple—let Downing know what it thought of his part in these transactions—albeit " of service to the King "—he took to making excuses and pleading error. He had in New England " sucked in principles " which, now that he had been away from Salem for some time—" which since " are his own words—" his reason had made him see were erroneous." Let us be fair, and try to put ourselves in his place.

He knew that he had been a traitor, and he knew also that others knew it. So, when he saw that the game was up with Cromwell—in brief, that His Highness was dead, and that one, General Monk, now held the cards and was leading trumps, to the illustrious Prince his partner's play across the water, Downing threw down his cards and changed tables. He passed over to the winning side. He promised Charles that, if pardoned, he would thenceforward do his utmost " with the army " in the now pressing business of the Restoration. To show his good faith, he handed over Secretary Thurloe's despatches—Thurloe, who had been Cromwell's Secretary, and therefore in very confidential communication with Downing, Cromwell's Ambassador, at the Hague. Charles, kept well informed by his friends in England of everything there transpiring, was equally well informed, no doubt, of the gentleman's record now in negotiation with him. For the Prince did not "rush," so to speak, at Downing's offer.

"I heard how Mr. Downing"—temporising as may be imagined—"had never made any address to the King, and for that was hated exceedingly by the Court, and that he was in a Dutch ship which sailed by us, then going to England, with disgrace." Which serves to show that gossip Pepys himself was not acquainted with all that was transpiring. That Dutch ship "which sailed by us," was carrying back to England the tortuous Downing, now on the high seas to Fortune—"servile, treacherous, avaricious" (according to the learned "C.H.F."* in the "Dictionary of National Biography"); and according also to this present humbler historian; but as clever and "pushful" a politician and "man-of-business" withal as ever walked Whitehall.

"An arrant George Downing" folks over to Salem called men who were as tortuous as he—meaning thereby that they were "tricky." Well—and so Downing was; but he won the trick all the same, as follows:—Election to the House of Commons in Cromwell's time, Tellership of the Exchequer, Secretaryship of the Treasury, Commissionership of

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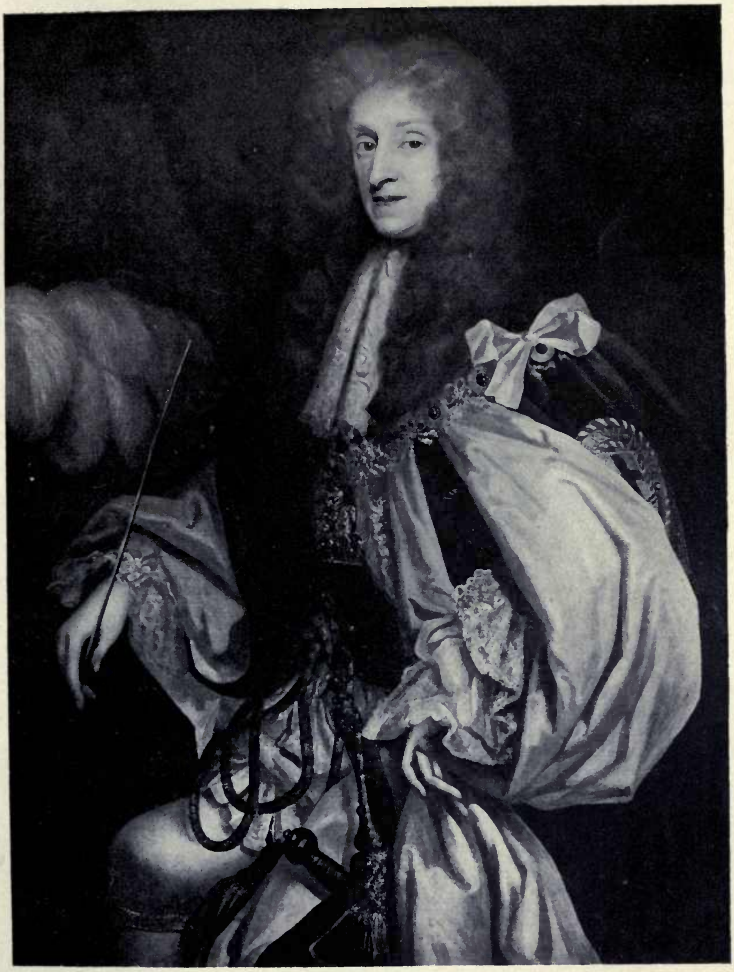
*Charles Harding Firth, M.A., LL.D., etc., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford; Professor of English History in that University; Author of several works on the times of the Commonwealth.



THOMAS OSBORNE (Earl of Danby), 1st DUKE OF LEEDS, K.G.

LORD HIGH TREASURER 1673-9.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street,
by John Greenhill.

Ontario.

Customs, Diplomatic rank, Knighthood, Baronetcy, all that parcel of land now named Downing Street—a London memorial of his name, enterprise and ability—and all the houses thereon erected by himself (1663-74); and last, not least, £80,000 (so we are told) in bonds and good sterling English. History tells us he paid his spies so well and kept them so active, that he learnt all the secrets of De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland. He contrived to have him robbed of his keys while he slept, opened his private closet, read his papers, and returned these and the keys all within an hour. When at the Hague on Charles's account, he told "the Lord States of Holland" that he observed he was not received "with the respect and observance now as when he came from the traitor and rebel Cromwell"—"by whom," remarks Pepys, "I am sure he hath got all he hath in this world—and they, the States, know it too." Of course, they knew it, and his life was more than once in danger. "The rabble will tear him in pieces," said someone at the Council table, when Sir George was going over to the Hague to pick another quarrel with the Dutch. "Well—I will venture him," said King Charles II., with a smile; and he went, and of course the Dutch rabble did not tear him in pieces. He remained whole; but never tempted fate again in Holland.

Pepys, by the way, seems to have made it up with Downing, when that gentleman told him how "he had been seven years finding out a man that could dress English sheep-skin as it should be," it being now by a method of his own "as good in all respects as kid." "He says it will save £100,000 a year that goes out to France for kid-skins." So perhaps Pepys made one of a seventeenth century "founder's syndicate," to turn sheep-skins by the Downing method into kid, and thus came to look upon Sir George as an honest, well-meaning gentleman, and not "a perfidious rogue." Certain it is that, in the year (1667) in which Downing was thus hoping to save £100,000 a year to England by his sheep-skin enterprise, he made a donation of £5 to Harvard University.

Those who may be curious to follow the fortunes of Sir George Downing beyond the precincts of Whitehall, will have to travel to Sandy, in Bedfordshire, a picturesque bit of England, on the borders of Cambridgeshire. The estate of a late Speaker of the House of Commons (Viscount Peel) begins here, and ends near to a village named Potton, not a great distance eastward on the railway between Sandy and Cambridge. Next to Potton lies Gamlingay, in whose church still linger reminiscences of him who, in his day, "added manor to manor," in this pleasant and picturesque country, connected with memories of his father's people.

By courteous invitation of the Rev. J. C. Saunders, Senior Fellow of the College at Cambridge, which perpetuates the Downing family name, I lately stood in the chancel of Gamlingay Church. There, busying herself with sweeping and cleaning, was a villager. " How many years have you been here ? " inquired my guide. " Over twenty." Did she know anything about the Downing family ? he asked. This alone she knew : " that here where she worked was the ' throne ' "—so known in the village long before her time. " The throne " had been Sir George Downing's seat or family pew, excellently-well so named, as suggestive of the ambitious and masterful character of the man. The King's " Closet " is to-day to be seen left of the altar in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We have seen the simple chair and faldstool of the late Queen Victoria, in what was one time the Private Chapel at Osborne. The Bishop's throne, the Dean's stall, the Lord Mayor's, the lord's and his lady's, the squire's, and the churchwardens' pews have we likewise seen ; but never before in any church have we had pointed out to us the place of the Lord of the Manor's " throne." Every vestige of it is gone ; but the tradition and the place thereof, in Gamlingay Church, remain unto this day.

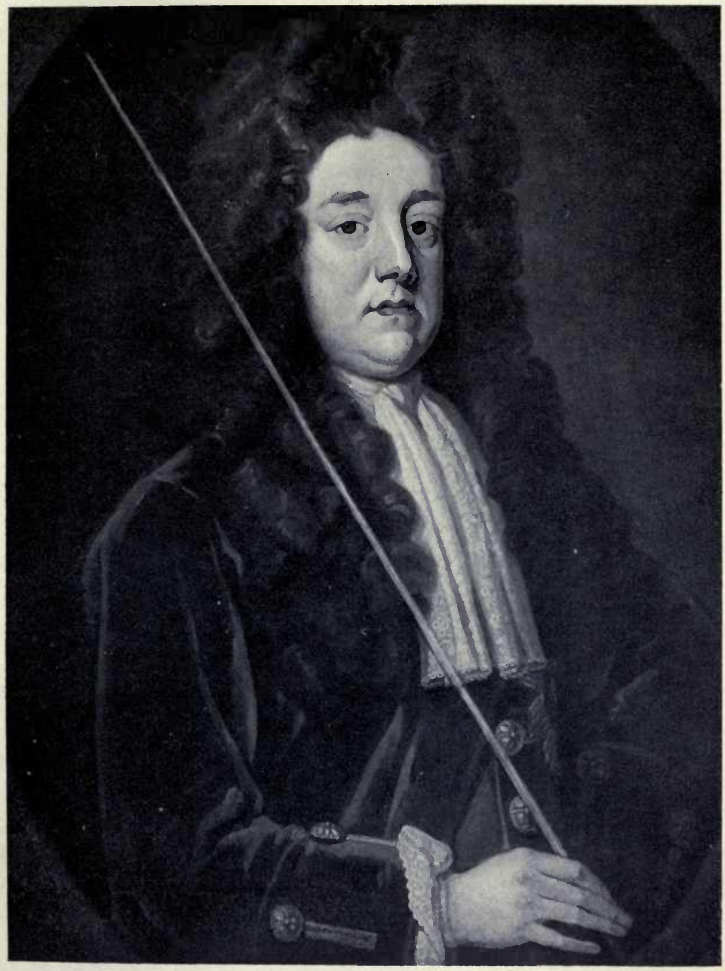
Some of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," in the churchyard long sleeping, were contemporaries of Sir George Downing. Some of their more dignified and wealthier fellows mingle with the dust beneath the church chancel. Sir George himself and his wife lie hard by the altar (so 'tis traditionally held) in Croydon Church, not far from East Hatley; the baronet himself "enwrapped in sheep's-wool clothing," probably fashioned on his estate. Neither epitaph nor memorial mark the place of their sepulture. At East Hatley he sometime lived. In its church porch you may see his coat-of-arms, quartered with that of the Howards of Naworth, Earls of Carlisle, surmounting the date 1673, to whose family (as we have read) he was related by marriage. Over against the church is a farm, believed to mark the site of his manor house. Its vaulted stone-cellarage (now the dairy) gives evidence of a lordlier seventeenth century dwelling hereabout once standing. Otherwise, the house now shows no relics of his sometime residence here.

Hatley St. George House (Sir Charles Hamilton's place), not a great distance off, which, together with its pleasant village, park, church and adjoining rectory, now constitute the leading landmarks in this most inviting and fruitful land of Downing's; that mansion shews relics of his day, and of a much earlier date. Among the rest, a coved underground passage, almost the counterpart of that vaulted way which leads from the First Lord of the Treasury's House in Downing Street to the Treasury itself. This passage of the mansion terminates in what was once an oratory, of twelfth century date, probably still in use when Downing was land-buying in East Hatley, nearly 250 years ago.

Sir George was not a man likely to give much, unless he knew what he should receive ; so that Downing College, Cambridge, was not a gift (as some suppose) from himself. It is too long a story to tell, how that college was founded and became possessed of what remained of his East Hatley or other estates in Cambridgeshire, more than a century after his death. One lord of the manor not seldom sows and another as often reaps. The Court of Chancery, in the concluding years of the eighteenth century, was called upon to decide who should finally reap the fruits of Sir George Downing's indefatigable labours and enterprise. It must suffice to say that the University of Cambridge, by a decree of that Court, became possessed of the Downing estates (or what remained of them) at East Hatley and thereabouts, extending to Gamlingay. With funds therefrom accruing, Downing College, in 1800, was founded. *Stet fortuna domus.* In its hall, over the Fellows' table, hang portraits of Sir George Downing, the grandson of him who had once sat on "the throne" in Gamlingay Church; of his grandson, the founder, and his lady. The one in full-bottomed wig, brown coat, white surcoat heavily embroidered with gold, laced-cravat, with sword at hand and cocked-hat under his arm. The firm, full, strong face and indented chin bespeak him a man of spirit like his grandfather. The lady, in a brown dress, cut low, with a blue scarf across her lap, a vase of flowers to her left and a couple of lambs to her right, gives token of greater placidity of temper.

Downing College itself; the portraits above referred to (which, by the way, are suggestive of Van Loo); and doubtless many musty parchments in the College chests, represent the most interesting memorials in England of Sir George, the son of the Puritan Emmanuel Downing,—except his London street, the First Lord's House, and last, not least, it may be hoped, this their unpretentious history.

Among other letters, we were favoured with one from the present (1907) learned Professor of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge (Mr. George Downing Liveing, M.A.), a descendant of, or otherwise collaterally related to, the Downings. His ancestor of the Stuart period was a major in Charles II.'s guards—" a contemporary of Sir George



SYDNEY GODOLPHIN, EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY 1684-5; LORD HIGH TREASURER 1702-10.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street,
By Sir Godfrey Kneller.

—like the rest of the Suffolk *(sic)* Downings, previously a Parliamentarian." So that some of the family came out of Suffolk.

All papers, apparently, were long ago burnt that might have helped to throw light on any direct connection of the writer of the letter's ancestors, with the builder of Downing Street himself. "I do not know of any records of the family (he adds) which have not been ransacked by the descendants of Sir George Downing's father, who remained in New England. So far as the members of my family have been able to verify what the Americans have done, they are satisfied that it has been well done, and that no further research promises any adequate reward for the trouble."

"What the Americans have done," the learned Professor himself, we see, along with all other members of his family, is satisfied, "has been well done." We venture to express the like opinion. Honour to whom honour is due. Any further information, then, on the subject of Sir George Downing should be sought in Massachusetts—preferentially among the archives of the illustrious family of Winthrop.

lative Library Ontario.

The Street.

CHAPTER III.

The Beginnings of Whitehall.

WE date Whitehall from the Tudor period of London's history. But, needless to add, the builders had been at work in Westminster long before that date—around and about the Abbey and its sanctuary, and the yard of the old palace, on the south side of what is now St. James's Park. Houses dotted the open country westward here or there, and the banks of the river towards Chelsea. Westminster was bound to expand in like manner as London itself; for there stood the famous Benedictine monastery, with its yet more famous church—" which is the peculiar chapel of our palace "—" a building which is placed in the forefront of the world of England "—" of interest to all of English race." So wrote the last but one of the Plantagenet kings to the Pope of Rome, on matters ecclesiastical, connected with that Minster of the west, which held the tomb of Edward the Confessor.

A world-renowned monastery and monastic church, a chapel royal, the King's principal palace, his chief seat of justice, and the meeting place of the Parliament of the realm : these noted landmarks were very sure sooner or later to attract residents to their vicinity, and to set the builders busy. Still more certain was this, when westward from Temple Bar the course of stateliness and dignity had already taken its way. The palaces of the great nobles and bishops, with their imposing river-frontages and water-gates, early connected London within the walls, by way of the Strand, with the royal city of Westminster.

It was with not much surprise then we learnt, at the very outset of our official researches for the purposes of this book, that a house stood on the land which later became Downing's, long before he was heard of ; a house probably built in Tudor times, and certainly anticipating the rise of the House of Stuart by a period of not less than half a century. We make no doubt that this was a town-residence, everyway fit for a person of quality, having official or other relations with the Court, now moving this way, and destined presently to remain here permanently.

The earliest dealings with that " House and land belonging to the Crown," on part of the site of which Downing Street now stands, are traced to a lease, " 3rd April, 23 Elizabeth, to Thos. Knevett for his life ; and a lease later granted May 2nd, James I., for a term of sixty years, to commence from the death of Sir Thos. Knevett, afterwards Lord Knevett." So runs a document on our table, imprinted with the Royal Arms, the official address "Office of Works, etc.," and the words "Downing Street file 14,369." Of those documents we shall have more to say in another chapter.

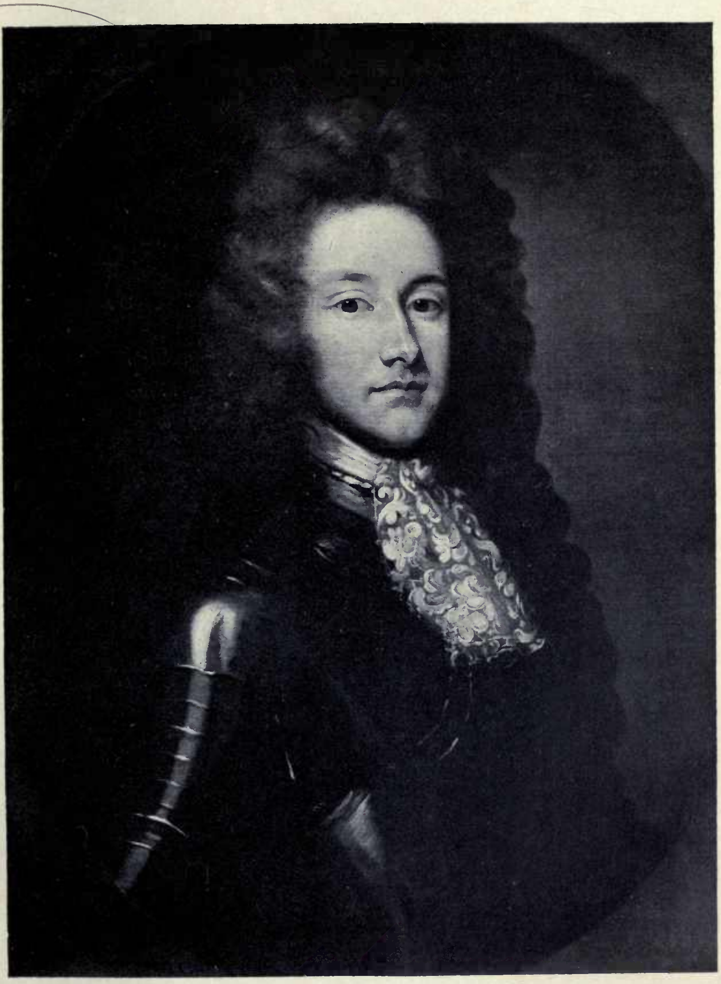
We went not too far wandering back, then, in our introductory remarks, in recalling the period of the great Tudor queen, and the literary labours of an old library-friend of a lifetime, from over the Channel—Montaigne by name, sufficiently familiar in his quaint French original, we may be sure, to her learned Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.

At the date first mentioned, as all will remember, lived Philip II. of Spain, a king sufficiently unfavourably known in his day by England. A peculiarity which belonged to that prince—Plymouth Hoe has something to say about him, chiselled in bold Roman letters on hard Cornish granite—was to scribble notes, generally of a very puerile character, nothing bearing on the matter in hand, in the margin of the despatches of his ambassadors. Keenly alive, we are told, to those things on which he was most desirous to be fully informed, his manuscript remarks had reference chiefly to things about which most other princes, otherwise politically occupied, would not have cared to trouble.

Needless to suggest, Philip was in constant communication, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, with his ambassador in London—one Bernardino de Mendoza by name; he who, being inculpated in Francis Throgmorton's conspiracy, was called to account by the Queen's Council, and on refusing to answer was commanded to leave England. To be concerned in a plot, whose secret purpose was to assassinate Queen Elizabeth (for so says history) and to set Mary on the throne, by the aid of Spain and the French Catholics, would seem to have justified expulsion. Mendoza, being charged with confidential affairs in his master's interests, kept him fully informed of the daily life and movements of the Queen.

Motley, the historian of the Netherlands, and none more interesting or better informed than he, gives some examples. Here is one:—

A despatch to the King contained the intelligence that Queen Elizabeth was, at the date of the letter, residing at St. James's Palace. Philip, who seldom showed any objection to display his knowledge of English affairs, supplied a piece of information in an apostille to this despatch. "St. James is a house of recreation," he wrote, "which was once a monastery. There is a park between it and the palace which is called Huytal; but why it is called Huytal I am sure I don't know." His researches in the English



HENRY BOOTH (Baron Delamere), 1st EARL OF WARRINGTON.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER 1689.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street,
By Sir Godfrey Kneller.

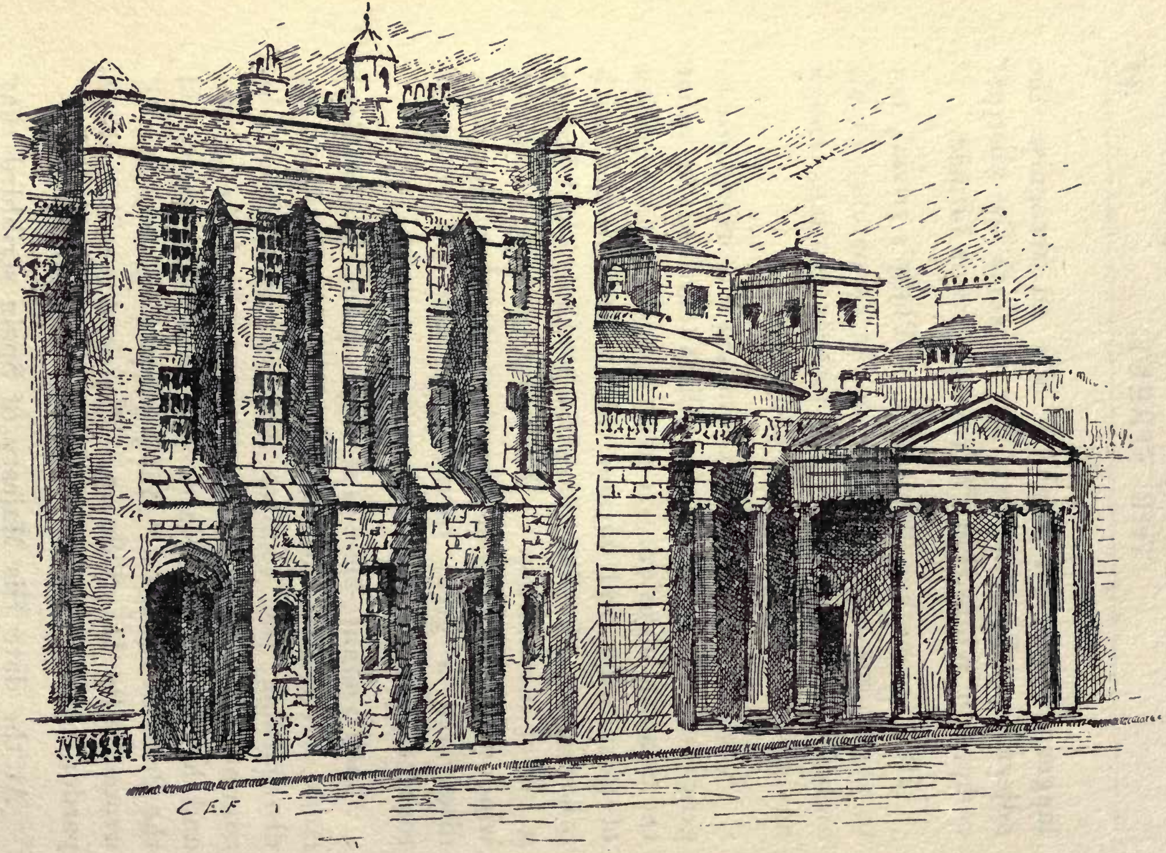
language had not enabled him to recognise the adjective and substantive, out of which the abstruse compound White-Hall (" Huyt-al ") was formed.

Here is another illustration of Philip's trivial, not to say ludicrous, criticisms on the despatches of his ambassador, which we cannot forbear quoting, though having no relation to our subject :—

A letter from England contained important intelligence of the number of soldiers enrolled to resist the Spanish invasion. It gave details of the quantity of gunpowder and various munitions collected, with other matter of a like character, and furnished besides a bit of information of less vital interest. " In the windows of the Queen's presence-chamber they have discovered a great quantity of lice, all clustered together," wrote the ambassador.

Such a minute piece of statistics (adds the historian) could not escape the microscopic eye of Philip. So, disregarding the soldiers and the gunpowder, he commented only on this last paragraph of the letter ; and he did it cautiously, too, as a King surnamed the Prudent should : " But perhaps they were fleas ?" wrote Philip II. of Spain. The reader will perhaps pardon the digression, for sake of the anecdote.

At the date His Majesty of Spain scribbled that inquiry touching " Huy-tal " on Mendoza's despatch,



Wolsey's Treasury, so named, in Engravings of Old Whitehall.

(From the Gardner Collection.)

more than half a century had elapsed since the great seal had been demanded of Wolsey, and the glories of his splendid London palace, and every other earthly glory, had for him departed for ever. "A little earth for charity" was left, and no more. For the rest :—

> "Sir, you
> Must no more call it York Place—that is past ;
> For since the cardinal fell, that title's lost.
> 'Tis now the King's and called Whitehall."

A fact sufficiently familiar to the Spanish ambassador, since he was invited to give explanations of his transactions with English conspirators to Elizabeth's council, probably at Whitehall sitting—might we suggest in the great room of Wolsey's Treasury, so-called, across the road, from the Queen's lodgings.

Philip's question was doubtless duly answered, by word of mouth, when Mendoza arrived back in his own country. His enforced home-coming was an open defiance of his master's Invincible Armada—the blow preliminary from the mailed fist of a stout-hearted English Queen, who lived a healthy, vigorous, open-air kind of life, with the gentle breezes playing about her in the gardens, or on the pleasant slopes of Greenwich. "Sometimes she would walk in the gardens alone ; but more commonly would have her friends with her there : Burleigh, Walsingham, Leicester, Essex, Nottingham, Hatton, Sir Walter Raleigh, who were more intimately conversant with her than any other of the courtiers." These helped to uphold the mailed fist, whenever Her Majesty felt the exertion too great for her woman's strength alone. As for the blow final, that was forcefully delivered some two hundred miles distant, west longitude, from Greenwich—on the seas, nearer Plymouth; with which famous event, known to every English child who can read, we have no further concern in these pages.

Our purpose here is to attempt a brief sketch of what is now Whitehall, at the date when Henry VIII. first became possessed of it, and had made York Place a royal palace for himself and his successors—down to the period of William and Mary.

It need not be said that Tudor London was a mere hamlet in comparison with our London. In Henry's time Charing Cross was united with the City as we now call it, London within the gates, where the citizens dwelt and trafficked in "incomparable variety and diversity of commodities"; Charing Cross was united, we say, with inner London on the Strand side, but at little intervals only with Whitehall. The broad, open, spacious thoroughfare now known by that name did not exist. There was a road, truly, leading to Westminster, from what remained of the ancient Eleanor Cross—of which a copy now stands in the open space of Charing Cross Railway Station, where none pauses to think of its time-honoured reference to London of the Plantagenets, save well-read Americans and, possibly, a few London cabmen, who have known better days at school ; a road there was of a kind in Tudor times, connecting the westernmost Strand with Westminster—a pathway for foot-passengers—and a road for horsemen and litters.

How otherwise could the King's judges have ridden that way from the Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, to the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer, which continued in one place, Westminster Hall, down to the later years of the reign of Queen Victoria ? How could the great Chancellor himself have passed that way—" with two great crosses of silver borne before him ; with also two great pillars of silver ; and his pursuivant-at-arms with a great mace of silver-gilt ? Then his gentlemen ushers—(was 'Black Rod' as yet of their number, we wonder ?)—cried and said : 'On my lords and masters, on before ! Make way for my Lord's Grace ! ' " How else could kings, queens, princes, great lords and ladies, riding horseback, or borne in a litter, have passed that way before his time ? How the soldiers, citizens and rabble, in front or in rear, when some sight of royalty was thereabouts to be seen, as in our day? How, indeed, if there had been no road that way?

A road, of course, there was—such as it was; but the great highway of those times was the Thames. The Whitehall road—skirting the palace buildings for their whole length, from old Scotland Yard of our time, to what is now Richmond Terrace, if not beyond, to the very verge of Palace Yard—was known as King Street, the King's Way, as in fact it was. It ran on the easternmost edge of what were then St. James's Fields—originally, no doubt, a direct and convenient path; a bridle-path as it were, trodden by men and horses alike, leading from the village of Charing, past those fields, to Westminster.

So that in Henry VIII.'s time we had, running in parallel lines, as it were, the westward frontage of York Place, "now the King's, and called Whitehall"; then the road, central, gradually widening in course of years; across the road, St. James's Fields stretching away to far beyond where now stand Buckingham Palace, the arch at the top of Constitution Hill, and the mansions of Piccadilly. In brief, open country for miles west and north, with a gradual incline to the north. You begin to mount that hill now, as you ascend the Duke of York steps, and you reach the top of it, when you are come to Oxford Circus.

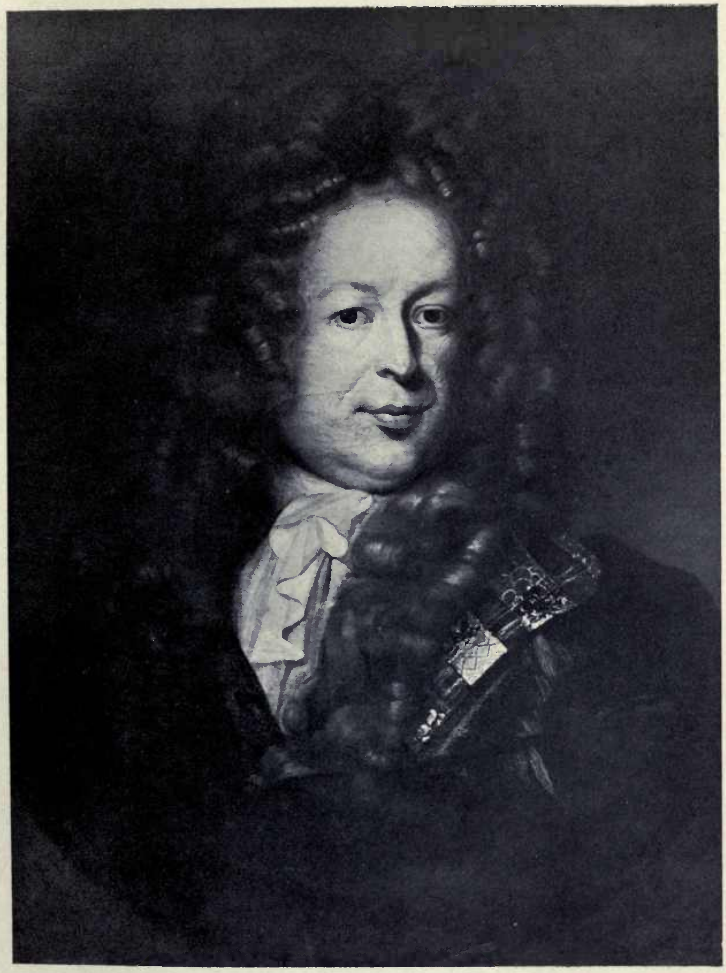
Carlton House Terrace stands at its foot—the site of Carlton House and the adjoining gardens of the Regency. St. James's Street is a part of the incline. Hay Hill (Berkeley Square) is another. The Green Park of sixty years ago best illustrated, perhaps, St. James's Fields of Tudor times, with the pond—Rosamond's Pond (was it not so-called ?), the ornamental water by Buckingham Palace—on the flat.

No buildings had been erected (if we may except a Tudor building on the site of the present Treasury frontage) on the westward or St. James's Park side of the now wide thoroughfare of Whitehall, till Henry VIII. had finally parted with " my Lord's Grace," and had seized on all he possessed but his articles of domestic plate—and had himself gone to live in the house of his one-time most confidential friend and trusted servant—Keeper of the King's Conscience. That act of " sovereign brutality " consummated, he proceeded to further enterprises across the King Street ; one of which ultimately gave us St. James's Park. The park, however, as we now see it, represents one of the most fruitful impulses of Charles II., by which his memory is still kept green in London.

Known in King Henry's reign (as we have said) as St. James's Fields ; in the days before the Conquest this land is said to have been little else than a swamp.

Within a period of five centuries, even the bed of a river may become dry. The swamp was drained, and the land cultivated and transformed into pasturage ; probably representing the labours of the Benedictine lay-brethren of Westminster. However that may have been, this locality was sufficiently remote from London within the walls—the City itself—as to suggest a suitable spot for a hospital for lepers. " The ancientest known domicile " in St. James's Fields was a Leper Hospital, on or near the site of which now stands St. James's Palace. The hospital was " exchanged " with Henry VIII. for a " consideration." It is much more likely that the whole of the land, fields, leper-hospital and all, originally belonged to the Abbey over yonder, and that at the Dissolution of the Monastery they fell into the King's hands. To that conclusion we are come, till some authority more deeply read in the ancient deeds and parchments of Westminster assures us to the contrary.

Two years after Wolsey went the way of all flesh, Henry married Anne Boleyn. Meanwhile His Majesty had been busy with planning and building—enlarging his Palace of Whitehall, adding to the number of his parks and amusements, pulling down the isolated hospital for lepers, then within sight of the " King's lodgings " at Whitehall, and setting up the " house of recreation " which was once a " monastery "—



SIR JOHN LOWTHER, BART., 1st VISCOUNT LONSDALE.

1st LORD OF TREASURY 1691.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street,
By Hyacinthe François Rigaud.

according to the critical Philip, whose shot was not so very wide of the mark after all.

On the leper-hospital site, or near to it, Henry built him a pleasure-house. It was finished for occupation in the year 1532. In January of the year following the King married Anne. He may have had her already in mind when he built it; for in the Guard Chamber, if we are not mistaken (the names of rooms in palaces and mansions are liable to alteration), is a chimney-piece showing the initials H. and A. entwined with a true-lovers' knot. "True-lovers'" knot, indeed! But the loves of royalty do not fall within the scope of this record. The initials are still there, to awaken the curiosity of such students of history as attend the King's Levées.

CHAPTER IV.

The Beginnings of Downing Street.

ON the site, as we have said, of a house and land belonging to the Crown, and which formed part of the possessions of the dissolved Abbey of Westminster, Downing Street in part stands. It stands in part, also, over land which was originally rented from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. Beyond a doubt held by that very reverend authority, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, after she had changed its ecclesiastical administration, and the former monastery had become " the Collegiate Church of St. Peter—a royal and exempt peculiar "—under grant of the Queen, bearing date 1560—as it remains to this day.

The history of Downing Street, then, might be said rightly to begin with the period of the Tudors, not less in relation to the locality in which it stands, Whitehall, than to the street itself.

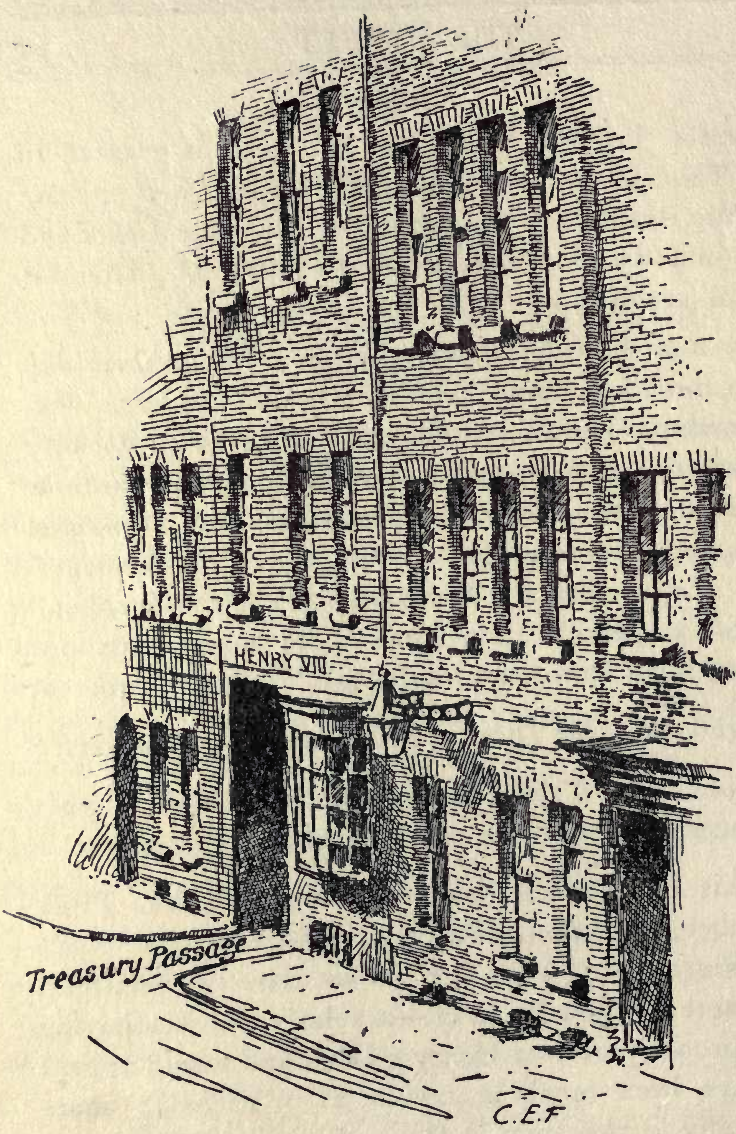
In 1581, the 23rd year of Elizabeth, as stated in the last chapter, we find " Thos. Knevett " in possession of the premises. In the second year (1605) of her successor, James I., a lease of the same is granted to "Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Knevett." Next appears a "Mrs. Hampden," as tenant of the same house and land in 1663, the third of King Charles II. Thus far official archives.

It may be interesting to know who, in their day and generation, these earliest leaseholders were. Unfortunately, people set no great store by uniformity of spelling in times past, so that one has to be cautious in dealing, even in official documents, with surnames. "Knevett," for example, is variously spelt "Knevet" and "Knyvet," and "Hampden" is spelt "Hamden." In Shakespeare's time some "did hold it, as our statists do, a baseness to write fair." But to proceed.

Who was "Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Knevett"?

None other than Thos. Knyvet, Lord Knyvet of Escrick, second son of Sir Henry of that name.

This Sir Thomas was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Queen Elizabeth, Justice of the Peace for Westminster, and M.P. in his time for Thetford. He came of courtly stock—a relative of his having been groom-porter to Henry VIII.—and would appear to have been much in favour at Whitehall; more especially in the reign of Queen Elizabeth's successor, by whom he was continued in office as a personal attendant on the King. Knyvet died in the year


HENRY VIII
Treasury Passage
C.E.F

"King Henry's Head" Tavern, Downing Street.

(From the Gardner Collection.)

1622; so that there were about twenty years of his lease at that date unexpired—if it be of any interest to note it, except as suggesting that Mrs. Hampden may have become tenant considerably earlier than 1663.

One memorable incident in Sir Thomas Knyvet's career is worth recalling. It was he who, being a Justice of the Peace for Westminster, was sent for—to this very house, there is little doubt—"about midnight" of November 4th, 1605, "to come with proper attendants" to search the vaults of the Upper House of Parliament. Finding Fawkes (Christian name, Guido) before the door of the vault, who had just finished all his preparations for blowing up King, Lords and Ministers; him Sir Thomas Knyvet immediately seized, and, turning over the faggots, discovered the powder. The matches and everything proper for setting fire to the train were taken in Fawkes's pocket, who expressed "his utmost regret" that he had not fired the powder at once. In which event Sir Thomas would not, 'tis certain, have been summoned to that Upper House as Baron Knyvet of Escrick.

"He regularly attended the Court," his latest biographer (Mr. W. A. J. Archbold) tells us, "and seems to have had a town-house in King Street, Westminster."* His garden led that way; but his house (that in the lease) stood higher up, nearer the park. Glad enough must Sir Thomas have been to find himself in the early morning of that memorable November 5th safe and back again in that house. His sovereign could hardly do less than reward him. He became Privy Councillor and Peer; and received gifts of King James in money and land. In which prosperous circumstances we leave him—a notable man in his day and generation, incidentally connected with the earlier history of Downing Street, Whitehall.

To discover the identity of "Mrs. Hampden" has been more difficult—since in a plan of Sir Christopher Wren's the name is written "Hamden," and that spelling was later followed by Sir John Soane. But we hold by "Hampden," so spelt.

The clues we have to go upon are these: the year, namely, when she was "tenant of these premises," 1663; the fact that they had been in former occupation of a nobleman—a place near Whitehall, "everyway fit for persons of quality"; and last, not least, the distinguished name the lady bore. All the rest is conjecture; and it will be for the interested reader finally to determine who this Mrs. Hampden was.

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* Dictionary of National Biography, vol. 31, p. 340.

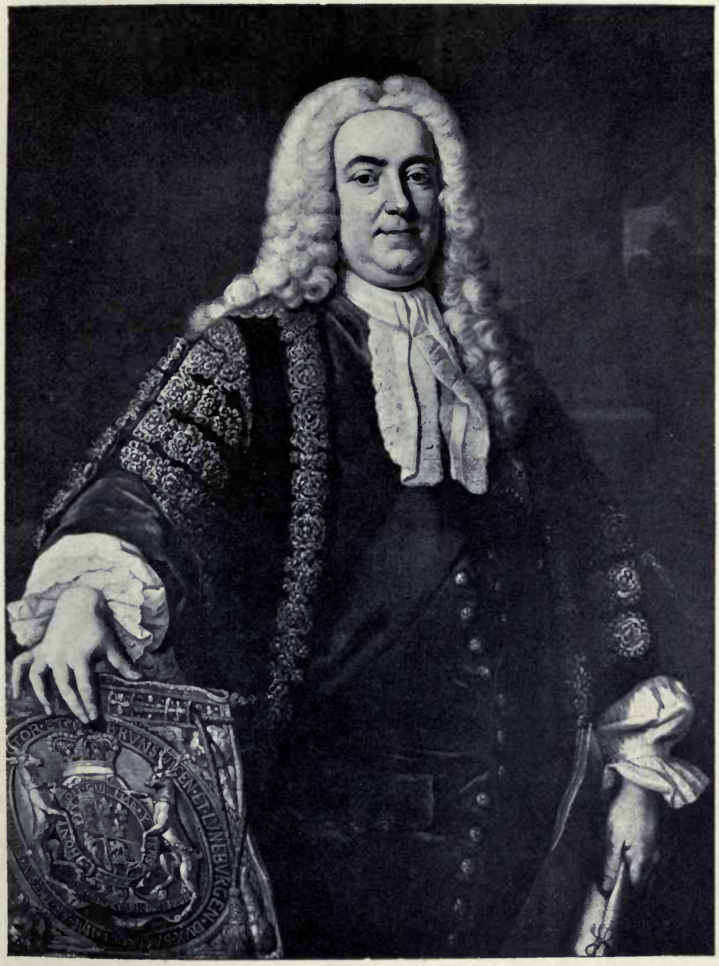
Some writer, of whom we have no exact knowledge, was very far from pretending (for thus he wrote) that the happiness of mankind was materially interested in determining the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," or that the unravelling of that intolerable and insoluble mystery of the 18th century's literature involved "any great and fundamental scientific truths." But—as our unknown writer sensibly remarked—all such questions must be viewed as "points of literary history; and among discussions of that nature, the problem of Junius in its day ranked very high—quite as high as that touching the innocence or guilt of Mary, Queen of Scots; the character of Richard III.; or the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask."

In the category of such interesting discussions, the question: "Who was Mrs. Hampden, of Hampden (or Hamden) House, Westminster?" might perhaps find a place; at all events in the opinion of some who may still be in search of the historic "Cockpit." That grave question—like the authorship of the "Letters of Junius"—has vexed some men's minds for fifty years. The case of Mrs. Hampden, herself resolved into dust in the second half of the 17th century, now crops up here, to disturb the mind of him who writes. To say the truth, he is less certain of deciding who that lady was, than of presently pointing to the site of King Henry VIII.'s Cockpit.

Everyone recognises the name. John, the patriot, the most eminent of all who bore it—a gentleman of an ancient and noble family, and of considerable wealth—was born in 1594, and died in 1643, from wounds received in a field skirmish in the Civil War. He married twice and had sons and kinsmen ; among the last, Sir Edmund Hampden, one of "five gentlemen who alone had spirit enough, at their own hazard and expense, to defend the public liberties." Being thrown into prison by warrant of the Council (Charles I. November, 1627) "they demanded release, not as a favour from the Court, but as their due, by the laws of their country."

Then there was Richard, second son of John Hampden, by his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, grandfather of the Protector. Richard Hampden was born in 1631, and died in 1695 ; and during his Parliamentary career became a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, and, later, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

After some consideration we are come to the conclusion that the "Mrs. Hampden" of the earlier history of Downing Street—before George Downing appeared on the scene—was either (1) Sir Edmund Hampden's widow ; or (2) the widow of that more distinguished statesman "of great parts, possessed of the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1721-41.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street,
Painted (1740) by Jean Baptiste Van Loo.

absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I [Clarendon] ever knew." Of the twain, we incline to believe that the lady was the widow of John Hampden the patriot.

To sum up all. The names we have been able to connect with the Downing Street site—before the appearance, in 1663, of him whose name it bears, "when directions were given for the preparation of a lease of the same premises, to Sir George Downing," are: Knyvet, Hampden, and, curiously enough, the Duke of Buckingham (George Villiers: 1628-1687), who was born at Wallingford House, "in the Strand," now the Admiralty. "In the Strand" would seem to show that there could not have been much of an open or continuous roadway from Charing Cross to Westminster in Henry VIII.'s or even Charles I.'s time, as elsewhere pointed out.

It is a curious coincidence that a Duke of Buckingham (Stafford by name) should be associated with a Knevet in Shakespeare's play of "Henry the Eighth,"* and further that another Buckingham (George Villiers by name) should turn up at Hampden House

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* Holinshed (whom Shakespeare follows—"Henry the Eighth"; the arrest of Buckingham) says: "The cardinal, boiling in hatred against the Duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his blood, devised to make Charles Knevet, that had been the duke's surveyor, and put from him (as you have heard), an instrument to bring the duke to destruction. This Knevet, being had in examination before the cardinal, disclosed all the duke's life."

(Thos. Knevett's aforetime) in the reign of Charles II., writing to Sir Robert Clayton, merchant of the City of London, M.P. for the City (1678-9), and Lord Mayor in the following year, requesting him (doubtless on some political affair, for Clayton was nothing if not a politician) to attend him there. Clayton lived to be seventy-eight, and was forty-nine when M.P. for the City, which would make Buckingham's age at that time fifty. We calculate then (with some probability) that the Duke (George Villiers the second) was at Hampden House about the year 1678, so that the house may have been still standing long after George Downing began building. Or was it a newly-erected house called by the old name ? May it not have been one of Downing's own houses, fronting on Downing Square ?

However that may have been, two of the three historic names, to which, perhaps, too lengthy reference has been made, had been associated with Downing Street's site previously to 1663. In that year directions were given (as related) for the preparation of a lease, of the same premises, to Sir George Downing, " with power to build thereon, but not to build any further Westward towards His Majesty's Park of St. James's than the westernmost part of [where] His Majesty's house called the Cockpit is now built ; whereof the Surveyor General of His Majesty's Works for the time being is to take care." Thus the record. Sir Christopher Wren was that surveyor.

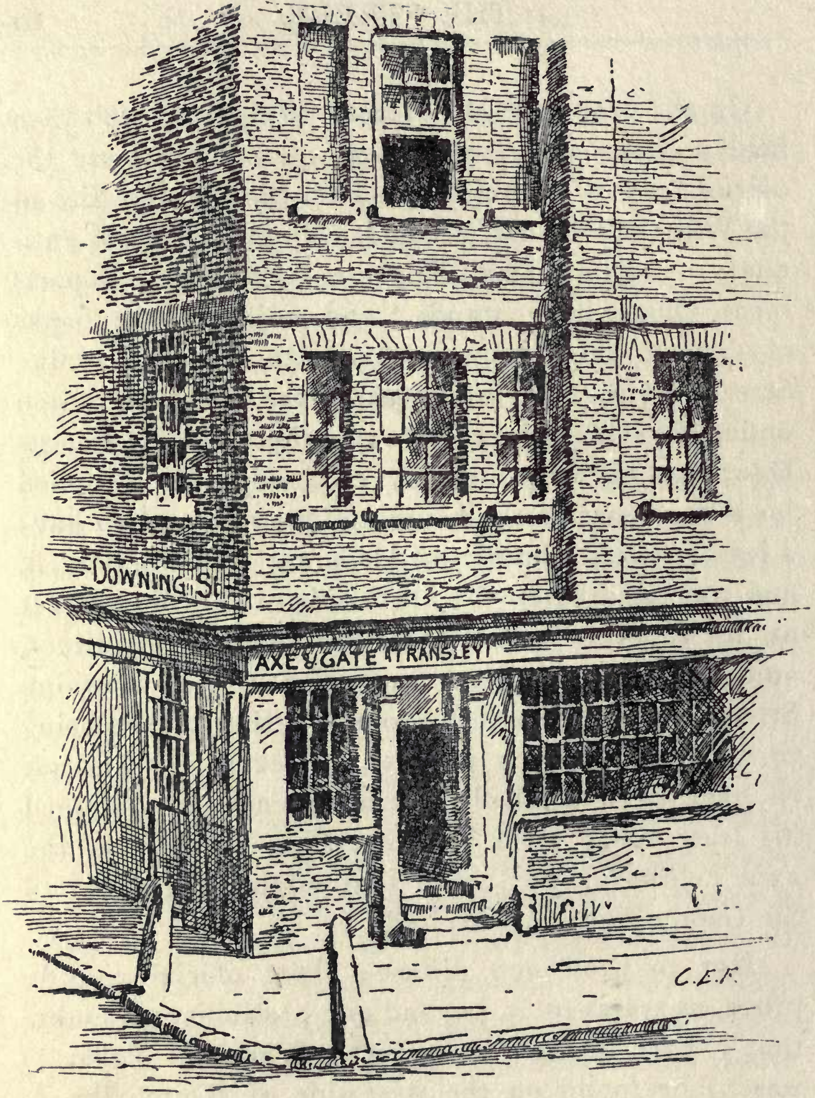
Eight years later, namely in 1671, permission was given to Sir George Downing—whose lease, extending to ninety-nine years, expired in 1762—to build westward of the Cockpit, the greater part of which had in 1671 been demolished, "provided that new buildings were not within fourteen feet of St. James's Park wall, at the west end of the premises"—of the premises, that is to say, of that already partly demolished house of His Majesty, named the Cockpit. This lease, then, must have comprised all the houses which Downing had built on the north side of his street, and certain others also running at right angles to them at its western end, backward facing toward the Park, and fronting on what was at one time a small open space, in official documents named "Downing Square." All the foregoing, we say, must have been comprised in Sir George Downing's lease, extending in all to ninety-nine years; and, further, also "a narrow strip of land, forming a part of the frontage of the houses on the south side of the street, at the King Street end, and now occupied by the Colonial Office," as shown in the Plan dated 1749.

If this book is to be a veracious record we must go on with these dry-as-dust particulars. In 1738, when twenty-four years of such lease still remained unexpired, the Right Honourable Horatio Walpole, who "united an insufferable deal of aristocratical pretension with Whig professions" — known among his familiars as Horace, occasionally as "Horry"; to literature as the best letter-writer in the English language; and to gossips as the most interesting retailer in his day of the contemporary tattle of the town: "a garrulous old man nearly all his days"— comes on the scene. It is not difficult to say by whom he is introduced. He enters as the son—the third, youngest and best-known son—of the Prime Minister of England for twenty years, Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and first Earl of Orford, but for whose associations with Downing Street this unassuming history of No. 10 had never been compiled.

Four years, then, before "the great Walpolean battle" of 1742, which thrust the father from office, the son appears on the scene, as being personally interested in a certain house and premises in Downing Street. It is reasonable to conjecture because of his intimate experience of the many conveniences and incidental attractions of his father, Sir Robert's, old house, and of the street's proximity to the House of Commons; in which Mr. Horatio, at the age of twenty-four, took his seat as member for Callington, in Cornwall.

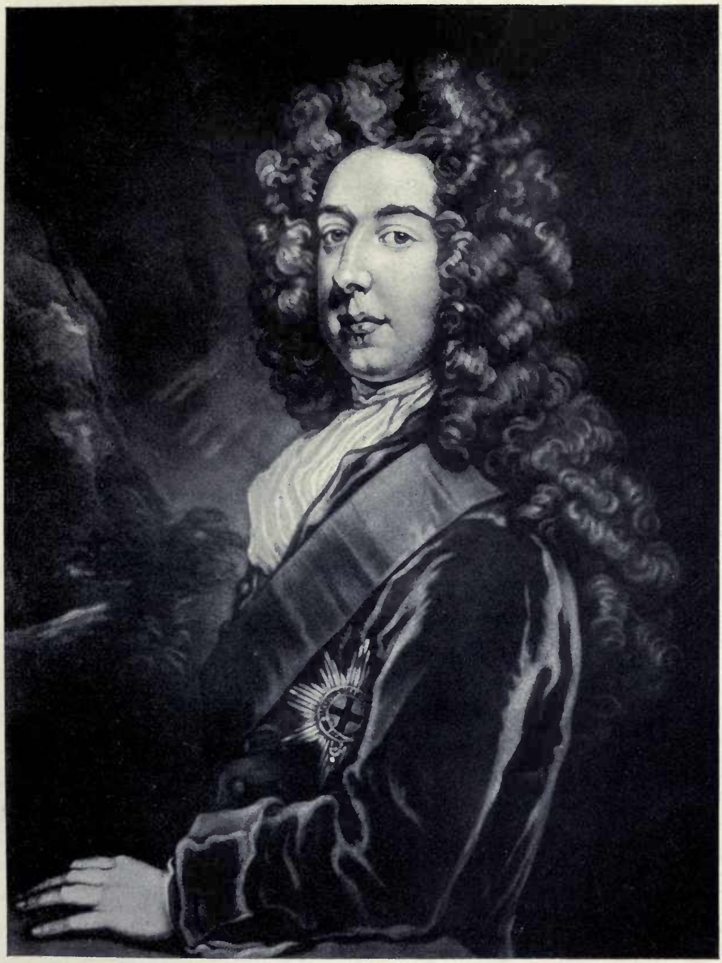
In the year 1738 Mr. Horatio Walpole, " who then held a grant of a house"—to quote once more the official records—" which stood on part of the Site of the Whitehall Palace"—mark you, good learned antiquary—and on which the present Education Department Offices now stand, "and adjoined the backs of some of the houses on the north side of Downing Street ;" [he] " having acquired the interest, granted under the lease hereinbefore mentioned to Sir George Downing, in some stables, etc., adjoining, applied for a new lease of the house and stables, and to have a lease granted him of an 'Ale-house' which adjoined, and was situated on the north side of Downing Street at its junction with [what was then] King Street, and also of three other houses (Nos. 1, 2, 3, Downing Street) which adjoined his house." His purpose being to enlarge it—which purpose, however, appears not to have been fulfilled. At all events, he obtained his lease for a term of twenty-five years from the 23rd February, 1762, when that originally granted to Sir George Downing expired.

Not to grow too diffuse ; these official records prove, as seems to us, beyond any possibility of doubt, that " part of the Site of the Whitehall Palace" was to be found on the west side of Whitehall. A Tudor structure, we hold it to have been, not unlike a chapel or hall, and frequently named in old engravings " Wolsey's Treasury."


DOWNING St
AXE & GATE (TRANSLEY)
C.E.F.

The "Axe & Gate" Tavern, Downing Street.

(From the Gardner Collection.)



SPENCER COMPTON, LORD WILMINGTON.

PRIME MINISTER 1742-3.

From the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bart.
Engraved by J. Faber, 1734.

Lord Walpole, Mr. Horatio Walpole's son, next finds a place in this matter-of-fact chapter. To him the premises were leased on 3rd April, 1765, for a term of fifty years from July 9th, 1764; and once again, on 4th March, 1784, for a term of nineteen years from July 9th, 1814: the ale-house, namely, then known as "the Axe and Gate," standing at the corner of King Street—a reminiscence of "your Blessed Martyr," as Charles II. said; and Nos. 1, 2 and 3, all on the north side of Downing Street; the said house, numbered 3, being in 1804, and a good deal earlier and later, a public-house of the sign of "King Henry's (or Henry VIII.'s) Head"—a reminiscence of "Bourlie King Hal." Thus far the Walpole interests in old Downing Street.

And now to go back for a moment to 1752. On the 5th of February in that year, a "renewed lease" was granted to Sir Jacob Gerard Downing "of all the premises comprised in the lease to Sir George Downing, except the houses that had been included in Mr. Walpole's lease, *and except a house which had been rebuilt, and added to that which had recently been built for the First Lord of the Treasury.*" The italics are our own. Such lease would have expired in 1802. The last-mentioned excepted house had been rented from the Downing family, and forms part of the First Lord's existing residence.

On the 9th May, 1772, a renewed lease of the premises leased to Sir J. G. Downing, was granted to William Greaves Beaupié Bell and John Rose, trustees of the settlement made on the marriage of Lady Margaret Downing, widow, with George Bowyer, for a term of seventeen years from 16th February, 1803. "The properties comprised in this lease of 1772 became (it is believed) vested in various persons, and as regards No. 11, Downing Street (now the Chancellor of Exchequer's), Mr. Daniel Dulany (Delany ?) became possessed of the leasehold interest, and obtained a renewed lease of twenty years from 16th February, 1820, if he should so long live ; but with that exception no renewal appears to have been granted of either the premises leased to the Downing family or to Lord Walpole."

Dulany (Delany ?) died in 1824, and possession of the premises was then taken for the Public Service. Of the remaining houses in the Downing lease, some were taken down and others were used for Government offices. The Walpole lease was purchased by Government, the houses taken down, and new offices erected on the site.

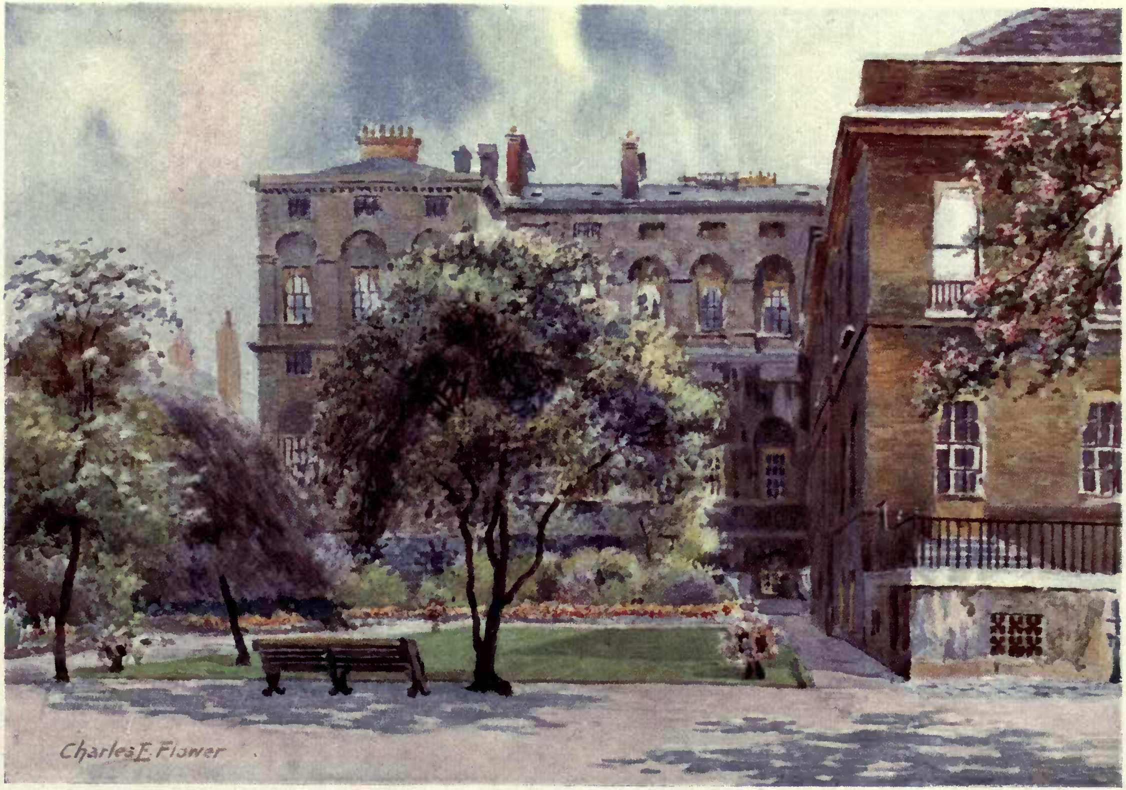
From all of which it will be seen that all the houses on the north and at the west end, and a narrow strip at the east end, on the south side, have belonged to the Crown for centuries, having been part of the estates of the monastery of Westminster. The sites of these houses were immediately adjacent to parts of the Palace of Whitehall, of which Mr. Horatio Walpole's house formed a part.

The houses on the south side of Downing Street, and on the south side of what was once Downing Square, and extending into Fludyer Street (once running nearly parallel to Downing Street), belonged either to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster or to Sir Samuel Fludyer or his family. These houses were purchased by the Office of Woods, under powers of Act 7, Geo. IV., C. 77, in 1831 or 1833. They included the old Foreign Office, which (with several houses adjacent) was rented from the Fludyer family.

A number of the old houses were removed, and the sites vacant when "The Downing Street Public Offices Extension Act, 1855" was passed.

"The Secretary of State" occupied two large old-fashioned houses fronting the Park on the south side of Downing Square, and two adjacent houses in Downing Street—a fact familiar to him who writes, who remembers the old houses when thus officially tenanted, away back in the middle years of the last century.

If this chapter be not interesting, it has at least striven to be exact. To be exact is no mean merit in a historian. To be indulgent is not less meritorious in a reader. We fear no sterner critic, since all who might be competent to criticise our array of dates and leases are better employed on His Majesty's service; and, moreover, such dates and leases are official and according to the records, to which access was courteously permitted us, at the First Lord of the Treasury's house.


Charles E. Flower

THE GARDEN of No. 10.

CHAPTER V.

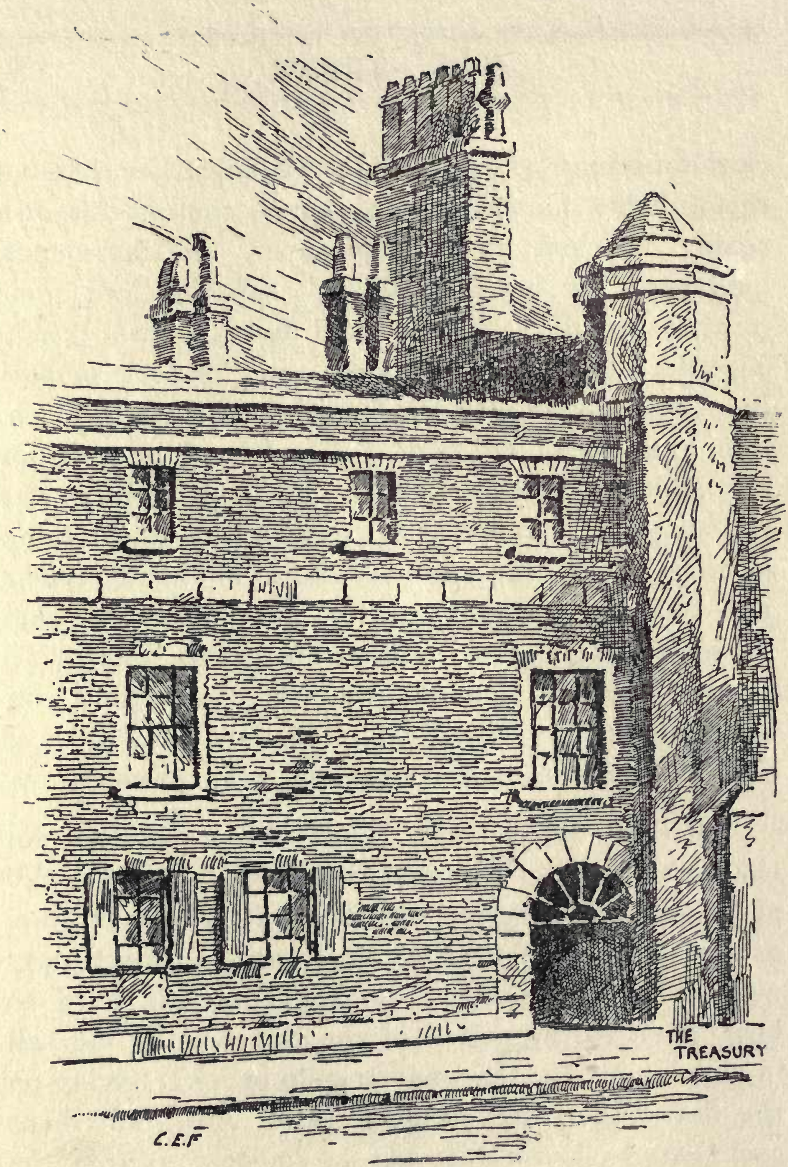
"His Majesty's House called The Cockpit."

A TILT-YARD, now the Horse Guards' Parade; a tennis court, almost in a line to the south, not a great way off, in the rear of where the Education Department now stands; a bowling green over part of the site of which Richmond Terrace is built; and a Cockpit—where? These four represented sport as in his day practised by the "bourlie" King and his Court: a King who in manners and language was "hardly on a level with our hostlers of the present." By birth and rank the greatest gentleman of his kingdom, and so regarded by those of his loyal subjects who were Englishmen themselves and addicted to sport also. An Englishman will forgive anything history may relate of a king who, in his day, rode well, loved hunting, played bowls, gambled a bit, liked a frolic, danced elegantly, set the fashion in dress, showed his subjects many fine sights, had a will of his own, reformed many abuses—need we name the monasteries?—married frequently, and kept up a regal establishment at Bridewell, Whitehall, Hampton Court, and on a more modest scale at St. James's "House of Recreation."

Englishmen forgave much in Charles II., for similar reasons. He walked even better than Henry VIII. rode, to be seen of men and that openly in the Park—where but few of his suite could keep pace with him. He played cards and tennis admirably. He went to Newmarket Races. He danced a "Coranto" in the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall, as charmingly as Claude Duval on Bagshot Heath. He would lead the first in a good old country dance (like George III.), which he himself would call for: "Cuckolds all awry," "for," says he, "'twas the dance of old England." A thoroughgoing sportive and sporting king, Charles II.—an individualist in his way who cared "nothing for nobody"; an independent bearing sometimes admired and sometimes feared.

Moreover, he had known fortune's sharp adversity, and was in need of money all his life long—a condition of affairs which still appeals very forcibly to the sympathies of large numbers of Englishmen. He had tramped it, he said, for four days and three nights, "every step up to the knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and country pair of breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir." "His clothes were not worth forty shillings, the best of them," when he was first invited to come to his own again. He had no writing paper, blotting paper, quill pens, for his Council table after he had come to that kingdom—for he paid but few who could not afford to wait a convenient time for their money. But those few he paid handsomely—generally women, who knew the "convenient time," laid in wait for His Majesty, and would not be denied. Even the grooms of his chamber got little but what they stole; so that "the king this day hath no handkerchers and but three bands to his neck"—as on that particular day one of them swore to his fellow. In a word he was, as we know, most of his time over head and ears in debt, and bore his fate splendidly, as every philosophic sportsman should, royal or any other.

He, like Henry VIII., built him a Cockpit, for that other nearer Whitehall had been "demolished," as in the last chapter related; out of due season, as one might say, for cockfighting in Stuart days was still hard to beat. Cockfighting was hard to beat down to the period of the Regency, as football in our day, or for that matter polo or horse racing on the flat. Everyone indulged in it, not, indeed, as cockfighters themselves, but as lookers-on from the pit around and the gallery aloft; personages of quality and plain persons alike—noblemen, gentlemen,


THE TREASURY
C.E.F

Whitehall Entrance to the Cockpit Passage.

(From the Gardner Collection.)

tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, ploughboys, thieves—all intently interested in that sport hard to beat.

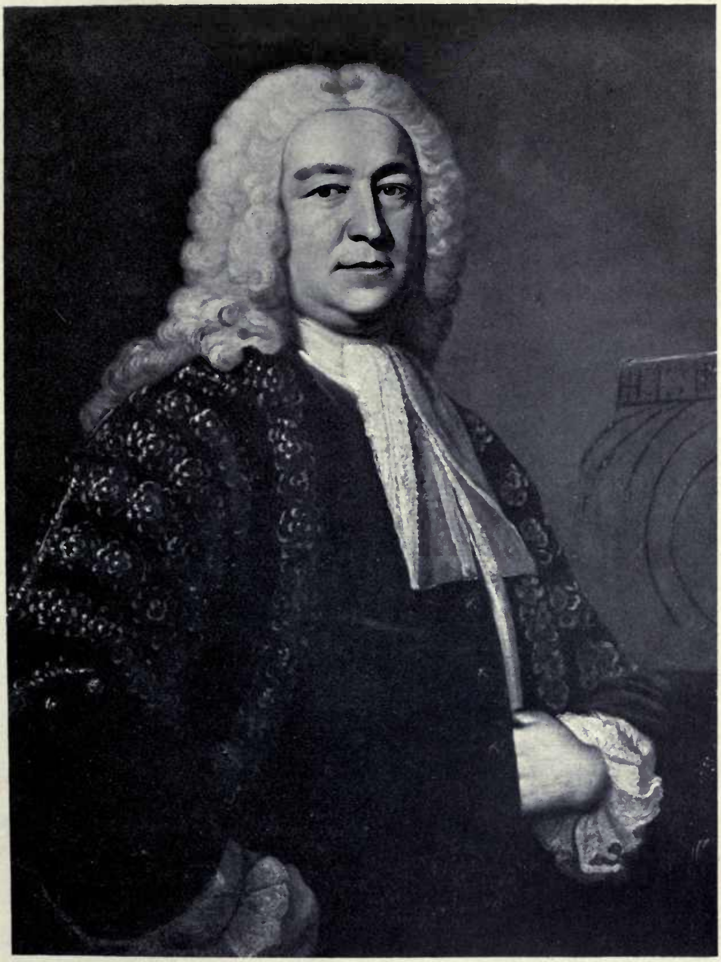
"But Lord!" says good gossip Pepys of a cockfight of Charles II. and his brother's reign: "But Lord! to see the strange variety of men, from Parliament men to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen and what not; all these fellows, one with another, cursing and betting. It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had no bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle; so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting." "I soon had enough of it"—the little man writes in his Diary, under date 21st December, 1663—the very year, by the way, that Sir George Downing took to building. It was in Shoe Lane, Sam Pepys saw that cockfight. There were cockpits then all over the town, indeed all over England.

Charles II.'s house of that name could obviously not have been Henry VIII.'s, which was built over a century earlier; the first named "the Cockpit, over against Whitehall," the second, built under Charles II.'s patronage, generally known as the "Cockpit Royal" in Westminster.

Among our books we include an edition of "The Works of Hogarth, by Thomas Clerk, London, 1810."

At page 134 of that book the author describes Hogarth's well-known plate, entitled "Cockpit Royal," which is said to have been at Newmarket. After telling his readers that the sport is of very ancient date—the Romans having introduced "this precious pastime into our own country," the author proceeds as follows: "It was encouraged in the reigns of Henry VIII. and James I., but especially by the thoughtless and licentious Charles II., under whose patronage was erected the 'Cockpit Royal,' which still continues to disgrace St. James's Park." But at page II. of the table of "Contents" he publishes this foot-note: "Since this part of the work was printed off, we have had the satisfaction to see that the 'Cockpit Royal' (mentioned on page 134) is taking down. We most cordially hope that such a building will never more be suffered to annoy the vicinity of the Court or Metropolis."

That cockpit stood not far from Bird Cage Walk, near Great Queen Street, and was distinguished by a cupola. It was demolished and cleared away in 1811-2. Thus much about Charles the Second's Cockpit Royal, not wholly reserved to personages of the Court even in the king's reign. People in those days, respectably-dressed persons, had the entrée even to the galleries of Whitehall—just as at the French Court—to see the King dine. The Levée of to-day



HENRY PELHAM.

PRIME MINISTER 1743-54.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street,
By Jean Baptiste Van Loo.

is a survival of the unrestricted entrée of decently-dressed persons of respectability to the King's Palace.

In the month of May of the year 1665, two years be it noted after Sir George Downing (created Baronet) had got his original lease from the Crown—and, if we have studied that man of energy to any purpose—had built the first two or three houses of his now world-famous street; one day in May of that year, we say, Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty, "walked with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in his garden . . . at the Cockpit" [King Henry's]. That garden being then his Grace's, and not common to all the Court tenants alike—inclusive of one, Barbara Villiers (afterwards Palmer), Countess of Castlemaine, and Duchess of Cleveland: that garden in that year, and in that case, must have lain somewhere eastward of the present house of the First Lord of the Treasury. Wherefore must? Because Sir George Downing's builder had been restricted to its east side: "but not to build any further westward towards His Majesty's Park of St. James than the westernmost part of [where] His Majesty's House called the Cockpit is now built." The Surveyor General of His Majesty's Works was, as we have elsewhere noted, to see to it that this command be obeyed.

Five years later, namely in 1671—as also elsewhere stated—permission was given to Sir George "to build westward of the Cockpit," the greater part of which was then demolished ; provided that new buildings were not within fourteen feet of St. James's Park Wall, at the west end of the premises"—premises yet to be built, and which were in due course built, at the west end of what later became Downing Street completed.

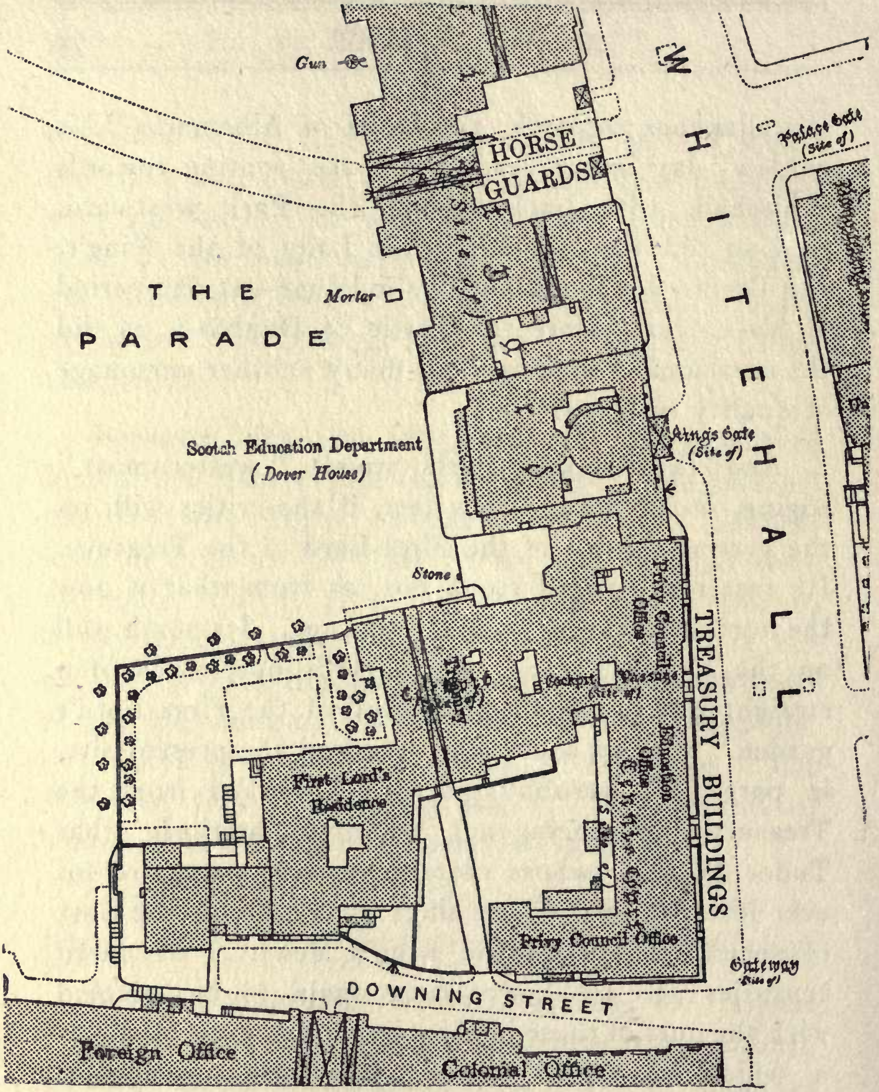
Between 1663 and 1665, then—in the month of May of which latter year the Duke was in "his garden" chatting with Pepys on naval affairs—the builders were at work at the King Street end, on what were originally Nos. 1, 2, 3, one hundred years later to be occupied respectively by Gerard Foite at £15 per annum, by John Brooks at £30, and by Widow Pepper at £26 per annum—houses scarce fit for occupation, one would say, by a duke—with an ale-house, "The Axe and Gate," adjoining No. 1. The Cockpit of Tudor days then, be it observed, standing.

Within the five succeeding years it was, not to repeat ourselves too often, in greater part demolished.

So that, according to our reckoning, the famous "Cockpit Lodgings"—clearly belonging to the Crown, for the Lady Castlemaine "had official lodgings assigned to her, hard by the Cockpit at Whitehall"—according to our reckoning by maps, surveyors' plans, contemporary engravings, professional advice and miscellaneous research, the Duke of Albemarle " his garden " lay in the rear of a house fronting towards Whitehall, with back toward the Park westward. And so did the lodging of the Lady of the King's, and Cromwell's and his lady's lodgings—at one period of his career, before the battle of Dunbar ; as did the occasional " lodgings " of many another personage of quality of Stuart times.

And the Cockpit itself stood, " westernmost " edging, or intruding a few feet, if the critics will, on the present garden of the First Lord of the Treasury. Its easternmost wall stood not far from what is now the north end of the Treasury passage. Its north wall on the Park's Parade, a few yards northward of a straight line drawn from the wall of the First Lord's garden. And its south wall stood on the present site, in part, of a scrubby garden overlooked from the Treasury : an octagonal building, interiorly that Tudor Cockpit, whose correct measurements are for ever lost ; doubtless long since mingled with the dust of ancient records in the King's Mews, or devoured centuries ago by Tower rats, again to be mingled with the dust of those in life who breathed it—particles of which, for aught we know, may still occasionally be breathed in city churches nearest the Tower.

We trust that these learned and expert professional calculations, to which we have devoted untold labour,


Gun
WHITEHALL
HORSE GUARDS
Palace Gate (Site of)
THE PARADE
Mortar
Scotch Education Department (Dover House)
Kings Gate (Site of)
Stone
Privy Council Office
Treasury
Cockpit Passage (Site of)
TREASURY BUILDINGS
Education Office
First Lord's Residence
Privy Council Office
Gateway (Site of)
DOWNING STREET
Foreign Office
Colonial Office

Section of Ordnance Survey Map:
Sites of Cockpit, Tilt-yard, Tennis Court, etc., marked.

will set at rest for ever the grave national question of the Cockpit's Site. The Ordnance Survey Map (1894-6) is as near as possible correct.

In the east wall of the First Lord's Garden, over which the old Treasury of Kent's building is seen—as in the artist's sketch of the garden; a few feet from its south angle is a bricked-up "water-gate." For so 'tis stated; but no more a "water-gate" this, than an aqueduct. The level of the Treasury Passage, under which the water would have run, is only eighteen inches above Trinity high-water mark. The water must necessarily have run under the old Cockpit Passage; under the road now called Whitehall; under the King's one-time Privy Garden; and also the royal apartments next the river. It must have been, in that case, 670 feet long, and would have been at high-tide full of Thames water. Needless to say, the passage always was dry at high or any other tide. There is no suggestion of any such water-way on Fisher's plan of Whitehall (1670-80); or on any old views of Whitehall next the river—where, of course, there would have been another water-gate. Moreover, there is no record of it in Soane's plans, when he built the old Board of Trade Offices.

An exit from the old Cockpit this bricked-up gateway which is set in the east wall of the First

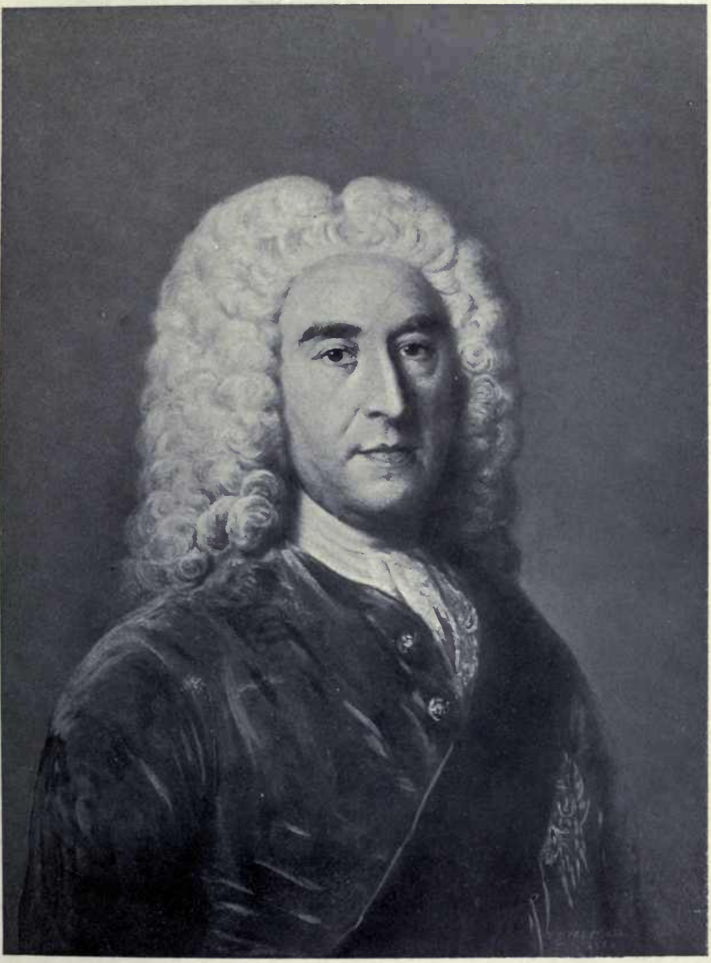
Lord's Garden ; an exit of the old Cockpit Passage leading to Whitehall. Tradition has it that Cromwell made use of it—secretly. Why secretly ? He was in residence hereabout years before he became Lord Protector ; at a time, truly, when a match of men rather than a main of cocks occupied the most of his time. In Huntingdon, being a plain country-gentleman, and not too squeamish at that, it was otherwise. After he became " uncrowned king," depend upon it he passed through that Cockpit Passage, when he had a mind to, with all the boldness and publicity of Sir George Downing when he was discussing plans with his builder.

Everywhere in the garden the " cold gradations of decay " are now observable ; but how noiseless, nevertheless, seems to have fallen the " foot of time " since Cromwell was of this place ; could not satisfy himself to omit that post which left Edinburgh for the south, 3rd May, 1651, without writing to her who was very much in his heart—" My beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit, in Westminster." He had not much to say, he told her, though there had been hard fighting at Dunbar, in which he had borne his part. Four months later, to the very day, he was at Worcester " by far the remarkablest man " this, in senate-house and battle-field, in counsel and in action England had yet known ; for whom one, Milton, was then writing political tracts and otherwise showing himself helpful.

Barely more than ten years had elapsed since a young and courtly gentleman, Philip Warwick by name—he who was later to be Secretary to the Treasury Lords—entering the House of Commons for the first time, perceived a member speaking, " very ordinary apparelled," in a plain cloth suit, made by an ill country tailor, his linen not very clean (in fact spots of blood upon it), his hat without a band, his sword straight by his side. His face appeared " swollen and reddish," and his voice was " sharp and untunable " ; nevertheless he held the attention of the House to a man. " Glorious villain " the speaker, for whom Downing did the " lacqueying." Doubtless he also knew the gloomy serious Mr. John Milton, late of the Barbican, now of Holborn, Secretary to the Protector ; had perhaps read and approved of his " Defence of the People "; may indeed have known of that design talked about for making him an adjutant-general in Sir William Waller's army ; in which event we might not at this date be including " Paradise Lost " in everyone's library.

Be that as it may, depend upon it Sir George Downing later knew a less remarkable man, one Robert South, clerk in holy orders, future champion of the restored Church of England, sometime undergraduate of Cambridge University, who, if he be remembered for nothing else in Downing Street's history, might perchance be remembered for cynically reminding the Vice-Chancellor of his day of this: "Gratitude among friends," wrote he, "is like credit amongst tradesmen. It keeps business up, and maintains the correspondence: and we pay, not so much out of a principle that we ought to discharge our debts, as to secure ourselves a place to be trusted another time." Sir Robert Walpole translated that sentiment into fewer words, and appropriated it to himself.

South, it may not be forgotten, was chaplain-in-ordinary to Charles II., one of whose sermons, preached in that capacity in the Chapel Royal over the way, sent the King into fits of laughter. "Ods fish! Lory," said his majesty, turning to Lord Rochester, "top fiddler of the town"; "Ods, fish! this chaplain of ours must be a bishop. Put me in mind of him at the next death." He who was inveighing against "that bankrupt, beggarly fellow Cromwell," was born eighteen years before the battle of Worcester, and lived to the very year (1716) when Sir Robert Walpole became, for the first time, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.



THOMAS PELHAM HOLLES, 1st DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

PRIME MINISTER 1754-6.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait in Crayons by William Hoare, R.A.

Ontario.

Thus with noiseless footfall time passes, century to century.

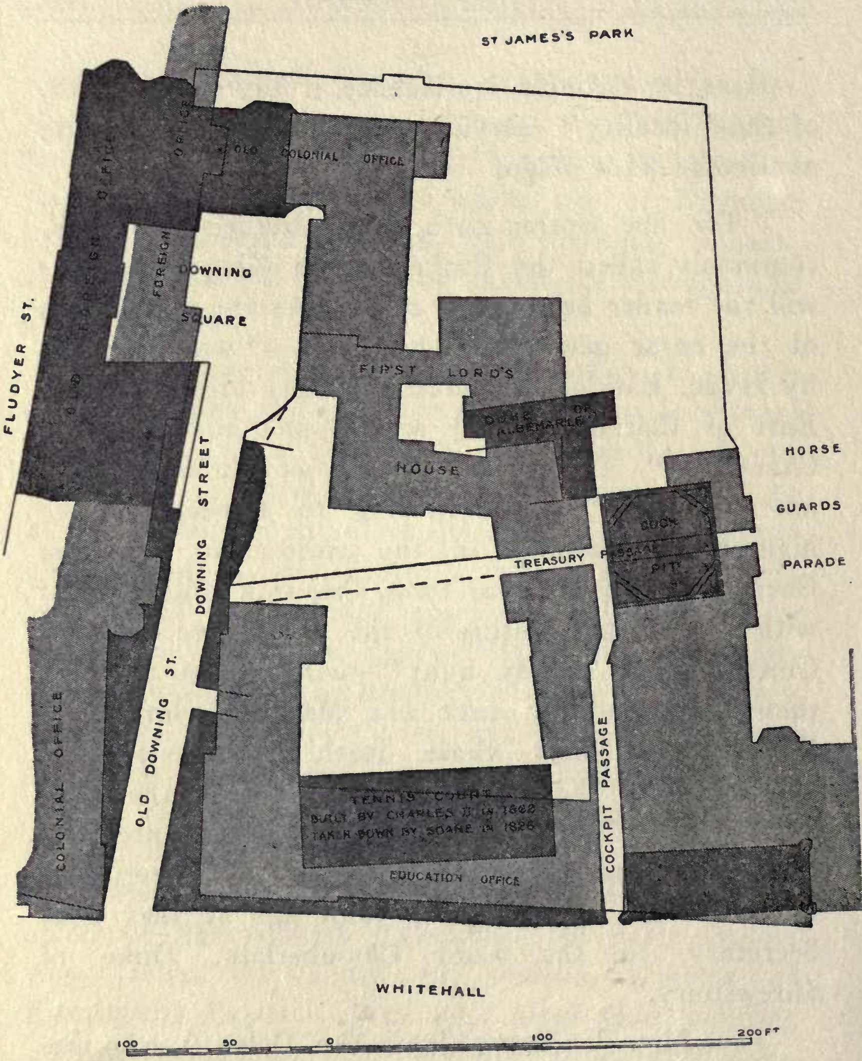
When the name "Cockpit" was first used, to designate a place put to very different purposes than cock-fighting—except perhaps of a political nature—it is not easy to say. To say when it was last so applied, officially and otherwise, is easier. It was so applied down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, in topographical records and works on London, and at least to the middle years of the eighteenth century in official plans and documents. It is not difficult to understand how the name came into use. Here stood the original building erected by Henry VIII., down to the period of Charles II., when Downing came on the scene (1663-5). It was a noticeable structure, whose architecture, to judge from Vertue's map, was somewhat out of the common. What more likely, then, that the locality should come to be known by the name of "the Cockpit"?—just as Charing Cross to-day is a name in general given to a considerable area, comprising several well-known and clearly-defined thoroughfares. The Eleanor Cross, or rather the ancient village of Charing, with its cross, has given a name for centuries to a whole district, extending as far east as the Strand, as far west as Cockspur Street. In similar way did the historic "Cockpit" lend its name not merely to a building, lodgings, apartments, Council Chamber, what you will; but to the whole locality which lies on the Westminster side of the Paymaster General's Office, inclusive of the Treasury buildings, the north side of Downing Street, its westernmost end, once Downing Square, and its south side where now stand the Foreign and Colonial Offices.

What more likely, we ask, than that the whole of this locality should have been known in Stuart and early Georgian times as "the Cockpit"? Every student of political history knows that it was so known. But the structure itself, the original house of Tudor days, was replaced nearer the Treasury, by another and more spacious building, wholly differing in style from Henry VIII.'s—not dissimilar, in fact, to one of the brick-built wings of Hampton Court or Kensington Palace, and variously utilised at times (as in their case) as apartments and offices, and in part also as a meeting-place or Council chamber. We can think of no building in London more similar, interiorly and exteriorly alike, to the official "Cockpit" of later Stuart time, than the south or westward wings of Kensington Palace. Any who enter that building will, in our opinion, have in view the Cockpit, commonly so-named, where Ministers met to transact business of state in Queen Anne's time and George I.'s, and probably later.

Here, for example, is evidence, if any were needed, of the "locality" carrying the name at least as late as George II.'s reign.

"The fine Gothic gate which divided Whitehall, commonly called the Cockpit, from King Street"—will the reader be so good as to note the application of the name generic to the locale—"was tenanted by Hyde, Earl of Rochester, younger brother of the Earl of Clarendon, and second son to the great Chancellor." There, Mrs. Delany—of whom everyone has read, and who, according to Burke, was the highest bred woman in the world; at that fine Gothic gate, in the year 1708, she, as a child, played with her young cousins of the Hyde and Leveson Gower family. "My aunt"—with whom she was then staying—"my aunt was Maid of Honour to Queen Mary, after whose death she married Sir John Stanley. King William, who bestowed the usual addition to a Maid of Honour's portion, granted her the apartments at Whitehall, which were afterwards the Duke of Dorset's. Sir John was at that time Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain, Duke of Shrewsbury."

Thus Mrs. Pendarves (later Mrs. Delany), who was born in 1700, fourteen years before the reign of Queen Anne, and who lived far into the reign of King George III. Thus does she in her autobiography


ST JAMES'S PARK
OLD FOREIGN OFFICE
OFFICE
OLD COLONIAL OFFICE
FOREIGN
DOWNING SQUARE
FLUDYER ST.
FIRST LORD'S HOUSE
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE
DOWNING STREET
HORSE GUARDS PARADE
COCK PIT
TREASURY PASSAGE
OLD DOWNING ST.
COLONIAL OFFICE
COCKPIT PASSAGE
TENNIS COURT
BUILT BY CHARLES II IN 1662
TAKEN DOWN BY SOANE IN 1826
EDUCATION OFFICE
WHITEHALL
100
50
0
100
200 FT

Plan drawn by W. L. Spiers, Esq., A.R.I.B.A.,

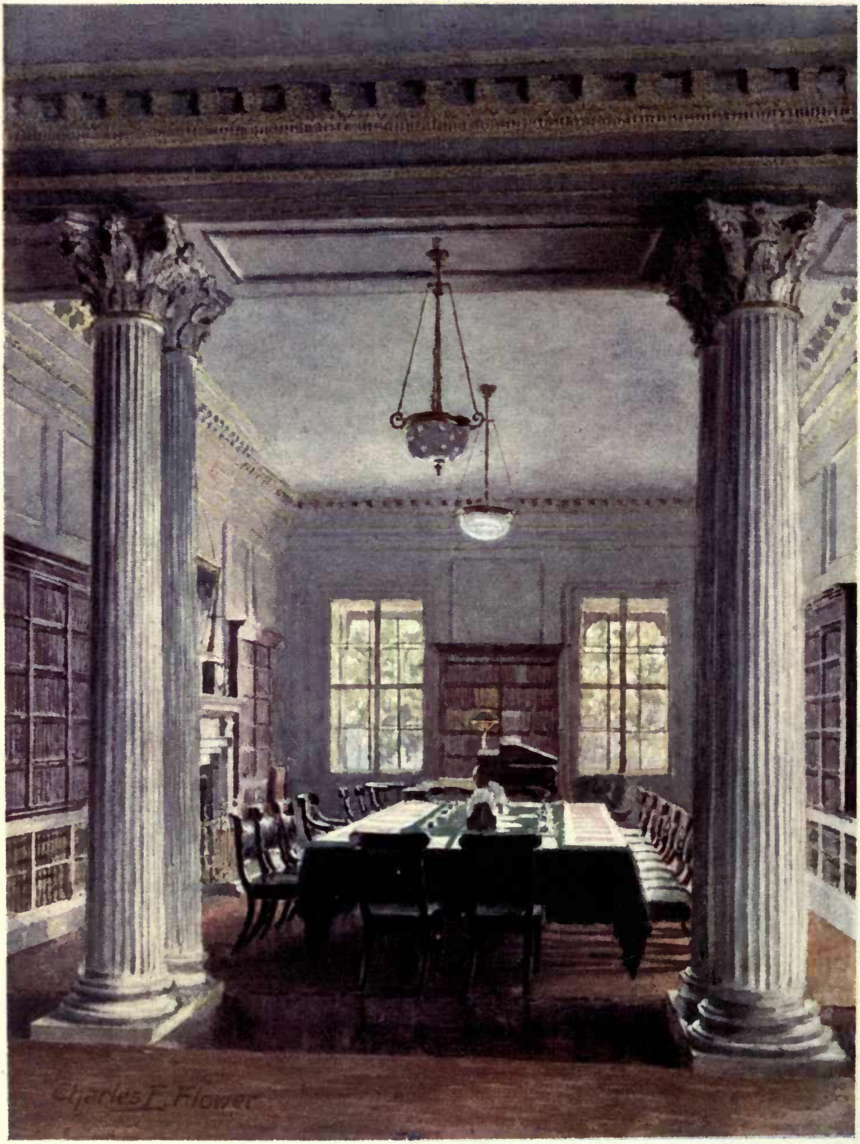
Curator of the Soane Museum.

give us a connecting link between the Whitehall of the Stuarts and the Whitehall of the Georges. Mrs. Delany died in 1788.

It may be interesting to add that the Duke of Shrewsbury above mentioned was the Earl of that title, whose signature appeared first in the letter in cypher, of which Admiral Herbert was the bearer (June 30th, 1688), to William of Orange, inviting him to take possession of the throne of England. The Duke of Dorset, then Earl, who concurred in the invitation, was the well-known statesman and patron of genius (friend of Matt. Prior), who wrote the once celebrated song "To all you ladies now at land." Prior himself was also of Whitehall; once Under Secretary of State, then a Commissioner of Trade, and afterwards (at the Peace of Utrecht) sent on a diplomatic mission to Paris.

To recapitulate the conclusions arrived at:—Henry VIII.'s "Cockpit" formed an outbuilding of the ancient Palace of Whitehall, and was in existence in Downing's own time. Charles II.'s "Cockpit" was an entirely different building nearer the Abbey. The locality took its name from Henry's structure, in Commonwealth times, if not earlier. Another building was subsequently erected on or near its site, and utilized much as Hampton Court Palace, and (in part) St. James's Palace, now are; and that building, rectangular in form, in which was the Ministerial Council Chamber, took the name of "the Cockpit," whose history, in so far as this book is concerned, now comes to an end.

The accompanying plan was drafted by the present Curator of the Soane Museum (Mr. W. L. Spiers, A.R.I.B.A.), who was good enough to accompany the writer in his study of the ground of the First Lord's house and garden, and the adjacent older Treasury building. In his keeping are Sir Christopher Wren's plans and Sir John Soane's, each of whom was called in to make a survey of, and add to, the house which was originally built by Downing—now numbered 10.


Charles E. Flower

THE CABINET-ROOM
(1907).

CHAPTER VI.

Office of First Lord of the Treasury.

"AT the Cockpit," so written, it was that Ministers of the Crown for many years met; among the rest the Lord High Treasurer. Such was the original title of him who now holds office as First Lord of the Treasury. That was his title, down to the sixth year of James I. (1612), when the lord-treasurership was first put into commission. Anciently, the Lord High Steward—the "King's lieutenant"—was the first great officer of the Crown; the Lord High Chancellor the second; and the Lord High Treasurer the third. His successor might be said to stand first to-day, when holding office as Prime Minister.

On two occasions, subsequent to the date stated, high ecclesiastics, as was originally the case, ruled at the Treasury. In 1618 (about), and again in 1635, when Archbishop Laud was First Lord; and once more in 1636, when Bishop Juxon was Lord High Treasurer—he to whom Charles I., on the scaffold erected over yonder, handed the "George" he wore, insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and spoke that last enigmatical word "Remember." In Cromwell's time (1654 to 1659), the Treasury was also in commission. Besides shorter periods, it was in commission from 1687 to 1701, which carries us down to the period of William and Mary; since which date is has so remained.

The last Lord High Treasurer was Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury (incidentally named in the last chapter), who was appointed 30th July, 1714, a few days before the death of Queen Anne. The first lay peer—for, in ancient times, lords spiritual were usually invested with this great power—who is mentioned as having held the office is Richard, Lord Scroop, of Bolton, 1371 (45 Edward III.). The Lord High Treasurer used to be appointed by Letters Patent under the Great Seal, and by the Sovereign handing him a white staff, with other ceremonies—detailed in Vol. IV. of The Treasury Calendar—including, at one time, delivery of "the golden keys of the Treasury." Are those keys, we wonder, anywhere on view now, or did the Commonwealth seize them along with the Regalia and other treasures of the Crown, and turn them into needful money?

The salary, at one time attached to the office, was £8,000; and when put into commission, an equal amount was provided for distribution among the several commissioners appointed for executing the office of Lord High Treasurer. Records afford no clue as to the date when that £8,000 salary was first thus apportioned; but it was a generous amount in times when the King's own pockets were empty, and he had often to borrow money from whomsoever was willing to lend.*

A total of £16,000 yearly for Treasury administration in Laud's time, for example, seems sufficiently handsome; especially as it passed into few hands, those of the Lords themselves.

The Sovereign occasionally presided at the Treasury Board down to the period of the Regency. We may be tolerably certain that Charles II. took his seat there, when desirous, which was not too often, to be more fully informed of the financial state of the nation; or when those affairs at the Hague, which Downing was appointed to manage, looked not too promising. That Downing himself seldom went empty away from Whitehall goes without saying. We note several entries in the records serving to show that he was not merely "a most capable official," but most capable of looking after himself. Here is one example in point: "Calendar of Treasury Books, July 17th, 1663: Warrant to the Receipt from Southampton [Lord Treasurer] to discharge the Baronet fee of £1,095, due from Sir George Downing, of East Hatley, Cambridge."

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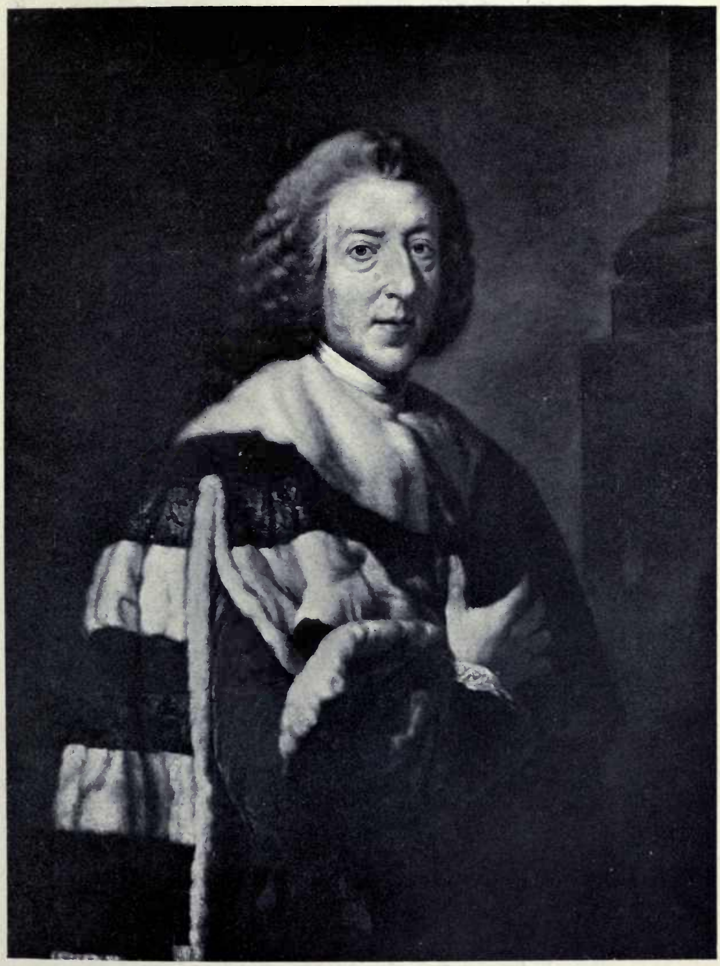
*In the middle years (1820) of his Premiership, the Earl of Liverpool was in receipt of £4,000 per annum as First Lord of the Treasury, £4,100 as Constable of Dover Castle, £1,500 as Commissioner for Indian Affairs, £3,500 as Clerk of the Rolls in Ireland—Total, £13,100 per annum.

Here is another of the previous month, *à propos*, no doubt, of negotiations with the States General then proceeding: "June 1st, 1663; Treasurer Southampton to advance £1,500 for the purpose of Sir George Downing, whom it concerns his Majesty's service very much to be despatched into Holland, and who represents that he cannot conveniently stir without this sum." In August, 1665, again, we have "His Majesty's very positive demand" to supply £300 to one "Mr. Woodroffe, for Sir George Downing's service." That capable gentleman's "ordinary" pay appears to have been "£5 a day"—which we read guineas—£1,840 in fact a year; £460 in advance per quarter. "In advance" reads the record.

In 1667 he succeeded Sir Philip Warwick as Secretary to the Treasury Lords: from which date, writes Dr. Shaw, the learned editor (Calendar of Treasury Books, 1660-7, Preface P., xliii.), "the history of the Treasury as an independently organised department of State really begins; and it is from this date also that the regular series of Treasury



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

PRIME MINISTER 1756-62, 1766-8.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait by Richard Brompton.

records begins." One more entry, this, to the credit side of the account of Sir George with posterity. We are almost inclined now to regret our wholesale condemnation. But his dastardly conduct to Okey, and his meanness and ingratitude to his mother, after he had added "Manor to Manor," do not admit of any palliation.

The King occasionally presided, we say, at the Treasury Board. During the reign of William III. especially, the Sovereign took an active personal part in current Treasury business, hearing papers read and recording his opinions upon them. The King's chair, showing the royal cypher, G.R., in an oval medallion at top, and raised above the floor at the head of the table, still stands in the Treasury Board Room, now used as his office by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In Downing's time (1667) the Board, it appears, met four times a week; on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 3 p.m., and on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 a.m., when they considered petitions, and summoned officers, applicants, and others to appear before them.

"Up betimes," as Pepys frequently notes in his Diary, "and called" sometimes on "my lord," but most times "at the office." Gentlemen dined in those days about noon, and were in the theatre an hour later. They supped at six, and slipped between the sheets about nine. Sensible people—"in the agricultural districts"—do the same now. No wonder the more sensible among those who dwell in cities would go back to the land now, if only they could see the chance of making a living and going to bed early. Truly, Downing was no sluggard. To have summoned "my Lords" to the Board at 8 a.m., which probably meant commanding officers and applicants to be in attendance at 7-45 a.m. sharp (shall we say ?) ; for a secretary to do this and, we make bold to say, see that it was done, he must have been just that class of official the Crown was then most in need of.

We look upon Downing and Pepys, indeed, as the two earliest pioneers in the practice of that rigorous daily punctuality and zeal which so greatly distinguishes the junior ranks of the Civil Service now. Had the great example of these two principal officers been in time past universally followed, "attendance books" haply might never have come into fashion in public offices ; nor would a certain publication named "Punch" have cracked that famous joke—aged fifty-five years and still juvenile—whose publicity probably helped most to the untimely introduction of those books in the sixties of the last century. We recall the joke and remember the books. This, however, by the way.

Papers in former times were read to the Treasury Board by the Secretary, or his chief clerks, who performed that duty in Court dress, until, in fact, the beginning of the last century. Four times a week being deemed too many for the Board to meet, twice a week was found all-sufficient—at all events down to 1856; but the First Lord and the Chancellor of the Exchequer ceased to attend after the close of Lord Liverpool's administration in 1827. It is interesting to learn in this connection that "one was a quorum," which possibly may have given rise to that familiar and generally useful suggestion that "a committee of one is best." However that may be, one being a quorum, quite naturally in course of time one only attended—and doubtless not always he, when more urgent affairs called him elsewhere. "Urgent private affairs" were always considered a valid excuse, even in the junior ranks of the public service, when not too persistently urgent and private.

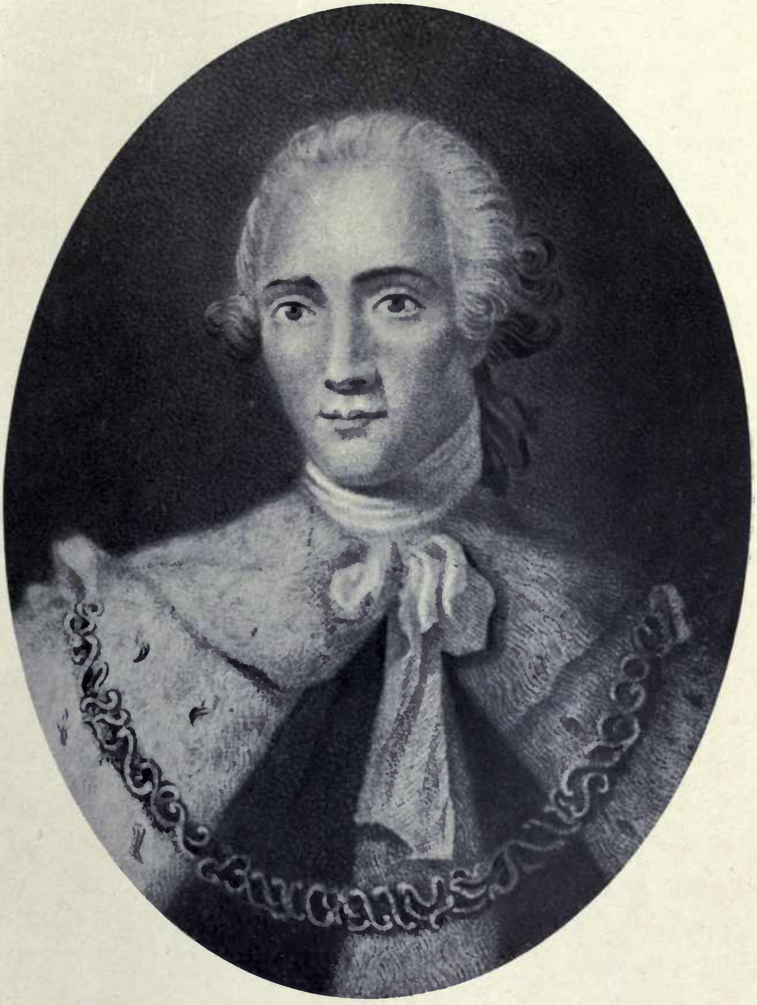
Thus the meetings of "the Board" gradually became perfunctory, and they are now held only on extraordinary occasions. But such phrases as "My Lords read" and "read again" still linger on Treasury papers. Old customs die hard. We could wish that some old customs might never die; among the rest old-fashioned courtesy, which is nowhere to-day in public departments more observable than at the Treasury, Whitehall. The writer is grateful that his labours in regard of this book have permitted him to be a witness that this good old custom, nowadays not too prevalent, is excellently well preserved there, and, it is needless to add, at the famous house hard by.

In the Private Secretary's Office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is an interesting series of engraved portraits of past Secretaries of the Treasury, also a half-length portrait in oils of John Scrope, Secretary under Sir Robert Walpole, so appointed in 1724. He had fought, we are told, for Monmouth at Sedgemoor, and in the disguise of a woman had carried despatches between William of Orange and the disaffected peers, of whom the Duke of Shrewsbury, hereinbefore referred to, was one. Scrope was sixty-one when appointed, and he held the secretaryship for twenty-eight years, dying at the ripe age of ninety; a faithful officer he to his life's end. He was threatened with the Tower, because he refused to disclose matters which he must have known, concerning Sir Robert Walpole's lavish disposal of Secret Service Money. "Tower or not," he flatly refused to give evidence before a House of Commons Committee of Secrecy, whose political object was—as Dr. Johnson, of Bolt Court, might have written—to "down" his chief.

At what date the office of Secretary of the Treasury originated is not known ; but as long as there was but one, he, like John Scrope, seems to have been a permanent officer, not sitting in Parliament. When a second Secretary was appointed, he, at least, had a seat. Two Secretaries of the Treasury are mentioned in the reign of James II. In June, 1711 (Queen Anne), the first permanent appointment of joint-secretaries was made, the Earl of Oxford being then Lord High Treasurer. Mem. (we read): " Mr. Lowndes this day acquainted me that Thos. Harley, Esq., was joined with him to attend my Lord Treasurer in the Office of Secretary of the Treasury." (Extract from Vol. 1 of Treasury Fee Books ; by whom written is not certain.) This Mr. Lowndes was originally a Treasury clerk, and later became Secretary (1695-1724). Those who know their London may recall the name in Lowndes Square, which lies in the fashionable district of Belgravia ; whether named after him or not we cannot say. Lord Chesterfield thus refers to this gentleman in his familiar " Letters " : " Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne and King George the First, used to say : ' Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.' To this maxim, which he not only preached but practised, his two grandsons at this time [1750] owe the very considerable fortune he left them."

It seems that the Secretaries were originally paid by fees on Treasury warrants ; fees and "New Year's gifts" from the public offices and principal officers themselves. "Those were the only emoluments (for thus the record) the joint-secretaries received." Like fees and gifts in general, we may be sure they were worth pocketing, and probably, along with incidental perquisites, amounted to a handsome sum per annum. For one thing, the Financial Secretary appears to have been privileged on appointment, so late as Mr. Addington's administration (1801-4), to order "so many yards of velvet plush, nominally for official curtains."

We remember the time when every gentleman of at least one public department was privileged to send two of his own private letters per diem post free, by simply scribbling his initials—"nutshells," as they were flippantly called—in the corner of the envelope. He might have despatched a hundred by borrowing the initials of his fellow clerks. We further remember the time when each room in that department might command for its service various necessary articles of a four o'clock kind, clothes and boot brushes, hot-water cans, hair brushes, etc., not to mention excellent penknives (useless, however, for fashioning steel pens) ; what time the "Derby day" (over which Parliament adjourned) and "Boat Race day" were valid excuses for official absence ; when the festival of Easter was



THE MARQUIS OF BUTE, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1762-3.

From an Engraving by Ridley & Holl.
Published by Vernor & Hood, London ("Letters of Junius"), 1805.

commemorated for three whole working days; and "leave till 11 or 12" was almost as common as the allotted six weeks' annual vacation. These personal reminiscences parenthetically.

In the case of Secretaries of the Treasury, New Year's gifts were not necessarily made wholly in money: "all sorts of sauces" and "sweetmeats from Barbadoes," and probably also wine from the Rhine and Moselle districts, and from the sunny slopes of Burgundy and Bordeaux; these represented good gifts from men. Lace, might we also suggest, from Spain; examples of work in the precious metals from Italy; specimens of precious stones from the Indies; and so forth and so on. Furthermore, some Secretaries were "pluralists." In 1796, one, Mr. George Rose* (let him rest in peace save as to certain conjectures) drew £7,000 a year "in emoluments additional." Who shall say that these good old times of the Civil Service of the Crown were not the pleasantest?

A fixed salary of £3,000 a year, and "about £279 in New Year's gifts" to each Secretary, would seem to have been officially their portion in 1782. Their "emoluments" then averaged about £5,114 per annum. It would be useless now to inquire what "emoluments" then signified ; probably gain in general, " ground out " (so translated from the Greek) of all and sundry, according to well-established precedent, now, alas, obsolete. In 1800 " all " the Secretaries received officially was £4,000 a year. In 1821 the salary had dwindled down to £2,500 ; and in 1851 it was further reduced to £2,000 per annum—at which inconsiderable amount it remains.

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*There were three Roses: the father and two sons — "Old George Rose," to whom reference is made; The Right Honourable George Rose, Clerk of Parliament; and his brother, a Chargé d'Affaires at the period discussed.

Secretaries were appointed, we understand, by " calling-in " to the Board.

To have been called-in in old Mr. Lowndes' time, or in Mr. George Rose's, must have been like walking up the golden stairs of an official paradise.

Could this last officer have been " old George Rose," thus insolently named, who in his lifetime held situations worth £10,000 per annum, and whose family, it was calculated, " received in principal and interest nearly two millions of the public money " ? The two sinecures (I read) of clerk of Parliament and clerk of Exchequer Pleas, were conveyed by letters patent, in reversion, from " old Rose " (*sic*) to his two sons. " Old George had been originally a purser in the Royal Navy, and was one of Pitt's warmest admirers "—as well he might have been. (" The Black Book ; or Corruption Unmasked," 1820, p. 74.)

This gentleman, whoever he may have been in life, was a strenuous supporter, I further read, of "Savings' Banks"—"a striking example of that disgusting mockery which plunders the people of the just rewards of industry and toil, and thus hypocritically laments the privations created by its rapacity." Let the reader be notified that the work from which we quote contained a "Complete Exposition of the Cost, Influence, Patronage and Corruption of the Borough Government," published twelve years before the Reform Bill of 1832. That "old George Rose" is only one name appearing in pages of others (say some 3,000 names in all), shows that he did not stand alone in taking all he could get. Being struck by the official word "pluralists," in connection with the entry "George Rose," we have perhaps permitted our conjectures respecting his identity too great license.

There is a Treasury tradition that an old gentleman was accommodated with comfortable apartments upstairs, one of whose rooms is now occupied by one of the permanent secretaries. He used to take his daily ride in the Park, a stepping-stone for mounting his horse being built-up for his accommodation on the garden side of the Treasury, and still in existence. A reminiscence of this fine old gentleman, "all of the olden time," hangs in this room, in the shape of a half-length portrait, said to be of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by the master himself. We like to think that this portrait might be, not of Sir Joshua, but of "old Rose," than whom the Treasury never sheltered a more fit disciple of Sir George Downing.*

Before bringing this chapter to a close, there is one matter which is deserving of mention in connection with the present department of joint-secretaries of the Treasury—the present office of the "Government Whips."

Next the Chancellor of Exchequer's house, in the north-west corner of Downing Street, stands a dwarf building of dingy brick, in keeping with numbers 11 and 10; the southward wall of which building is evidently of older date than its other parts. The interior of this structure is more spacious than would appear from the outside. There is a small waiting-room on entry, one or two offices adjoining, and a much larger room facing the Park, which served as a dining-room for official or other banquets; added to the structure when the late Sir Stafford Northcote (afterwards Lord Iddesleigh) was Chancellor of the Exchequer in residence at No. 11, next door.

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*The room in which the portrait hangs, belonged for a long time to the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury. Since the foregoing was passed for press, the writer has been courteously warned by Lord Welby that "it does not do to assume that a portrait in a room of a public office, refers to some person previously connected with it. Men put up pictures in the rooms they occupy"—and on quitting there it may be supposed leave them, as being not worth removal. Furthermore, the portrait in question is not in the least like that of "old George Rose" as in the Harewood edition of his Life and Letters published.

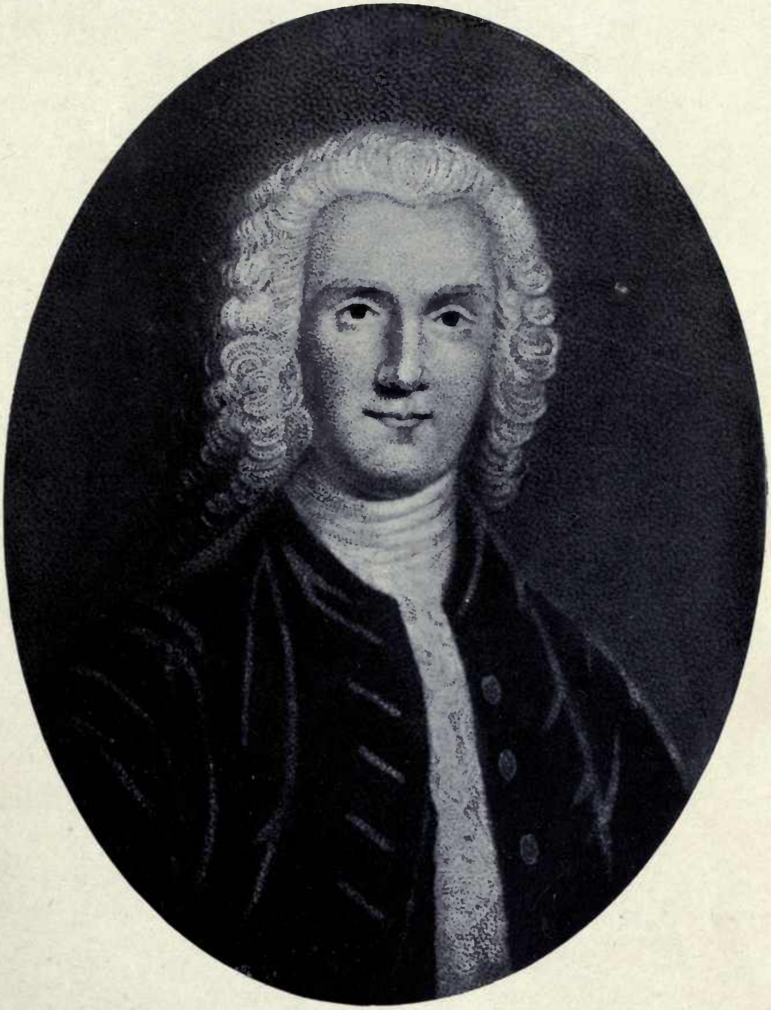
Here once stood the old Colonial Office of George III.'s reign. In 1859, or thereabout, we had the curiosity to go over it. The present waiting-room, to the left as you enter, forms, in our opinion, part of that office which we then entered. The other rooms do not. The Park frontage is clearly modern —or almost all of it—except at the northernmost end. The house is reached from the Park side by steps, leading to a kind of terrace—the " terras " of Downing's own time. This building is (1907) set apart to the service of the Ministerial " Whips."

We can well recall the interest with which we viewed its predecessor, the old Colonial Office—the Home Department of Walpole, North and William Pitt's times—whence emanated the despatches to the rebellious American colonies, tending to make them more so, and finally to declare their Independence. But this is not what most interested us in this Downing Street building, in whose little waiting-room we once again stood the other day. We believe it to be part —as regards the external south wall—of the Colonial Office waiting-room of other days.

Wellington and Nelson met once, and but once, and then by mere chance. The Duke, then Sir Arthur

Wellesley, had just returned from his ever-memorable campaign in India ; but his fame, though high amongst all those who then knew anything of India, had not yet become so familiar to the mass of society at home, as to render it profitable to the print-sellers to exhibit his portrait to the public gaze. Consequently, the features, later so familiar to all, were then so little known—even to Nelson—that, when he found himself one day in the waiting-room of the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies (as it was from 1801 to 1854) in company with the great Eastern warrior, he knew him not. It was otherwise with Nelson, whose deeds, having been performed nearer home, were far more generally known ; and with whose appearance Sir Arthur Wellesley could not but be well acquainted, even had he had no other help than the signs over the inn doors on his way from Portsmouth.

The natural attraction of genius drew them together—and the Minister whose leisure they were waiting (if we are not mistaken, Lord Castlereagh), being long engaged, these two illustrious men were left in conversation for some time. The news of Sir Robert Calder's naval action off Ferrol had just been received, and this naturally formed a principal topic of their discourse. Sir Arthur Wellesley said to Lord Nelson : "This measure of success won't do nowadays—for



GEORGE GRENVILLE.

PRIME MINISTER 1763-5.

From an Engraving by Ridley & Holl.
Published by Vernor & Hood, London ("Letters of Junius"), 1805.

your Lordship has taught the public to expect something more brilliant." Shortly after this remark Lord Nelson left the waiting-room, evidently to find out who his new friend was, and, returning in a minute, renewed the conversation on a fresh footing. Nelson had at that time some project for occupying Sardinia, and he wished Sir Arthur to take charge of the troops on the occasion. But he replied that he would rather not—that he had just returned from India—in short, he did not enter into that view. Soon afterwards Lord Nelson sailed—the battle of Trafalgar was fought—and they never met again. It was in the waiting-room of the old Colonial Office they thus met.

This chapter might have seemed incomplete without some reference in it to the exalted office of Prime Minister, usually associated with that of First Lord of the Treasury. Before, then, I lift the lion's head knocker of No. 10, I would wish, with the reader's permission, to transcribe a paragraph or two bearing on the premiership, from the pages of a publication at my elbow, which, strange to say, comes from the country of Sir George Downing's maternal ancestry. The extracts that I make, so briefly and clearly sum up all I perchance might have written on the same topic, that I take the liberty of borrowing, where of competency and courtesy alike I might have been expected to lend. An Englishman's just pride in his own parts of elementary learning, might well make him hesitate to take his elements of English constitutional history from an American source. But inasmuch as England itself was first taught its Downing Street by America's ambassador,* I am all the more willing to recognise my own indebtedness to a citizen of that country, for the following instructive information touching a matter everyway appropriate to these pages.

England (I read) is governed by the House of Commons. The House of Commons is governed by the Prime Minister. "The real ruler of the British Empire is not the titular Sovereign, nor the hereditary nobility ; it is the Leader of the Political Majority, who derives his power solely from the direct vote of the people. The Prime Minister of England is subordinate neither to the King nor the House of Peers. Every man who shares with him in the work of the Government is his subordinate."

Following a general election, the Sovereign sends for some member of the majority party, and instructs him to form a government. "This is one of those fictions of the constitutional authority of the Sovereign [we are told] to which the English people cling as to the heritage of tradition. The summons is delivered, but it is merely a form. The party leader is such, not by the grace of the Sovereign, but by the choice of the Majority; not by election, but because he has the qualities of leadership."

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* His Excellency J. H. Choate : Guildhall Speech, November 9th, 1900.

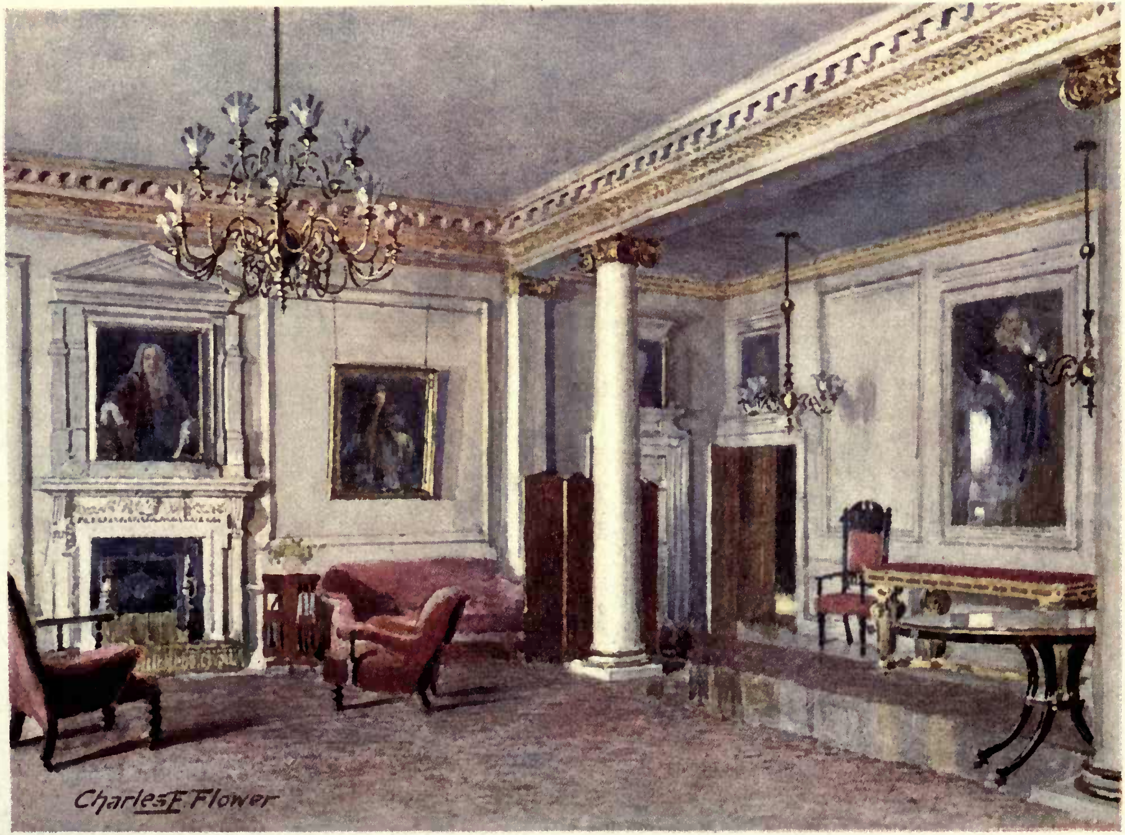
Having received the Sovereign's instructions to form a government, the Leader becomes by that mandate "the autocrat of the Empire. His power is absolute. Like the President of the United States, he may appoint whomsoever he pleases a member of his Cabinet; but, unlike the President, he is not influenced by geographical considerations, nor does he have to submit his nominations to a Senate. In both countries, the members of the Cabinet hold office at the will of the appointing power; but the tenure of office is even more precarious in England than it is in the United States. In America a minister may differ from the President on a matter of policy, and not feel it incumbent upon him to resign; in England there can be no differences. Either a minister agrees with his chief or he resigns."

In England the Cabinet is "an extra-legal creation." Nominally it is one of the committees of the Privy Council, whose functions are to advise the Sovereign, "but this is simply a survival of mediævalism. The Cabinet is under the sole control of the Premier, unhampered by royal or other interference."

Such is the useful and instructive information which comes to us from over the seas—from that country which over two centuries ago gave us back George Downing, who, in his turn, gave us No. 10, Downing Street, the official residence of the Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury.

The House.

The Hours

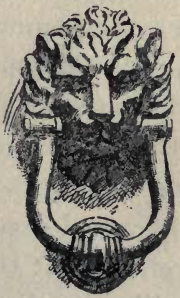

Charles E Flower

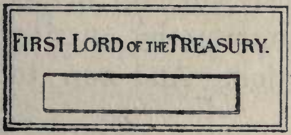
THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

CHAPTER VII.

No. 10.

THE general reader is not much interested to-day in matters of fact. Fiction occupies the most of his leisure. So that had we been appealing to his interest alone in these pages, we should have been careful to avoid all reference to architects' plans and the more technical details of topography. But, fortunately for us, "the general reader" is not the sole reader and buyer of books to-day. There are happily still existing a chosen few, of what may be termed particular readers, on whose library table other books may be found than such as "The Serpent on the Hearth" or "The Woman with the Yellow Hair," or similar contemporary examples of effort on the part of popular writers of romance, to educate the reading public and to give that public what it wants.





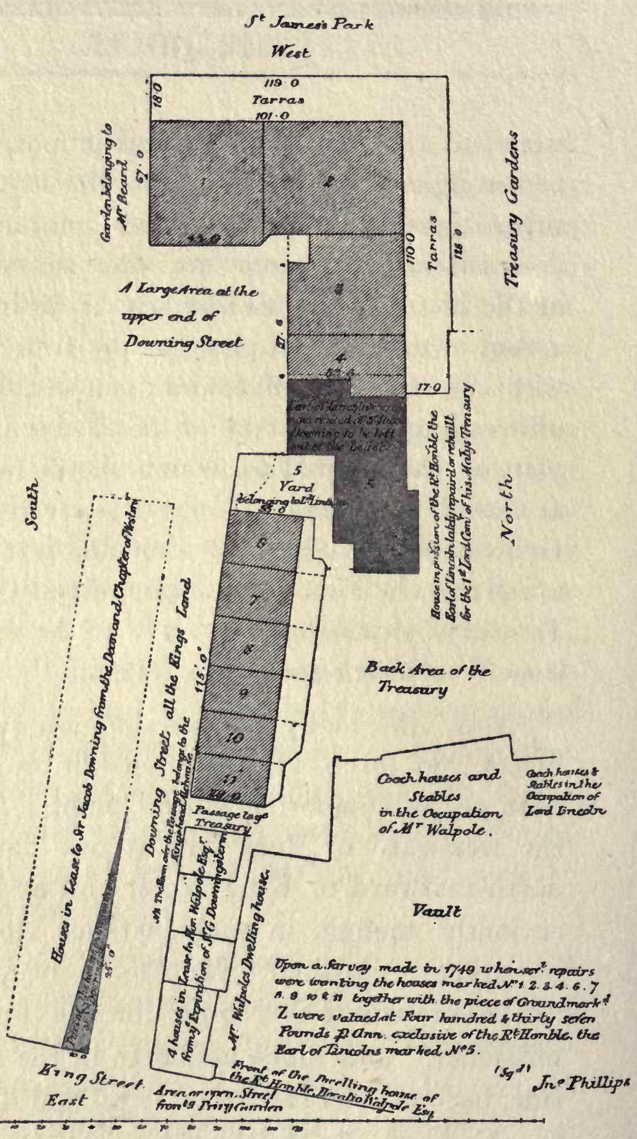
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

Those chosen few whom we have in mind, "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.'

These are they who form useful societies, and meet together, and publish interesting records and reports among themselves; excellently well printed, and as carefully and admirably written and illustrated—of which the published records of the London Topographical Society shall serve as an example in point; books of which the general reader knows nothing; a misfortune for which he is much more to be pitied than despised. These few—and they always number particular readers among them — are commonly interested in every detail of topography; the more maps, plans and details you can give them the better they are pleased. We can have no further hesitation, then, in proceeding with this record on the lines as originally drawn by us. Observing the general reader to be more intent than ever on his novel, we felt that it would be impertinent and foolish alike to divert his attention, and invite his contempt, by offering him mere matters of fact for fiction. And now to return to Downing Street.

Professional experts—architects, surveyors and County Council officials alike—have all afforded the writer some comfort in his Downing Street investigations, by assuring him that plans which should be equal to the same plan, are not invariably equal to one another; or, in other words, that plans of the same building drawn by various hands, at different times, to a given scale, inch to the foot, cannot always be brought exactly to agree, line upon line, when super-imposed the one upon another. Moreover, professional surveyors are not so much interested in the history of houses or streets, as in the names of actual owners or occupiers for the time being. Otherwise, we must have found insuperable difficulty in unravelling the mystery of an official Downing Street plan of the year 1749, which shows No. 10 as No. 5 at that date, and as " House in possession of the Right Honourable the Earl of Lincoln, lately repaired or rebuilt for the First Lord Commissioner of His Majesty's Treasury"—which house is " to be left out of the lease" to which such plan refers.

Now, like many another London street, Downing Street has been re-numbered—or appears to have been so, in comparing official plans. No. 1 stood at the westward or Park end at one date, and at the north-eastward or King Street end at another. But, curiously enough, in each instance No. 10 falls into its present position. The No. 5 of the year 1749, " lately repaired or rebuilt for the First Lord Commissioner," and much added to in the rear, or Parade side, becomes the No. 10 of 1779, and has so remained to this day. In brief, the First Lord's house has stood always where it still stands, but enlarged on the east side and in the rear.


S^t James's Park
West
119·0
Tarras
101·0
18·0
57·0
Garden belonging to M^r Beard
1
2
44·0
3
4
110·0
Tarras
118·0
Treasury Gardens
A Large Area at the upper end of Downing Street
17·0
Earl of Lincoln ... Downing to be left ...
5
Yard belonging to L^d Lincoln
35·0
House in possession of the R^t Hon^ble the Earl of Lincoln lately repair'd or rebuilt for the 1^st Lord Com^r of his Ma^tys Treasury
North
South
Houses in Lease to S^r Jacob Downing from the Dean and Chapter of Westm^r
95·0
Downing Street all the Kings Land
115·0
6
7
8
9
10
11
Back Area of the Treasury
Passage to ye Treasury
Coach houses and Stables in the Occupation of M^r Walpole.
Coach houses & Stables in the Occupation of Lord Lincoln
Vault
M^r Walpole Esq^r
S^r G Downing's term
4 houses in Lease to M^r Walpole ... from ye Expiration of S^r G Downing's term
M^r Walpoles Dwelling house.
Upon a Survey made in 1749 when sev^l repairs were wanting the houses marked N^o 1. 2. 3. 4. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10 & 11 together with the piece of Ground mark^d Z were valued at Four hundred & thirty seven Pounds ℔ Ann. exclusive of the R^t Hon^ble the Earl of Lincolns marked N^o 5.
(Sg^d) Jn^o Phillips
King Street
East
Area or open Street from ye Privy Garden
Front of the Dwelling house of the R^t Hon^ble Horatio Walpole Esq^r

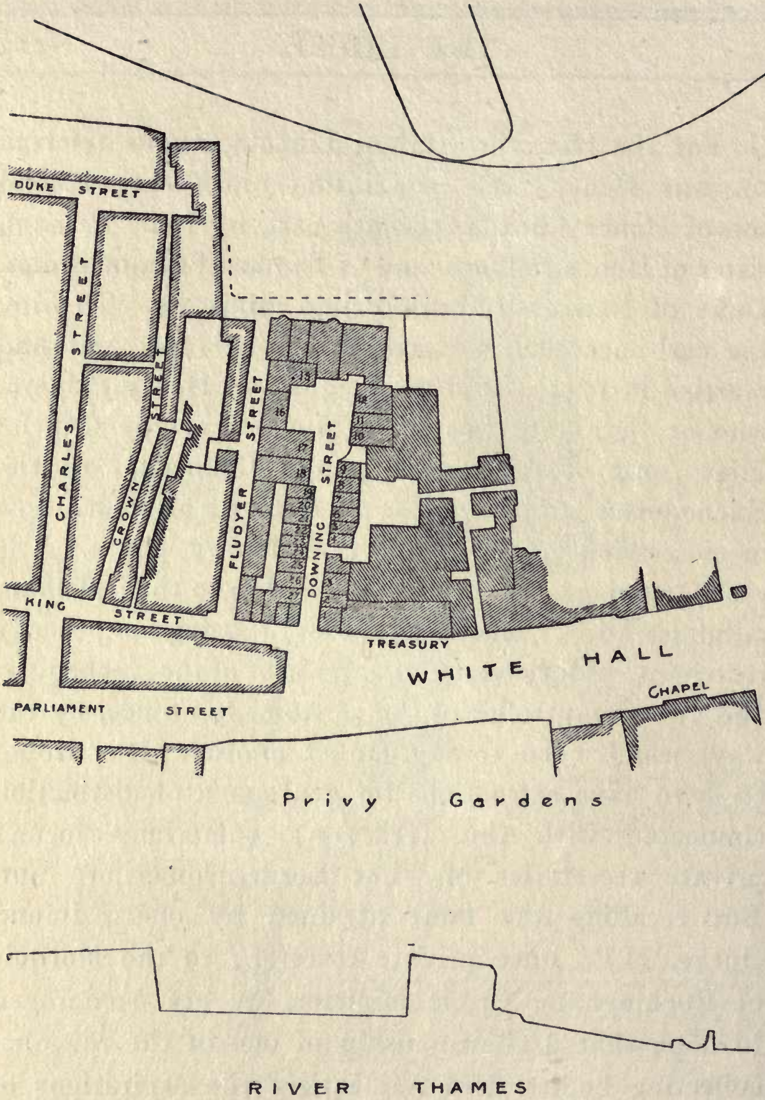
Tennants Anno 1749

1. Sir Watkin William Winn Bart.
2. The Duke of Bolton.
3.   Delivall Esqr.
4. The Bishop of St. Davids
5. The Earl of Lincoln
6. Mrs..........Wright Widow
7. Captn. Richardson
8. Mrs..........Markenfield
9. William Keelying Esqr.
10. Mrs..........Bagnell
11. Mrs..........Fenner

Plan of Downing Street, 1749.

(From H.M. Office of Works.)

For the rest, the Earl of Lincoln, above referred to, was Henry Fiennes Clinton, ninth earl, second son of Henry Clinton, seventh earl, by Lucy Pelham, sister of Henry Pelham, and of Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle, both Prime Ministers. To him, the earl succeeded as second duke in 1768. He had married in 1744, the elder daughter of Henry Pelham, who at that date was First Minister of the Crown: First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and therefore in right of his office now in possession of Sir Robert Walpole's house. The earl's marriage, and other relationship to the "Pelham administration," must account for his being temporarily its tenant. Moreover, he was auditor of the Exchequer, and also Comptroller of the Customs, an office, by the way, which even to-day, under another title, would seem to have attractions for gentlemen of distinction connected with the Treasury; sometimes former private secretaries of First Lords, sometimes not. But recalling the fame attained by one Edmund Burke, M.P., once private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, Prime Minister, we are encouraged to hope that a chairmanship of one of the revenue-collecting bodies does not satisfy the aspirations of every secretary. He who is so learned in the multifarious duties of a Prime Minister, ought not to limit the range of his ambition to Thames Street or the


DUKE STREET
CHARLES STREET
STREET
CROWN
FLUDYER STREET
DOWNING STREET
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1
KING STREET
TREASURY
WHITE HALL
CHAPEL
PARLIAMENT STREET
Privy Gardens
RIVER THAMES

Plan of Downing Street, 1799.

(From H.M. Office of Works.)

Strand. At least it might include Westminster, the spot with which he is so familiar ; and once on his feet in the House of Commons, why not take, as Lord Liverpool, a step forward to the House of Lords, and a step back in due course to No. 10 itself ; not to his old room, but upstairs to the Prime Minister's ? *

Thus in a discursive but not, we hope, in an unprofitable way, do we rid ourselves of the difficulty of No. 5 and No. 10, and of that "house in possession of the Right Honourable the Earl of Lincoln" in 1749—one and the same house in 1799 as to-day. Sir Christopher Wren officially overlooked it interiorly and exteriorly, as regards the Garden side, in 1677 ; and most certainly Sir John Soane altered, restored and added to it in 1825.

Parenthetically, it may be mentioned here that Isaac Johnson, one of the most influential and honoured among the Massachusetts Bay colonists, who with others began the early settlement of Boston, married "the gentle-born Lady Arabella, sister of the fourth Earl of Lincoln." Johnson, "the greatest furtherer of the colony," was from Boston, old England. He

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* It is a pity to spoil the effect of a well-meant compliment ; but since the foregoing was in type, I have discovered—unfortunately too late for correction—that it was not Charles Jenkinson, First Earl of Liverpool (Lord Bute's Private Secretary), who became Prime Minister, but his son, Robert Banks Jenkinson, Second Earl. The first-named, Joint-Secretary in 1763 of the Treasury, afterwards led in the House of Lords—which gave rise to the error.

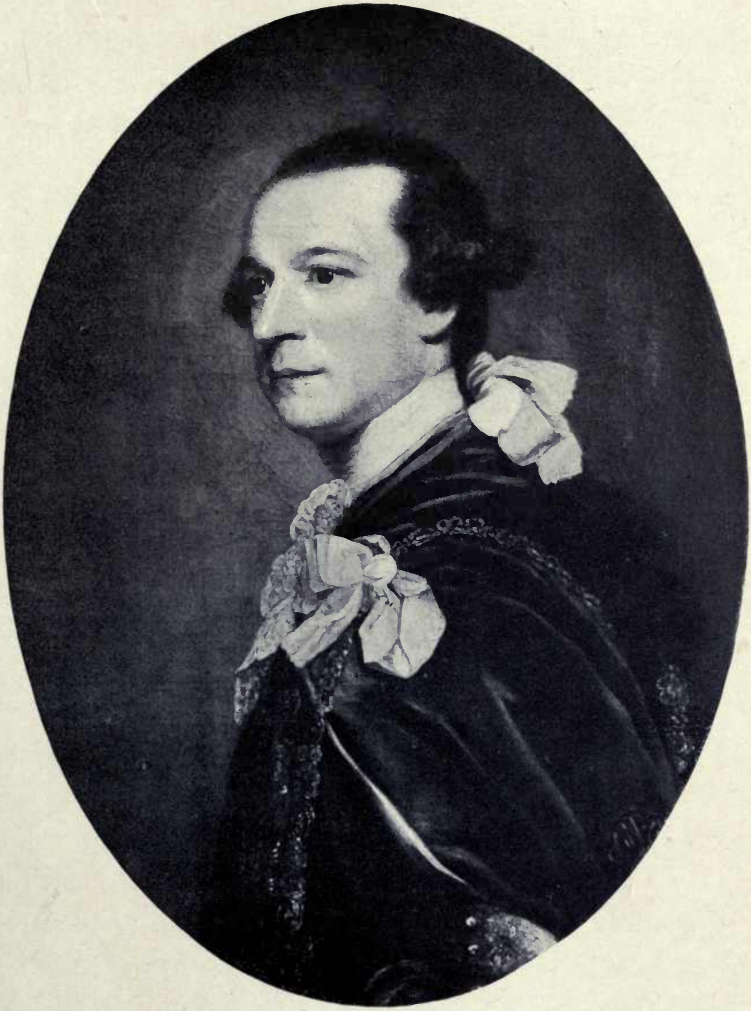
died at Charlestown—now a populous suburb of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1630; his wife dying at Salem a short time previously; both not unknown to Emmanuel Downing the Puritan, since they were among its most distinguished early settlers.

"My brother Downing and I," wrote Winthrop, "riding into Lincolnshire by Ely, my horse fell under me in a bog in the fens; but the Lord preserved me from further danger."

This was in the month of July, 1628, on their way to the Earl of Lincoln's at Sempringham manor-house, or Tattershall Castle. Depend upon it then, "my brother Downing" knew Isaac Johnson and his wife, of New England.

It is curious that in the following century an Earl of Lincoln should be found ministerially occupying No. 10, Downing Street, a house once owned by Emmanuel's son George and his heirs. This, however, we digressively note as a mere coincidence.

George I. gave this house to his Hanoverian minister, Count Bothmar, "for his life," after His Majesty being, in right of succession, invited over from his beloved Herrenhausen, had settled himself down at St. James's as England's King. The house which the King thus gave to Count Bothmar was, we have somewhere read, part of the forfeited property of Lee, Lord Lichfield, sometime Master of the Horse to James II.



THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM, K.G.

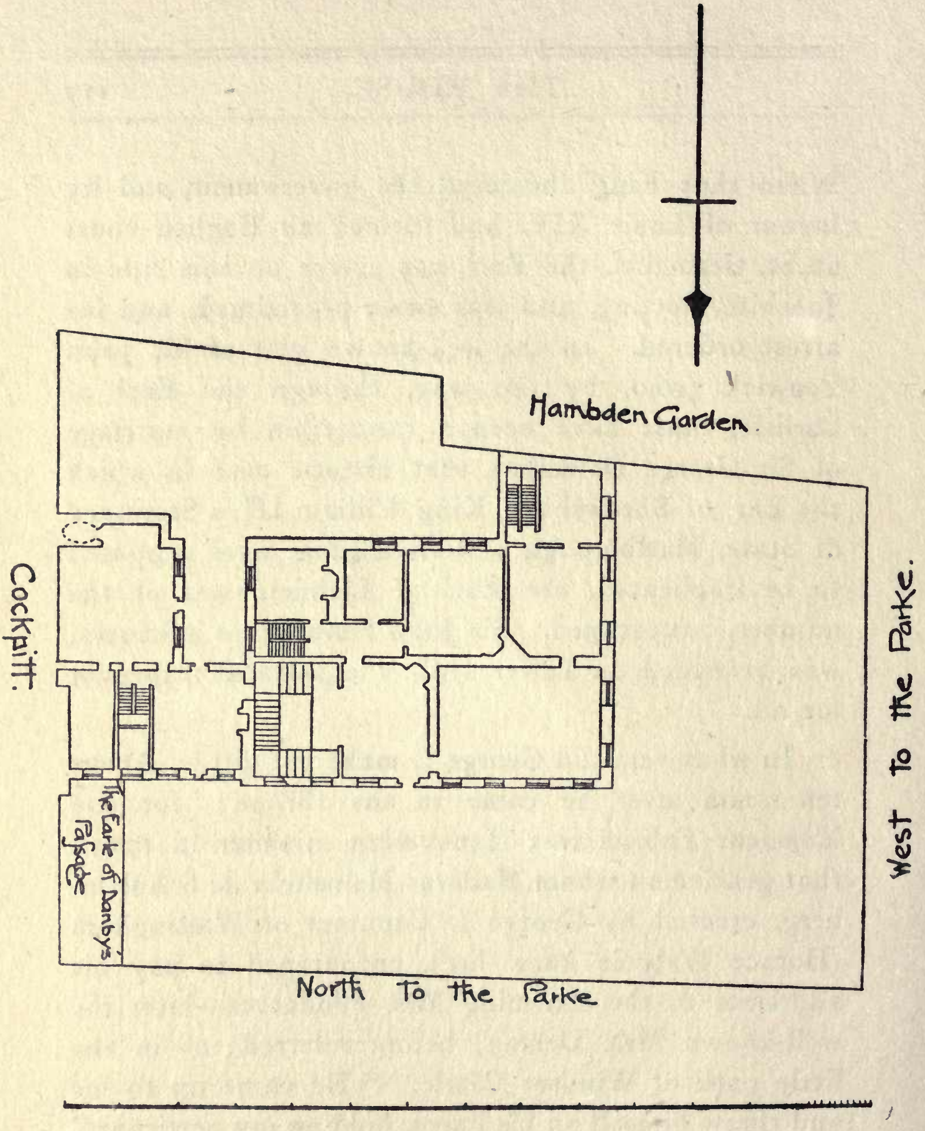
PRIME MINISTER 1782-3.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait Painted in the School of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

When that King abdicated the government, and by favour of Louis XIV. had formed an English court at St. Germains, the Earl was active on this side in Jacobite plotting, and was twice proclaimed, and his arrest ordered. In the well-known plot of Sir John Fenwick (who, by the way, through the Earl of Carlisle, must have been a connection by marriage of Sir George Downing), that historic case in which the Earl of Shrewsbury, King William III.'s Secretary of State, Marlborough and Godolphin, were supposed to be implicated, the Earl of Lichfield was of the number, but escaped. Sir John Fenwick, as is known, was beheaded on Tower Hill—the political scapegoat for all.

In what year did George I. make the gift? About ten years after he came to the throne; for one Monsieur Fabrici was Hanoverian minister in 1723; that gentleman whom Madame Melusinda de Schulemberg, created by George I. Countess of Walsingham (Horace Walpole knew her), encouraged to pay his addresses to the charming Mrs. Pendarves—later the well-known Mrs. Delany, before referred to—in the little park of Windsor Castle. "He came up to me and threw himself on his knees, holding my petticoat." . . . . "I told him that if he did not instantly leave, I would go up to the window of the apartment where I knew the King sat after dinner, and should not scruple making my complaint of him aloud."

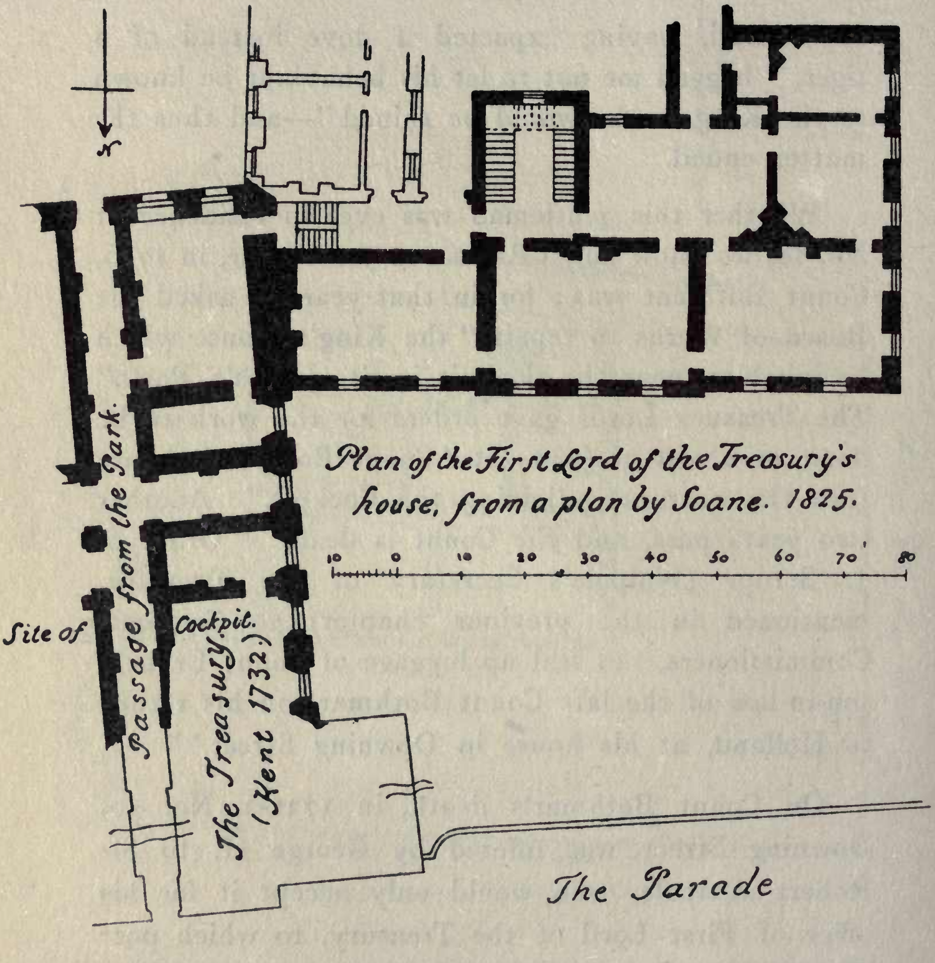

Hambden Garden
Cockpitt.
West to the Parke.
The Earle of Danbys Paſsage
North To the Parke

No. 10. From a Plan by Sir Christopher Wren, 1677.

M. Fabrici, having expected a dove instead of a tiger, " begged me not to let his behaviour be known to the King, or he would be ruined "—and thus the matter ended.

Whether this gentleman was ever in residence at No. 10, we know not. But seven years later, in 1730, Count Bothmar was; for in that year he asked the Board of Works to repair " the King's House which he inhabits, near the Cockpit in St. James's Park." The Treasury Lords gave orders for the work to be done, at a cost of £280—at " Count Bothmar's house (ran the warrant) adjoining the Cockpit." Another two years pass, and the Count is dead. " Order of J. Scrope (Walpole's Secretary of the Treasury, mentioned in the previous chapter) to Customs' Commissioners, ' to seal up luggage of Count Erbach, son-in-law of the late Count Bothmar, on his return to Holland, at his house in Downing Street.' "

On Count Bothmar's death, in 1731-2, No. 10, Downing Street, was offered by George II. to Sir Robert Walpole, who would only accept it for his office of First Lord of the Treasury, to which post he got it annexed for ever. In 1735, he moved into it. " Yesterday the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole, with his lady and family, removed from their house in St. James's Square "—once the most


N
Plan of the First Lord of the Treasury's house, from a plan by Soane. 1825.
10 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80
Site of
Passage from the Park.
Cockpit.
The Treasury.
(Kent 1732.)
The Parade

No. 10. From a Plan by Sir John Soane.

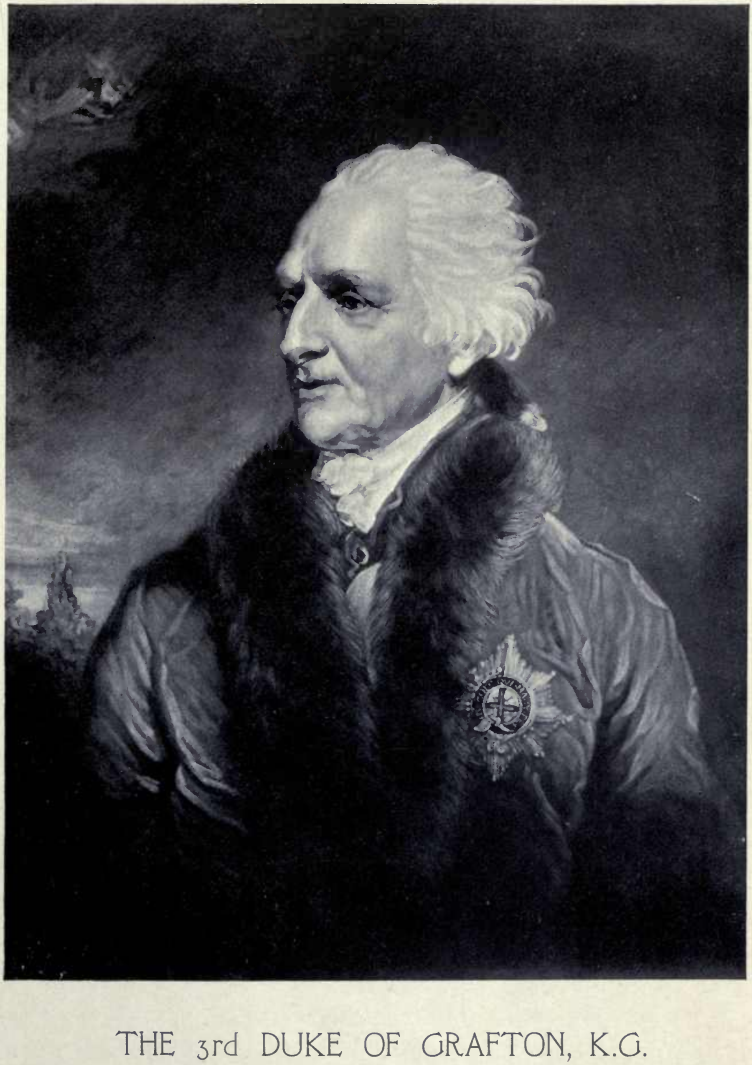
fashionable in London—" to his new house, adjoining to the Treasury in St. James's Park." [" The London Daily Post," September 23rd, 1735.]

The Treasury here referred to is the older building of George I.'s time. There were (1) Ripley's building, (2) Kent's, (3) Soane's. The present range of buildings facing Whitehall is Soane's, altered exteriorly by Barry. Kent's stands : the structure adjoining the First Lord's garden, fronting on the Horse Guards' Parade, whence the Passage runs into Downing Street. The whole of the buildings, stone and brick, Tudor, Stuart or Georgian, present a maze of difficulty to the searching eye of the lay-student. Discussing this point with an architect, who has made Whitehall his special study : " I should not be surprised," said he, " to find that Kent's Treasury stands on some of the old foundations of the Cockpit." Nor should we—as we trust is made apparent in the chapter on " His Majesty's House " so-named.

Inside the First Lord's house you are lost in a maze of passages—whose precise connections, beginnings and endings, can only be known to a few domestics and privileged officials. None can doubt who has the liberty to explore, that No. 10 not only connected with the old Treasury of Walpole's time—and, truly, it was then eminently desirable ; but that it also connects with the present Treasury, when, perhaps, it is less essential. It connects both above and below.

Walk through the Treasury passage and observe the ancient doors. Glance overhead, and study the old windows. Then stroll into the dingy official garden, east of the Passage; look up, and you will see a Tudor window. Look before you, and you will note Tudor bricks—perhaps once scrutinised by Wolsey. Then walk back to the Passage, and facing you are other few feet of dingy London garden—the First Lord's back-yard we might inquire only that it lies at the side of his dwelling—all connecting; all territory of the Right Honourable gentleman in office, First Lord of the Treasury; lord, in few words, of all he may be curious to survey northward to the garden-wall of his official residence, and eastward to the Parliament Street façade of His Majesty's present Treasury. In brief, if the "First Lord" has a mind to, he may walk from his breakfast table into the Treasury without going outside the door or stepping off the premises.

I had surmised as much from viewing the buildings exteriorly. But an opportunity was given me of setting every supposition on this point at rest. I passed along a passage of the First Lord's house, and thence up a few stairs to the old Treasury of Kent's designing; and thence again to the present



THE 3rd DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G.

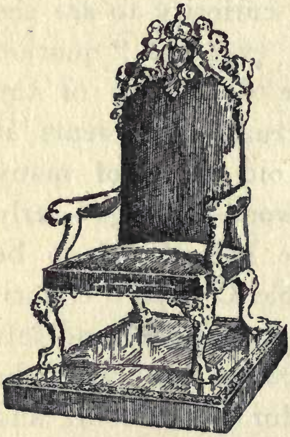
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY WHEN WILLIAM PITT (1766) BECAME EARL OF CHATHAM.

The Ministry was known by his name, September, 1767, to January, 1770.

From a Portrait by John Hoppner, R.A.

Treasury of which Soane and Barry were architects. The house and buildings are connected, though it may not appear to be so from outside. The First Lord of the Treasury's house is as much a connection of the Treasury itself, as the First Lord of the Admiralty's official residence is of the Admiralty offices, Whitehall.

Being on the spot, I had the curiosity to see the Board Room—the room of that eventual "quorum of one"—now the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who to-day so effectually represents it in Parliament. This is a fine old room of many decorative merits, especially wood-carvings—early Georgian, or maybe earlier. We had hoped to be able to say: This is the veritable Cockpit's council room, saved by Kent, honoured by Soane, and left standing. It was some time before we could be otherwise persuaded. Happily for our labour, and written conclusions already arrived at, and fully supported by plans, professional and other sufficient evidence, this could not be that council room. And yet, willingly would we have believed it so. But to have lent this suggestion any countenance must have meant reconsidering the "Cockpit" chapter, which would further have meant lessening all the greater interest of this history, ignoring the recorded testimony of many learned advisers, and depriving the First Lord's garden of one of its most interesting relics—to witness, that bricked-up "water-gate" on its eastward side, through which (according to tradition) Cromwell stealthily passed at times to the water-side. No more need be said about that fiction.



If we cannot displace the present Treasury Board Room, we fancy we might find space in that other room we have mentioned for its massive carved mahogany table and chairs. Might not these haply have been removed from the Cockpit's council-chamber? We like to think so. The King's chair, oval-backed and fashioned in crimson and gold, is obviously of Georgian times, for there, as we have already said, in its medallion is the royal cypher. The bust that looks down from over the fireplace is of that period—Charles James Fox, one of the most incapable administrators of that time, as regards his own finances. A quorum of one, in his case, must have been the very worst quorum that ever was known.

The flat-shaped scarlet leather "Budget-box," lying in the centre of the table, is a reminiscence of one of the ablest of Chancellors of the Exchequer—

William Ewart Gladstone, who, when he carried it over to the House of Commons on his "Budget-night," was accustomed to hug it to his breast with a kind of affectionate yearning suggesting the love of a mother for an infant.

Although the King's chair is here, which makes us think the table and chairs might have come from the old Cockpit council-chamber, the Lord High Treasurer himself could not have presided in this room ; for the shell of this part of the Treasury building is undoubtedly of the date of the earlier of the Georges ; possibly some of it Ripley's work, but more probably Kent's. And now to retrace our steps by way of the passage to the First Lord's house.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Subject Continued.

WHEN Matt. Prior—you may see his "last piece of human vanity" and read his epitaph in the Abbey—who was well known to "my Lord Treasurer and all my Lords" at the Cockpit in Queen Anne's time, and who must have been equally familiar with Downing Street as it then was; when Prior was viewing the apartments at Versailles, picturing on their walls the victories of Louis the Great, painted by Le Brun; some proud or patriotic Frenchman directed his particular attention to them. "Sir," said Prior, "the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." Such, truly, is the case in respect of No. 10. A fine and commodious house this within, but no monuments of any actions, whether of Sovereign, Prime Minister, or King's "confidential servants," are to be seen depicted on its walls. A few portraits here and there, a marble bust or two, and no more. No other nation in the world houses its first minister in less lordly style.

The exterior of No. 10 reminds one of nothing so much as a respectable dwelling-house, of eminently respectable seventeenth century Bloomsbury. Of that century—Downing's own, be it observed—it might be said to be typical. The statelier mansions of Mayfair and the Belgravian quarter did not then exist. Persons of quality and fashion lived in just such London houses as these ; probably one reason why Sir George, viewing with favour the rising neighbourhood of Whitehall, built this style of house, and later found his account in it. When King Charles II. granted him this tract of land, it was with provision, so 'tis said, that " the house to be built upon the premises, so near to the Royal Palace, shall be handsome and graceful." We are not prepared to dispute this assertion; but if any architect can discover any parts of gracefulness or beauty in the exteriors of Nos. 10 and 11, Downing Street, him are we offending. From basements to attics, they are essentially of the Georgian " Bloomsbury gang's " style of old London dwelling-houses, most unsightly.

Moreover, Sir George did not " build him *a* house opposite Whitehall," but several houses, which, being completed, were called Downing Street, in one of which he himself lived, before he retired to East Hatley, in Cambridgeshire, to sit on " the throne " in Gamlingay's church. Which house? That is difficult to say; but we incline, for various reasons, to think it was one of three larger than the others, originally standing at the top of the street, fronting on what was known as Downing Square; and of those three the one which stood at the north-west corner—later to become the old Colonial Office, before referred to. If this surmise be correct, the Cabinet Room of No. 10 may have been originally Downing's own dining-room.

Full of passages, stairways and rooms is No. 10; rooms of moderate size, old-fashioned, comfortable and cosy, with two or three more modern, elegant and spacious apartments. A noble stone kitchen is to be found below stairs, with useful pantries, ample cellars and the like. The topmost storey, slate built, shews the old-fashioned attics. There, upward pointing to the sky, stands the now familiar white-painted flag-staff—the one slender "monument of my master's actions" anywhere to be seen; for on special anniversaries it flies the national ensign—the flag that "has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze"; or a flag equally well known, and everyway as famous.

Earlier chapters have told us to whom some of the houses of Downing Street belonged; of how "King Henry's Head" tavern stood across the

Treasury Passage, at its extreme south end; the "Axe and Gate" tavern at the street's north-east corner; of how Count Bothmar became possessed of No. 10, and then Sir Robert Walpole, by gift of the King. Since his time who, among his successors, have tenanted it?

Mindful of him who is now (1907) resident at No. 10 as Prime Minister, we have made an attempt in political genealogy—peradventure it may have had its social side too—linking the Present with the Past, by a chain of "beamy hands"—this hand once clasped by that, and that by the other—in a generous spirit of political comradeship, sympathy, and toleration—from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman back to Sir Robert Walpole. In this effort we find assurance that, whatever the political views of him who was in office, the right man has been, at all events in England's later history, always installed by "a majority representing popular opinion in the House of Commons," in the right place: that place which is the historic official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons for the time being.

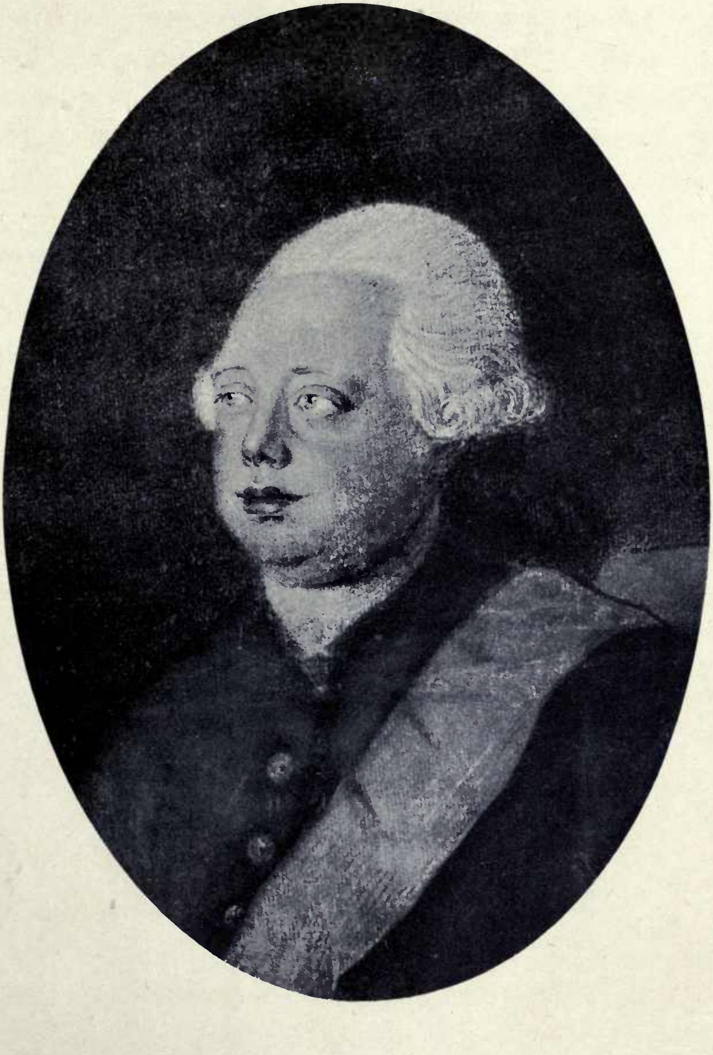
It should not be forgotten that governments in olden times were frequently composed of the most heterogeneous materials. Whigs and Tories were constantly found sitting in the same Cabinet. The

Prime Minister's power was limited, and he was not expected to resign simply because he was out-voted or over-ruled. It was usual for the Sovereign to attend the debates in the House of Lords, to preside at meetings of the Cabinet, and to bestow or refuse offices from motives of personal preference or dislike —a far different state of things from what exists in our time.

Our "Political Genealogy" of Prime Ministers who, in the present or in the past, in the exercise of their right since Sir Robert Walpole's time, have either resided at No. 10 or made use of it for official purposes, works out as follows :—

At the date of this present writing (1907), Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is in residence, who the year previously had succeeded Mr. Arthur J. Balfour as Prime Minister ; who succeeded his uncle, the late Marquis of Salisbury, as Premier—who himself frequently "sat upstairs," though never actually in residence at No. 10. He had succeeded Lord Rosebery, who tenanted the house for a year, and who has left one instantly-recognised memorial of his occupation behind him.

Not to descend to small-talk particulars, it was at Lord Rosebery's suggestion that the keeper of the Hall—he who first salutes you on entry and



FREDERICK, LORD NORTH, 2nd EARL OF GUILFORD, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1770-82.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait in Crayons by Nathaniel Dance, R.A.

requires to know your business—was first put into uniform: a noticeable blue frock-coat, with the crown wrought in crimson and gold on the lapels.

When, many years since, I first entered No. 10, this necessary attendant, standing at the fireplace, might have been mistaken for anybody; peer or commoner, member of the Cabinet, or chairman of a deputation. None now can mistake him; nor does any seek to pass him by without courteous recognition, from Lord High Chancellor to Treasury messenger, let alone the present writer, who, the least of all that come or go here, is not meet to be called other than outsider, let in for an hour on sufferance. Sartorial emblem this, of one of my sometime master's actions; not so glorious as Le Brun's handiwork at Versailles, but on the whole observable, which doubtless was the point aimed at.

Once more to proceed.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in 1886, sat in the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister. He, in his turn, had been of the administration of Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister in 1841, who in his turn was of the Cabinet of the Duke of Wellington, Premier in 1828, in whose administration served Lord Palmerston. He, twice Prime Minister (1859 and 1853), had sat in the Cabinet-councils of

Lord Goderich and George Canning in 1827, both Prime Ministers; of Lord Liverpool in 1812; and Spencer Perceval in 1809. George Canning himself had sat in the Cabinet-councils of the Duke of Portland, Premier in 1807, who sat in the Cabinet-council of the great statesman, William Pitt, in 1804, and before that also in 1782. Mr. Pitt, in the year last mentioned, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Shelburne's brief administration, who in his turn had served (1766-8) as Secretary of State under William Pitt's father, the great Lord Chatham, when Leader of the House of Commons in 1756. Lord Shelburne was Prime Minister himself for a few months on the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, who had succeeded George Grenville as First Lord of the Treasury in 1765; and who, on the fall of Lord North's administration in 1782, again became Prime Minister.

With Lord North we are face to face with Chatham, Bute, Rockingham and Grenville. Lord North was the first Minister who resided (so says tradition) at No. 10 (1770-1783) after Sir Robert Walpole. He had then been dead twenty-five years. What First Lords of the Treasury lived in the house between the year 1742, when Walpole resigned, and 1770, when Lord North entered into occupation? Was it an occasional place of stay of First Lords of the

Treasury, their office only, or what, in the interval? We are inclined to think that William Pitt, the elder, made use of it at times, but will not be certain. He entered Parliament in 1735, as member for Old Sarum—the year when Walpole moved into No. 10—and joined the party in opposition to that Minister. Our effort in political genealogy, as regards actual residents, is thus faulty to the extent of some years, but we have little doubt that, if not actually in residence, every successive Prime Minister from Walpole's day to the present officially made use of it.

Twenty years are passed since we, long time a diligent student of the Town, first had the privilege of entering the "First Lord's" house; and all who were then connected with it are gone their way. The First Lord of that time is long since dead. Three who, in his day, had been England's Prime Ministers are also dead. Of the private secretaries some are retired, some promoted, and some serve the State elsewhere. Three are Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath, and members of the Privy Council. The old hall-keeper is gone, as likewise is Lord Beaconsfield's sometime personal attendant, who showed us over the place. None now recognises in us an old friend—if one who is officially connected with No. 10 could be so rash as to recognise in any an old friend, least alone him who is not of the house.

For this, look you, is the fountain-source of diplomacy; and that necessarily implies a wise discretion in greeting.

More than grateful, then, are we for the courtesy and consideration once more by everyone shown us. The writer's obligations are expressed elsewhere.

Students of their favourite Elia may remember that he did not know a pleasure more "affecting" —such is his word—than to range at will over the unoccupied rooms of some old mansion, reminiscent of by-gone days. Its parts or evidences of grandeur admit of a better passion than envy ; and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its sometime tenants—or perchance that way recall—" weave for us illusions incompatible with the bustle and display of modern occupancy and vanities of foolish aristocracy." Wandering thus solitarily one day over some stately old house, which he had known in childhood, and giving a look backward at " the parlours, ten feet by ten, the frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—the wholesome soil I was planted in," yet " without impeachment of their tenderest lessons," he was not sorry to have had glances beyond, and " to have taken, if but a peep, at the contrasting accidents of greater fortune."

It is in some such spirit as this that I once again approach the house in Downing Street, sacred to so many interesting memories. Twenty years are sped, I say, since first I had the privilege to enter it. Twice twenty years are gone since first I wandered into the *cul-de-sac* (so it was termed), a hopeful student of the town, to see if there might be aught there worth noting. Ghostlike now I pace round these once familiar haunts. Not far away, in Dean's Yard, it was that I first entered upon my London life. Where are the Whitehall and Westminster of those days ? I feel myself a stranger now in a strange city. This is not the Whitehall once so well known, nor is this the Westminster ; still less is this the Downing Street I first strolled into. What is become of King Street ? What is become of that block of ancient houses which stood in Parliament Street, over against new Scotland Yard ? Where now are the recruiting sergeants with their many-coloured ribbons, the stout milkmaids with their yokes and pails, the sluggish, straw-carpeted, " knife board " omnibuses with doors ; the snug old taverns with mahogany partitions and red damask curtains and sanded floors ? Finally, where now are the " old familiar faces " that, at the evening dinner-hour, once made those reputable old-fashioned London taverns so inviting and cheery within ? All, all are gone—streets, houses, taverns and faces alike.

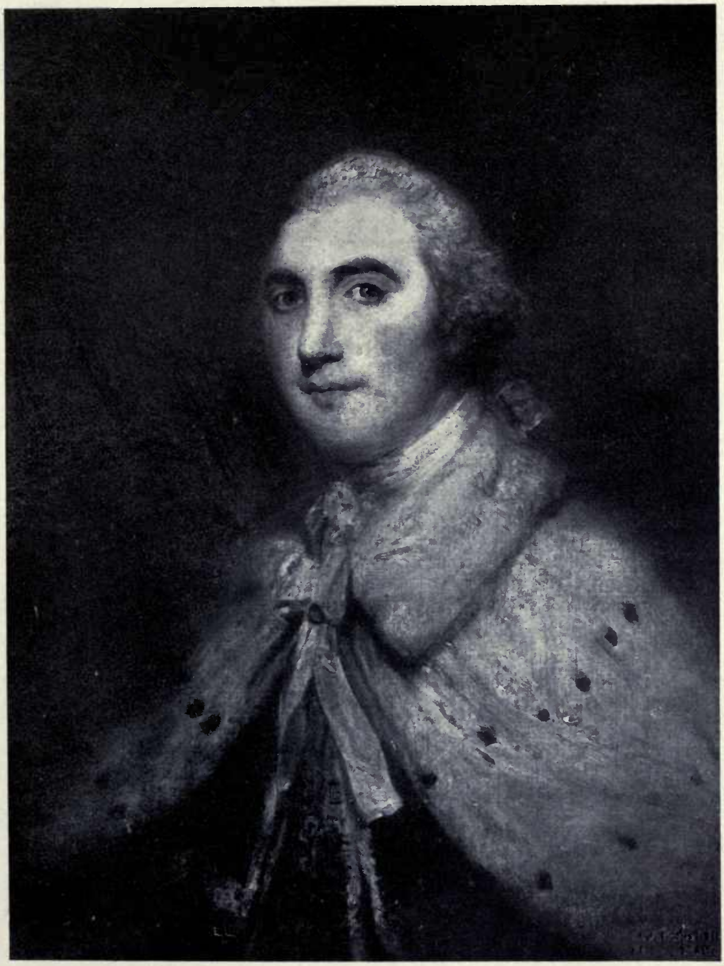
I look here and there, glance up and down, and scarce know this part of London at all. It is with something of gladness, then, that I greet the house of soot-stained brick, recalling the days of once-fashionable Bloomsbury, of the Dukes of Bedford, before Junius.

Familiar as I now am with the interior of the First Lord's official residence, the general impression still left on my mind is as that of a house let furnished for a season—as indeed this house in Downing Street might truly be said to be.

Viewed, then, as a furnished house, this is far and away superior to any that comes into the market. It is never let, save after prolonged competition, followed by much anxious negotiation and treaty, and the term for which it is let never exceeds seven years. The rent? Not a farthing. What other collateral advantages does it offer?

> "An elegant Sufficiency, Power,
> The Senate, Official-quiet, Friendship, Fame,
> Ease and alternate Labour, Useful life,
> Progressive Virtue, and—approving England!"

What greater advantages anywhere to be enjoyed? I think of them, nevertheless, with something akin to a feeling of sadness; for, consider, how transitory the whole business first to last is! Seven brief years at best: a half-way house—a lodge—on that short path of glory which "leads but to the grave."



THE EARL OF SHELBURNE (1st Marquis of Lansdowne).

PRIME MINISTER 1783.

National Portrait Gallery.

From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

One term of occupancy has but lately expired. One tenant has just gone out, and the other is but recently come in.* The outgoing tenant has taken away all his kindly Lares—his household gods, pictures, personal belongings, and other evidences of home; and the incoming tenant has brought in apparently as few as need be of his own domestic idols; not knowing how long he may tarry. The State is the landlord. The chairs, sofas, carpets, tables, portraits—and last, not least, the desks, bookshelves and all the kitchen utensils, are the landlord's; the very copper saucepans below being stamped V.R. The grand piano, the occasional tables, the cabinets—and a very beautiful example one of them is—and the little odds and ends of the drawing-room are the tenant's. Where are the kindly and companionable books? Not one book can be discerned among the many volumes ranged on shelves, tables, desks, other than those which are suggestive of the dead, dry, irksome literature of the State. Not one single novel do I see lying about anywhere—an omission (and an example alike) which acts as a relief to my moody fit of depression, engendered by passing thoughts of him who once ruled king in Jerusalem.

"There might be an incident here or there which would not naturally come to your notice." Thus a lady who, unsolicited, has greatly helped to brighten the too-sombre colouring of these descriptive pages. She tells me in a letter, of the four aspects in which she knew a certain room at No. 10—that room in which I am now standing: "firstly" (she writes), "as Lord Beaconsfield's, in 1880." . . . "Just after he had left, I entered it; his coronetted portmanteau still on the floor." . . . "Secondly, as my own boudoir"—and so forth and so on. "Lord Rosebery in his time occupied this as a bedroom; as also did Mr. Balfour in his." "Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone slept here." Someone else now sleeps there. Who will sleep in this room twenty years hence? Nay, who will sleep here seven years from now? Do Prime Ministers dream strange dreams—a phantasma and a hideous dream—I wonder, when they come in here of nights, worn out, from their ceaseless vigil in the Parliament House over yonder? Or do they sleep as soundly as ever man slept: as Argyle, for instance; that sleep of his which is pictured in fresco on the wall of one of its corridors?

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* This was written in the Autumn of 1906.

"While he was in bed, one of the members of the Council came, and intimated to an attendant a desire to speak with him. Upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the member of Council would not believe that

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statement. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber . . . " He saw him "sleeping as tranquilly as ever man slept"—so that the oppressor, now in the zenith of his power, suffered the most excruciating mental torture, and envied his victim.

The mutability of political affairs is proverbial. None knows what a day may bring forth over yonder. It would be as great a mistake to count upon any settled state of politics as upon any settled state of the weather. "Political popularity, like an English summer," said some cynic, "consists of two fine days and a thunderstorm." The atmosphere of the House of Commons is always charged with electricity. Clouds sometimes gather, no one exactly knows how, one black cloud following upon another. Then, perhaps, a storm bursts; and lo, a Prime Minister is stricken, and falls. In any event, he goes home to bed—to sleep, perchance to dream.

But these unseasonable reflections by the way. Prepared for whatever event, may the house itself stand firm for ever.

The First Lord's residence is overshadowed by the statelier glories of the Foreign Office opposite. That imposing pile may rear its grand front over against the humbler dwelling; it may make parade of its fine archway and inner court ; it may boast its sumptuous conference room, its richly decorated apartments of State, its noble halls and stairways, its painted ceilings and the rest ; but not one of its grand rooms has a tithe of the interest that belongs to the smallest chamber in that little house fronting it. A dingy little dwelling in sober truth, with its grotesque knocker, which recalls the period of "Will's" and "Buttons" ; its old-fashioned door and windows ; its brick-faced front, sunken area and crumbling railing ; a dingy dwelling unknown to the millions of London, save by repute, whose history should be richer in anecdote and reminiscence, could all be written down, than that of any building owned by the Crown.

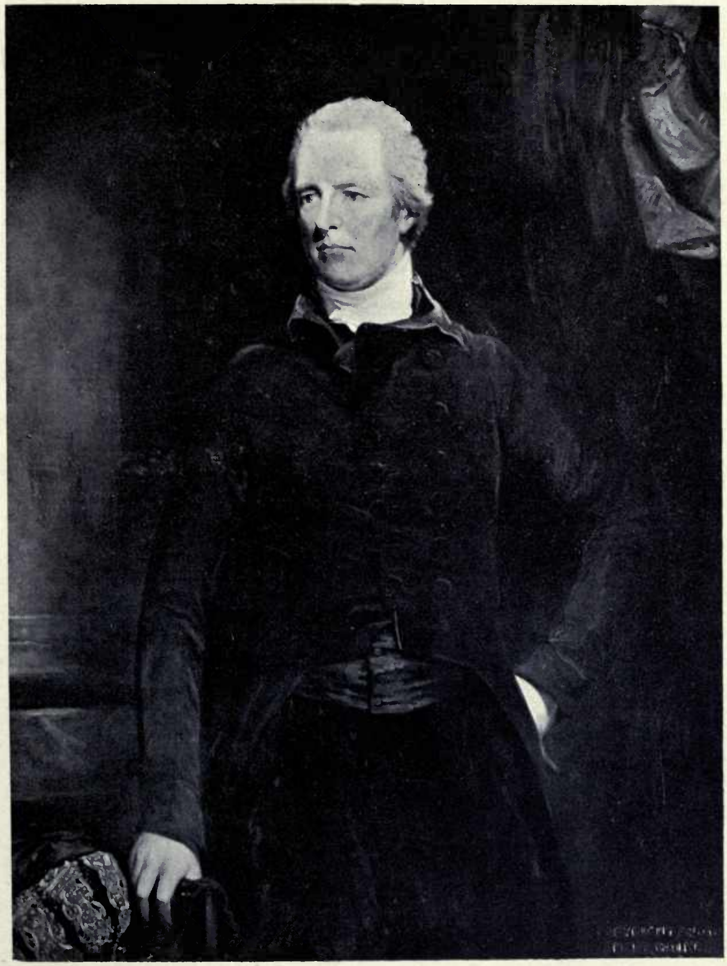
Its records would be found to embrace many memorable periods of political progress and (may be) regression, of failure and success, of rectitude and error, of honest striving after right and heedless persistence in what was wrong—the ruinous period of the South Sea scheme, and of the unsuccessful war against Spain in the time of George I. ; the war of the Austrian succession ; the continental and colonial campaigns of the reign of that king's successor ; the rising of 1745 ; the struggle for American Independence, the Napoleonic wars, and the union with Ireland, belonging to the reign of George III. ; the final struggle with

Bonaparte, his overthrow and exile, in the time of the Regency; the strenuous but more peaceful political campaigns of William IV., the Emancipation of Slaves, the Catholic question, and the granting of Parliamentary and Municipal reform; the disastrous Russian war, the terrible Mutiny in India, and the long period of later national prosperity and generous legislation that marked the reign of Queen Victoria; and finally the South African war of recent years, and the generous consideration given to popular opinion in the days that are now passing.

Innumerable threats, ultimatums, despatches, treaties, foreign and colonial enterprises, and political projects have been read, suggested, discussed, accepted or rejected in its rooms; and there is scarce a page in the history of England of the past two centuries, on which the results of deliberations that have herein taken place are not impressed.

Sir Robert Walpole moved into it, we have already said, more than a century and a half ago. He had refused the house as a free gift from the King, an act of disinterestedness which supports the testimony of Macaulay, that Walpole was himself incorruptible "by money or other gifts." "All men have their price," is a saying ascribed to him. (What, in fact, he did say was: "All these men"—alluding to the so-called "patriots" of the Opposition—"have their price"; a far different thing.) But it was in a sense true of himself; for his dominant passion was love of power. That gratified, he was compensated for every other dignity or emolument King or Parliament could bestow, though he did accept the Garter, and on retirement an earldom. He knew Downing Street better than most statesmen, and gave more attention to its affairs than any who had preceded him at the Treasury Board. It has been said that satisfactorily to conduct those affairs in relation to the Premiership requires an intimate knowledge of mankind, the English nation, the Court, the House of Commons and the Treasury; and Sir Robert Walpole acquired that knowledge in an eminent degree. How magnificently he bribed; and what he got in return everyone knows. When he left Downing Street for ever, he gave it as his opinion that it was a dangerous thing to be a Prime Minister, for there were few minds which would not be injured by the constant spectacle of meanness and depravity that came before him. He spoke, of course, of his time.

It is cynically imputed to the younger Pitt, by Walter Savage Landor ("Imaginary Conversations"), that other qualifications are necessary to a Minister who would be successful. As, for example, "to speak like an honest man; to act on occasion like a dishonest one; and to be indifferent which you are called."



WILLIAM PITT.

PRIME MINISTER 1783-1801, 1804-6.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait (*circ.* 1805) by John Hoppner, R.A.

Pitt is supposed to be conversing with Canning. Contemporary busts of the two statesmen are included among the art treasures of No. 10; that of Pitt bearing a striking resemblance in profile to a distinguished living statesman: "An astonishing resemblance," as someone remarked who stood at our side looking at the bust, a remark in which we agreed. Canning was further admonished "never to neglect the delivery of long speeches; as the Minister who makes short speeches enjoys short power." Pitt thought it must have been his father who told him that a Minister should have two gifts: "the gift of places and the gift of the gab," which somebody at table said was a "vulgarism." To which he answered that the alliteration had its merit.

"The people must always be made to believe that their representatives are 'persuaded'; and a few plain words are never thought capable of effecting this." Everything must be demonstrated by protestations and explanations. Anger against those "who would obscure the glory of England" must at times burst forth vehemently; and now and again a Minister should put on a suit "that smells of gunpowder." "Let him only be fluent, and his audience will be over head and ears in love with him. Let him never stop short, and he will never be doubted."

We remember to have had a discussion some years ago with an enthusiastic member of the "Eighty Club," on the treachery and intrigue of politics, adventuring the opinion that politics, like everything else, might be governed by ordinary rules of straightforwardness and honesty. He maintained, on the contrary, that politics must be governed solely by events and circumstances and the necessities of the times; which recalls a story told of the celebrated Whiston, divine and mathematician, who was successor of Sir Isaac Newton in the Lucasian professorship. After his expulsion from Cambridge, he was much taken notice of by the eminent London Whigs of his time. Dining one day with Mr. Secretary Craggs, and with Addison, Steele and Robert Walpole of the party (we like to imagine in Downing Street), the conversation turned on this point—"Whether a Secretary of State could be an honest man, as to his veracity in dealing with foreign Courts, consistent with the good of his own country?" The host said it was impossible. Steele and Addison took the contrary view.

The matter having been debated with some warmth, during which time Whiston remained silent, Walpole at length asked his opinion. He begged to be excused, as not having made politics his study; though the moral duties between man and man, he thought, were plain as day. Being still pressed, he said that in his opinion the duty of speaking truth was so strong, that no apprehension of any inconvenience arising from it, could be a sufficient reason against discharging the obligation. It might not always be a duty to speak; but whenever that became paramount, it should be to say the truth without prevarication; and that he firmly believed, if ministers of State practised this rule, they would find their account in it. "It might work for a fortnight," said the Secretary, "but it would be impossible to keep to it." "Pray, Mr. Craggs, did you ever practise it for a fortnight?" asked Whiston. The Secretary was not ready with a reply. "Truth has prevailed," cried Walpole; "Craggs is convicted." His conviction did him little harm; as witness his epitaph by Pope in Westminster Abbey:—

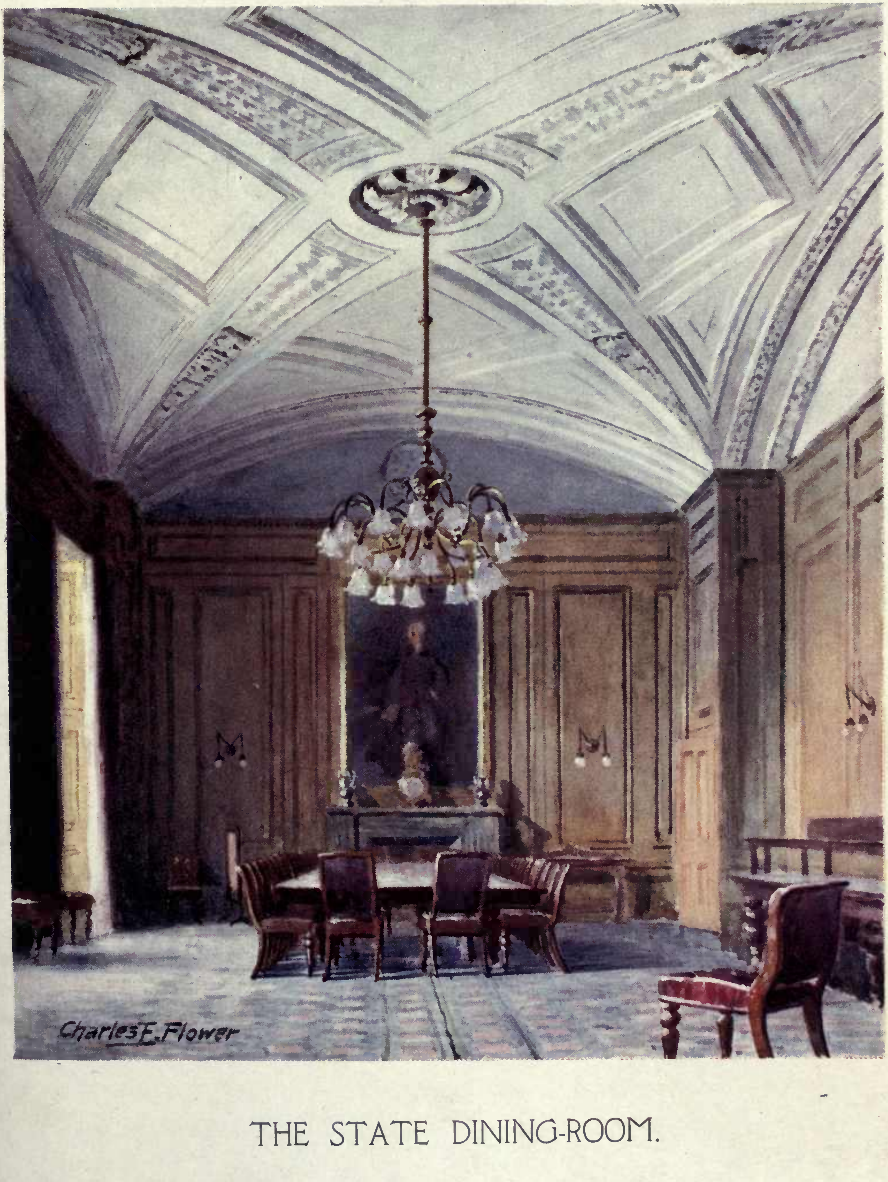
"Statesman yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd!"

CHAPTER IX.

Some of the Rooms.

"A HAIR, perhaps, divides the false and true;" and a history even so slight as this, must strive to keep the line visible. My fancy would like to picture that little party of five conversing in one of the rooms of the First Lord's; but, alas, Craggs succeeded Addison as Secretary of State twelve years before Sir Robert Walpole came into possession, and Steele at that date had been dead six years. In this instance, then, an interval of sixteen years separates the false and true. "Of visionary shapes that come and go," neither of the two great essayists can be connected with the house; and would it were otherwise, mindful of what Addison wrote in one of the earliest pages of "The Spectator." "It is not my ambition," he wrote, "to increase the number of Whigs and Tories; but of wise and good men."

Of such wise and approved good men, willing to labour for the State, there can hardly be too many in this particular street and its vicinity. And since


Charles E. Flower

THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

it was Addison, "the chief boast of the Whig party" (for so we read) of his day; since it was he who did his best by his writings to add to the number of such men—irrespective of political opinion—we are sorry that we cannot find him a seat of honour at the head of the table in the older dining-room of No. 10, now —if we are not mistaken—the Library. Would that now we had some Addison at work beyond Temple Bar, who might take the same view of his influence, and thus make the First Lord's a house more restful at times to dwell in.

A few years only before Walpole—"the mild and temperate Walpole"—came here to stay for a time, Addison wrote a paper for the "Spectator" on a text contributed by Swift. "It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure," wrote he, "and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph . . . The man in a high place is never regarded with an indifferent eye; but always considered as a friend or an enemy."

Walpole, no doubt, read this paper of Addison's, and found consolation in it; or never could he have so long and cheerfully borne the censure and invective, the enmity and reproach, which formed an essential part of his political triumph. "The true characters of statesmen," the same preacher had reminded him, "are seldom known till after their death. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their virtues or their faults can have justice done them." It matters little enough then, how blind justice may be, or how the balance may fall. Let us hope, then, that if ever here tempted to brood and sleep, as it were, on his own heart, in the solitude of his own chamber, pondering the "fiery persecution" of the illustrious; he who thus broods or sleeps, and dreams, may be able to find comfort in this :

> "Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
> The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate are mine ;
> Nor Heav'n itself upon the past has power,
> But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

The State Dining-room, with its coved ceiling and old oak panelling, has been erroneously attributed to the period of the younger Pitt, whose portrait—an excellent copy of the original belonging to one of the City companies—hangs over the fireplace. Like the Gladstone portrait, after Millais, to be seen in the drawing-room upstairs, this of Pitt was the appropriate gift of some who were formerly connected with

No. 10—either as ministers or private secretaries. Their example might, one would say, with advantage be followed, so that a collection of such portraits, illustrative of the later history of the house, might in time be brought together. The dining-room, of all others, needs a few good pictures—even if but loaned. At present it looks bare and uninviting. As a matter of fact this room is of no earlier date than 1825, having been built by Sir John Soane, in the autumn of that year, during the administration of Lord Liverpool—this and the breakfast or ante-room adjoining. In Pitt's time the space now filled by these two, comparatively speaking, modern rooms was apportioned into four or five bed and dressing rooms.

"In every architectural composition," wrote Sir John Soane, "the style of the exterior determines the character of the interior decorations." Thus, the state dining-room, save as to its coved ceiling, is severely plain. That, and the oak-panelling, are the features which alone attract the eye. The only effort in decoration is shown in two medallions in relief, one at either end, telling some classic story ; but what story it is not easy to discover, since they are too high placed above the floor for the details to be clearly seen. As we conjecture, the one above the mantel-piece represents Ancœus, who, leaving a cup of wine untasted to pursue a boar, which killed him, gave rise to the proverb : "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." The other, at the opposite end, appears to be Phaeton. He, it will be remembered, obtained permission to drive his father's chariot for a single day, but being unable to manage the too eager and impetuous horses, Jupiter hurled him into a river to prevent a general conflagration. If these indeed be the subjects, Sir John Soane, among his other merits, was not lacking a sense of humour.

Not less appropriate, as seems to us, to a room where the Prime Minister occasionally entertains his colleagues of the Cabinet, is an old brass clock, surmounted by a figure of Saturn, which stands on the chimney-piece, below the portrait of Pitt. There was a kindly intercourse between the gods and men in Saturn's time, which, alas ! ceased "in the brazen and iron ages." So provoked was the goddess of Justice—who had remained on earth longer than all other gods—at the ingratitude and viciousness of men, that she at last left it. Hope alone remained. The old brass clock, therefore, eminently befits the sanctuary. As does the portrait of Pitt. "The Right Honourable William Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1782, First Lord of the Treasury 1783-1801, and 1804-1806"—eleven years of office ; neither an original nor a contemporary portrait ; but after

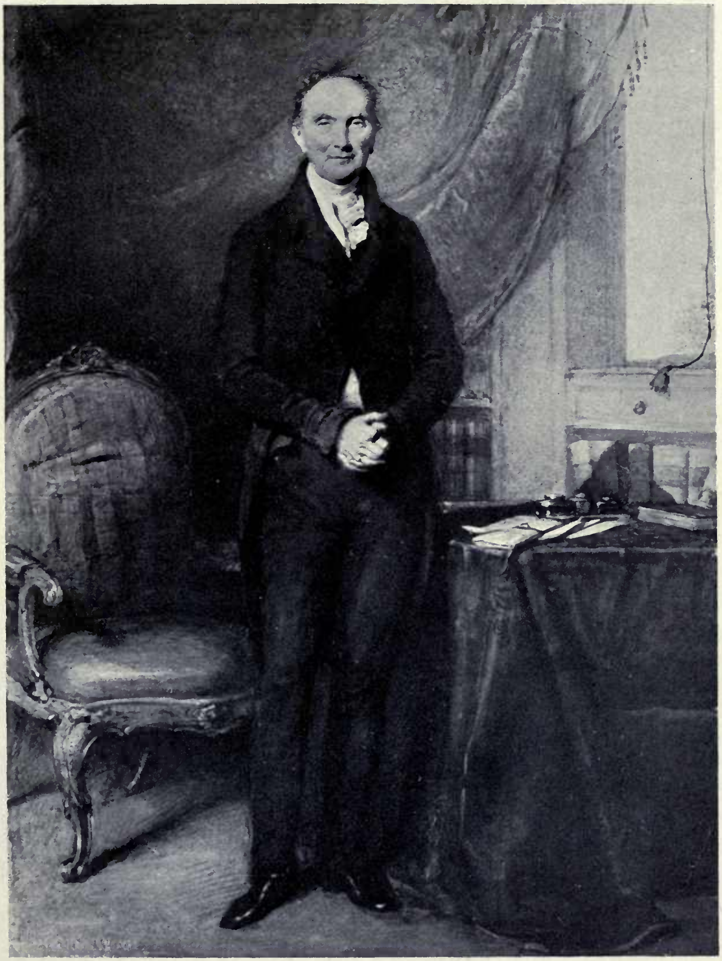
J. Hoppner, R.A., and presented by some of Pitt's "successors in office, family connexions and others" in 1897—the last administration (1895-1902) of Lord Salisbury.

The kitchen and laundry below are undoubtedly of a later date than Downing's time; but whether of Soane's building it is difficult to say. Bearing in mind the lavishly hospitable arrangements of William Pitt, when Premier, we trust the noble kitchen, suggestive of the Tower, may have been commanded by himself. Assuredly its fireplace was built for haunches of venison and barons of beef, and a whole covey of partridges might be roasted at its spit.

"Time's doting chronicles" might have something to tell us of each of these rooms, could we but turn over the leaves with more freedom and at greater leisure, and they gave more information than a bald record of names conveys. But even these help to strengthen the imagination, so as to allow of name and memory growing into a page.

Here is a list of breakfasts, small and large, given at No. 10, Mr. Gladstone the host. On such a day—we can conceive it to have been a day in June, when, if ever, perfect days come, as one of the guests of the occasion reminds us: the "heart of June"—it was in 1881, and we fancy Mr. Evarts (he who was formerly Secretary of State at Washington) to have been expressly bidden as guest-in-chief; for Mr. James Russell Lowell, America's ambassador, is of the company, and General Adam Badeau, Consul General of the United States in London. At this breakfast Mr. Balfour makes one, and also M. Waddington of the French Republic, distinguished representative; Professor Mahaffy is another; Mr. R. H. Hutton, editor of "The Spectator," another; Dean Church, of St. Paul's, is here also; Archdeacon Farrar, not yet Dean of Canterbury; Sir George Grove, learned in many things; Mr. Henry Broadhurst, well known in the world of "Labour"; Mr. Butterfield, not less known in the department of architecture. But one lady's name do we perceive on the list, Pauline Craven, against which this note: *Recit d'une Sœur.*

On another occasion, breakfasting here, I find representatives of many powerful forces—social and political; some "working in a wasteful, chaotic and altogether unarranged manner," to wit, writers and publishers of books. Among these I read names which, if they revive no other memories at least serve to recall one incident of other days. When Pitt—then here resident as First Lord of the Treasury—was applied to for some help for a literary hero, sore wounded in the battle, Robert Burns by name. "Literature will take care of itself," said Pitt. "Aye,"



HENRY ADDINGTON, 1st VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH.

PRIME MINISTER 1801-4.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait (1833) by George Richmond, R.A.

Legislative Library
Ontario

answered another literary hero, likewise fighting the fight bravely, one Southey of the Lakes: "Aye, literature will take care of itself, *and of you too*, if you do not look to it." Other times, other manners. With no little satisfaction we note the names of lambs of Literature as being seated side by side at No. 10 with lions of the State, Church, Art, Science, etc., including certain notable shepherds of lambs. To such lambs, when too-close shorn, "God gives wind by measure."

Our own imperfect daily litany of supplications has ever included these. In thinking of ourself, we have necessarily thought of them who stand beside us perchance shivering in the fold; not unmindful, however, of the wise warning: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." Had we too closely observed the one, and regarded the other at the outset of this history, it had not been now drawing to its conclusion. Without the aid of such good shepherds of the flocks, the State, not being willing to aid or succour literature—except in the shape of "Blue-books" sold by weight; truly, it might no longer be able to shift for itself, since none to-day, as in Pitt's time, will sweat for gauger Burns's wages; none, that is to say, born to the priesthood, aristocracy or governing classes of letters.

At these Thursday breakfasts of Mr. Gladstone at No. 10, Downing Street, literature might be said to have come to its own again, as in the days of Sir Walter Scott. What else, when I read such an entry as this? The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany (afterwards Emperor and Empress), Lord and Lady Odo Russell (unless we are mistaken, England's ambassador at the Court of Berlin and his lady), Professor Owen (then *persona grata* everywhere), Mr. Morier, Sir Charles Russell (later Lord Chief Justice of England); and, look you, Mr. Shorthouse, Man of Letters, author of "John Inglesant, Gentleman," well known in his day to the public generally. On July 18th, 1881, was he thus honoured by England's Prime Minister. Let it be recorded in this history. Alas! that he no longer lives, to read this honest tribute of admiration, from one who loves good literature, of which his book is an example most notable in latter-day novel-writing.

In this room where I stand, collected, as I am told, "the nucleus of a set of friends afterwards called 'the Souls.'" The time is too recent to say who they were, since he in whose house they met died as seems but yesterday. But at the head of the list I read the name of one who sat over against Mr. Gladstone in opposition in the House of Commons, and who later followed him here as Prime Minister; which serves once more to show how political discord may be social harmony not understood. Not understood by that vulgar herd of commoner souls, who too frequently permit their political convictions to run into personal animosities.

Unless we are mistaken, it was Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," who gave this definition of "Whiggism." Said he: "'Whiggism' is a sort of political protestantism, and pays a similar tax for the freedom of its creed, in the multiplicity of opinions which that very freedom engenders." About the only place where Mr. Gladstone was free of paying that tax—which elsewhere, during his memorable career, was so unsparingly levied on himself—was in the rooms at No. 10 where he entertained his guests. There he changed places, and himself sat at the receipt of custom, and everyone brought tribute to him: whether Cæsar or subject, patrician or plebeian, Tory or Whig, Conservative or Radical.

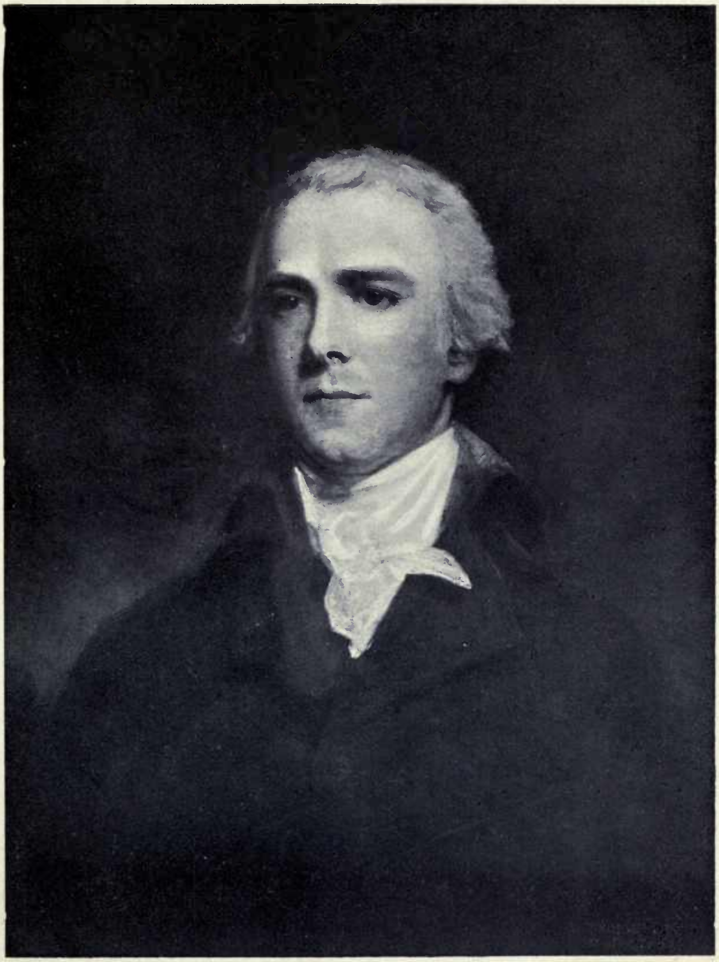
Did ever a Prime Minister of England turn No. 10 to better account, in the way of a generous and impartial hospitality, than he who was in residence there 1880 to 1886 and 1892 to 1894? The list of those from time to time invited to his table gives the answer plainly—No. True, we have not had the advantage of comparing one term of hospitality with another; we have not been privileged to see any records, for example, of Lord Beaconsfield's feasts of reason, or of "Souls" in his day here made manifest. But of this we have no doubt, that Mr. Gladstone had the pick in his time of all that men held wise, according to their several attributes, sorts and conditions; whether among princes, peers, or commonalty; poets, preachers, lawyers, writers, travellers, artists, musicians, players, publishers, learned professors of the ancient Universities, men world-famous for their scientific attainments, statesmen, who not? What a man, that all men should have loved thus to honour him!

Had it been possible to print their names in full, as now in our hand, the interest of this history of No. 10, Downing Street, might be of a less particular than general kind. Had it been possible to relate the table-talk of those Thursday breakfasts and occasional dinner parties of "friends, afterwards called 'the Souls,'" this had been a book perchance of a class called popular.

No one looking at No. 10 from outside, would form any just conception of the space and accommodation to be found within. Not to indulge in needless repetition; three have had something to do with the house: Sir George Downing's builder first of all, then Sir Christopher Wren's, and after him Sir John Soane's. A large part of Sir George Downing's house still remains: most of the exterior—certainly all the street front, and almost all the garden front, and a good many of the intricate passages, staircases and rooms. On the garden side, Sir Christopher Wren had a hand in altering and restoring. He probably built the walls. At an interval of at least a century comes Sir John Soane. In Mr. Disraeli's time, certainly, the State dining-room was renovated. But even with the experienced professional aid of those who have given us of their best help, the writer has found it well nigh impossible to state with absolute accuracy which room is in its original state, and which from time to time has been added to or restored. It is sufficient to say that, to all intents and purposes, this and No. 11 (the Chancellor of the Exchequer's) are the last of Sir George Downing's original houses (1663-71) still standing; but, as regards No. 10, considerably enlarged, since, in fact, the year 1700.

Being in the waiting-room, we look through the window into the garden below, a typical London garden of the long ago. Maybe, Pepys walked and gossiped with that "perfidious rogue" Downing, within its precincts. It is a curious little rectangular spot, extending the length of the two houses, Nos. 10 and 11, with doors opening on the Horse Guards Parade, convenient for going out and coming in, of which few have ever held the privilege of the key. Some would give the most of their possessions for that privilege—reserved, we believe, to the First Lord, the members of his Cabinet, and the private secretaries. There is a grass plot, with garden seats at either end, in point of accommodation scarce equal to that of the Treasury Bench; but quite as comfortable, no doubt, on a hot July night, with a four-lined whip issued the previous evening. The garden—where the wood-pigeon has been seen to build—is overlooked eastward by buildings of a date coeval with that of the Horse Guards—a part of the old Treasury, as we have elsewhere said, of Kent's designing.

The Reception-room, sometimes also known as the drawing-room, is the first of a suite of interesting apartments on the first floor. It contains some old-fashioned sofas and easy-chairs in ebony, a couple of secretarial tables, and a few old portraits. The largest (after Van Dyke), that of Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, Lord High Treasurer in the days of Charles I.'s illegal levy of ship-money, has the place of honour, over a fine old sideboard of crimson and gilt, as you enter. Those next are a portrait by Kneller of Sydney Godolphin, Earl of Godolphin, Queen Anne's trusted Treasurer; and Sir John Lowther, First Commissioner of the Treasury in 1690-1, at the accession of William and Mary. Thomas Osborne,



WILLIAM WYNDHAM, LORD GRENVILLE.

PRIME MINISTER 1806-7.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait by John Hoppner, R.A.

first Duke of Leeds, Lord High Treasurer, 1673-9, by Greenhill, is set near this; and the portrait of Spencer Perceval, who was shot by Bellingham in the Lobby of the old House of Commons toward the close of George III.'s reign, hangs over the door. Perceval was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1807, and Premier in 1809; the days of serious discontent generated by the long war with Napoleon, preceding by a few years Waterloo, when Burdett was pressing Reform, O'Connell was agitating for emancipation, the Luddites were wrecking Nottingham, England was once more at war with America, and the only cheery news that came into Downing Street came from Wellington in the Peninsula.

Other portraits in this room which contribute so much to its interest are: Lord Clifford of Chudleigh (of the Cabal), Lord High Treasurer and Treasurer of the Exchequer; Henry Booth, Baron Delamere, Chancellor of the Exchequer (1689), Earl of Warrington (1690). This portrait is by Kneller. Henry Pelham, First Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer (1743-54), by Van Loo; and Mr. Gladstone (after Millais) make up the series.

Bluff old Sir Robert Walpole hangs over the fine marble mantelpiece, a stout, round, ruddy-faced man in flowing wig, dressed in an undercoat of scarlet, over which is the black and gold State robe of

Chancellor of the Exchequer. The ribbon of the Garter (the picture is somewhat blurred and indistinct from age or neglect) is shown across the breast, and the gold-embroidered purse rests at his right hand. The portrait, by Van Loo, conveys, we should say, a tolerably good conception of George II.'s Prime Minister, whose prevailing weakness was to be thought to have a turn to gallantry. It was his favourite and frequent topic of conversation, a failing which encouraged his colleagues to minister to it on all convenient occasions.

Love affairs, other than those of kings and queens, sometimes occupied the attention of ministers of early Georgian days. Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, the only English Minister of his day who could converse with George I. in his own language (Walpole used very bad Latin), almost weekly bored the Cabinet with reading the love letters of Lady Sophia Fermor. This was the nobleman of whom Smollett wrote, after he had retired from Downing Street : " Since Granville has gone there has been no Minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig." He was an uncommonly useful Minister, notwithstanding his deep attachment to Lady Sophia, for he was the only member of George I.'s Cabinet that had a turn for modern languages. He conversed fluently in half a dozen, a talent which equally belonged to the late Lord Granville (Mr. Gladstone's colleague), some time of Downing Street, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1868, and again in 1880.

Sufficient accommodation is provided at No. 10 for three private secretaries other than those who are political. The right honourable gentleman's room lies convenient to the rooms of his secretaries, who should be among the hardest-worked gentlemen attached to the King's service. Probably few have more delicate duties to perform, none in which greater circumspection is required, more secrecy, and, it is needless to add, a higher sense of honour. Secrecy, we take it, is their principal charge, and if we are to credit one who but rarely observed it, to hold that charge inviolate is the sure mark of an able man.

It is not all confidential secretaries who have the fortune to rise to the distinction attained by Lord Bute's, who from plain Mr. Jenkinson rose to be Earl of Liverpool and Prime Minister of England. Preferment, as a rule, comes to confidential secretaries too late. A Minister is unwilling to part with them in office, and out of office his patronage is worth little. "The relations between a Minister and his Secretary are, or at least should be," wrote Lord Beaconsfield, "among the finest that can subsist between two individuals. Except the married state, there is none in which so great a confidence is involved, in which more forbearance ought to be exercised, or more sympathy ought to exist. There is usually in the relations an identity of interest, and that of the highest kind ; and the perpetual difficulties, the alternations of triumph and defeat, develop devotion."

The Cabinet-room is a handsome room, well lighted by high double-framed windows, and separated from a smaller room (now one of the private secretary's) by folding-doors. At the lower end are four pillars with floriated capitals, painted white. The two rooms thrown into one probably served in time past as a State dining or reception-room. On either side are bookshelves, well lined with stout volumes, and in the centre stands the famous long table, covered with green cloth—a " board of green cloth," so to say, at which the presiding lord-steward is the Prime Minister, First Lord of His Majesty's Treasury for the time being. A goodly collection of material from the Stationery Office rests upon it, all very new, and all very useful. Further we note, a fine assemblage of stout mahogany chairs with dark green leather seats. These stand within reach, suitable for the accommodation of more, apparently, than the ordinary number of His Majesty's confidential servants. A large Cabinet, we have been told on high authority, is an evil. The Cabinet, by older rule, comprised usually eleven members ; sometimes it has reached seventeen ; at present it numbers eighteen. The central chair nearest the fireplace is the Premier's.

If Downing's architect designed this room—if it actually formed part of the original house later overlooked by Wren—and we are not prepared to say it did not—we incline to think it was the dining-room. Who, in the year 1700, could have foreseen this would be the First Lord's residence ? And certainly Cabinet-councils did not regularly meet here till well into the middle years of the last century—as we shall presently show.

Maps rolled up in their cases recall an incident of Georgian times. It might have been here, nearest the old Colonial Office—or in which of the rooms was it—that the Duke of Newcastle, some time among George III.'s confidential servants, received some necessary instruction in the geography of America at the mouth of a better-informed colleague ? "Oh, yes—yes, to be sure ; Annapolis must be defended. Troops must be sent to Annapolis. Pray, where is Annapolis ?" "Cape Breton an island ? Wonderful ! Show it me on the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring me good news. I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island."

Let us be kindly to the duke's memory. "He was a living, moving, talking caricature," says Macaulay.

Of recent years Ministers have not shown themselves greatly enamoured of the Cabinet-room. The reception-room on the first floor, already referred to, has been held more convenient, as being more spacious and certainly more handsome. The portraits tend to give it greater distinction. The late Sir George Scharf—it may be mentioned—director, keeper and secretary of the National Portrait Gallery, took great pains in discovering the artists' names and other particulars.

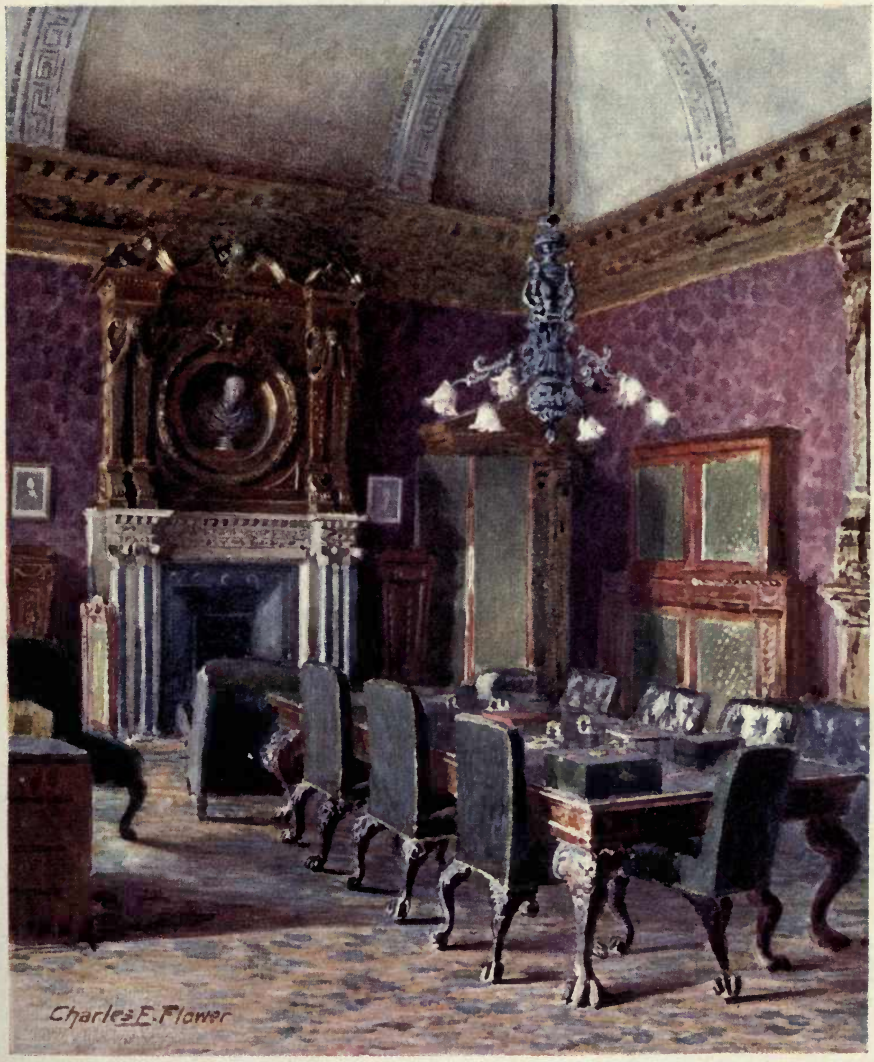
One portrait only, that of Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans—by whom presented we know not—hangs in the Cabinet-room, apt reminder of many things. For one thing, he thought it "a strange desire in men to seek power and lose liberty." "No pleasure is comparable (wrote he) to the standing on the vantage-ground of truth." "When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect; but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded." This also wrote he, as his portrait serves to remind us—an interesting portrait, a noticeable place for it to hang, and withal the quotations which it serves to recall, not inappropriate to a chamber dedicated to the State's most pressing business.

CHAPTER X.

A Cabinet-room Colloquy.

THE origin of the Cabinet, as now constituted, may be traced to that distinguished statesman of the later Stuart period, Sir William Temple, who twice in his career refused the high office of Secretary of State. He was not unknown to Sir George Downing. It was Temple who brought about the famous triple alliance, in 1668, between England, Sweden and Holland, while Downing himself was occupied with Charles II.'s affairs at the Hague. But he is best known to the majority, as the relative and patron of Swift, who first attracted notice in literature by two volumes of "Letters" he published, selected from the papers of his friend. Sir William Temple himself, also, was perhaps the most eminent among a certain class of writers who, having been distinguished before the Revolution, survived and continued to write after that event.

It was he who advised King Charles II. that "If he should introduce into his councils such men as enjoyed the confidence of his people, fewer concessions would probably be required." Herein, then, we find the germ of the Cabinet-council of to-day. "Or if"



Charles E. Flower

THE TREASURY BOARD-ROOM
(Office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer).

(continues the historian);* "or if unreasonable demands were made, the King, under the sanction of such counsellors, might be enabled, with the greater safety, to refuse them; and the heads of the popular parties [in the House of Commons] being gratified with the King's favour, would probably abate of that violence by which they endeavoured at present [1679] to pay court to the multitude." Such was that talented statesman's plan, who is familiar in history as Sir William Temple.

King Charles, who had already learnt what the violence of party faction meant, and who a year later was to learn what the names "Whig" and "Tory" meant, fell in with Temple's suggestions. It is to him, then, we are mainly indebted for our present system of government, by that council of "His Majesty's confidential servants," which is to-day known as the Cabinet.

In concert with Temple, King Charles formulated the plan of a new "Privy Council"—none can doubt whose the plan really was—without the advice of which council "the King declared himself determined, for the future, to take no measure of importance." This council was to consist of thirty persons, and was never to exceed that number. Of the chief officers of the Crown—synonymous in Stuart times with nominees of the Court—fifteen were to be continued. The other fifteen were to be men of character, detached from the Court, or chosen from those who possessed chief credit in both Houses of Parliament. Students of history will turn to their favourite study to seek their names. Whigs were they in part, and Tories also in part. A Privy Council so constituted, as might be supposed, was as a house built upon the sand. But Whigs and Tories alike were appointed—and are still for that matter—members of "the King's Privy Council." But into that maelström of politics we do not propose to be drawn.

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* Hume.

Our purpose here is, briefly to trace the origin of the Cabinet-council of to-day, begotten of the Privy Council of Charles II.'s and Sir William Temple's concerting. As originally planned, and if workable, it would doubtless be the very best Cabinet-council that ever was known: a little Tory, might we say, a little Whig, a little Unionist, a little Liberal, a little Radical, a little Labour, with a suspicion of Socialism and Irish Nationalist representation. But oil and vinegar do not amalgamate. Thus, we have to fall back on that which may amalgamate: right honourable gentlemen, namely, holding the same political convictions—or as nearly as possible the same—as in the Cabinet-councils of to-day. If the reader be further interested in knowing how difficult Cabinets are to build up, and when built up to hold together, let him study the political history of England of the last two hundred years.

In what manner are these two councils now constituted? In 1907, the total number of "this noble and honourable assembly"—excluding "all the degrees of the Peerage which are hereditary (*sic*) Privy counsellors":* the total number, we say, of "the Most Honourable Privy Council," at the date of this present writing, is 250. Of "the select council, commonly called the Cabinet Council, consisting of certain great officers of State, who *ex officio* are members of it, with whom the King determines such affairs as are most important and require secrecy," the number at the same date was eighteen.

We might be inclined to go further back than the reign of Charles II. for the true origin of the word "Cabinet"—the Private or Privy Chamber, or Closet of the King.

The King's Secretary of State, chosen by himself, obviously had access to His Majesty at all times. For a long time there was but one such secretary—in Henry VIII.'s reign, for example. The Chancellor and the Lord Treasurer were his colleagues; the first his official superior. Needless to say, in Henry VIII.'s reign, Wolsey was to all intents and purposes Prime Minister. So also in preceding Tudor reigns—for the Lord High Steward's office had then ceased to be of political significance—the Chancellor stood nearest the Sovereign. Henry VIII. was the first to alter the traditional order, and to leave the Lord High Chancellor, after Wolsey's downfall, to attend more and more to his legal or other special duties, while still, however, remaining the historic principal Minister of State. The first two Secretaries of State appointed by Henry VIII. were Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and Thomas, Lord Cromwell, later Earl of Essex. Gradually the Secretaries of State became the Sovereign's chief political advisers—need we say in whose persons in Elizabeth's reign? And so it continued in the reigns of many of her successors.

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* "The Manual of Rank and Nobility; or Key to the Peerage." —2nd edition, 1832.

Access at all convenient times to the Sovereign—the King's Privy Chamber, or Closet*—on affairs of State was their needful privilege. As their official labours, in course of years, became more and more exacting, other high personages were from time to time appointed to share them, who in their time became Secretaries of State. As, for example, in Georgian times, the Secretary for the Northern Department of Europe; also for the Southern, including the United Kingdom, Ireland and the Colonies—later to become "The Home." But long previously to these divisional separations, the Treasury was (as hereinbefore stated) put "in commission" for executing the office of "Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland"—the First Lord Commissioner being the official head. Later the two offices: "First Lord" and Chancellor of the Exchequer were for convenience sake held separately. In brief, excluding "the Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury," the Lord Chancellor, the President of the Council, and the Lord Privy Seal, the Secretaries of State are now, as everyone knows, five: for Home affairs, Foreign, War, Colonies and India. These, "in grave matters of policy," divide between them, in concert with their colleagues of the Cabinet—the Secretary for Ireland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary for Scotland, the Presidents of Committees of the Council, etc.—"the management of all foreign and domestic affairs, with powers of the most extensive and comprehensive nature, in which the Government of the Empire, both Abroad and at Home, is particularly interested and concerned." "Wherefore, these officers of State are considered of the highest honour and consequence, and the duties of their office to require all that the most exalted capacity, ability and integrity can discharge, achieve and perform."

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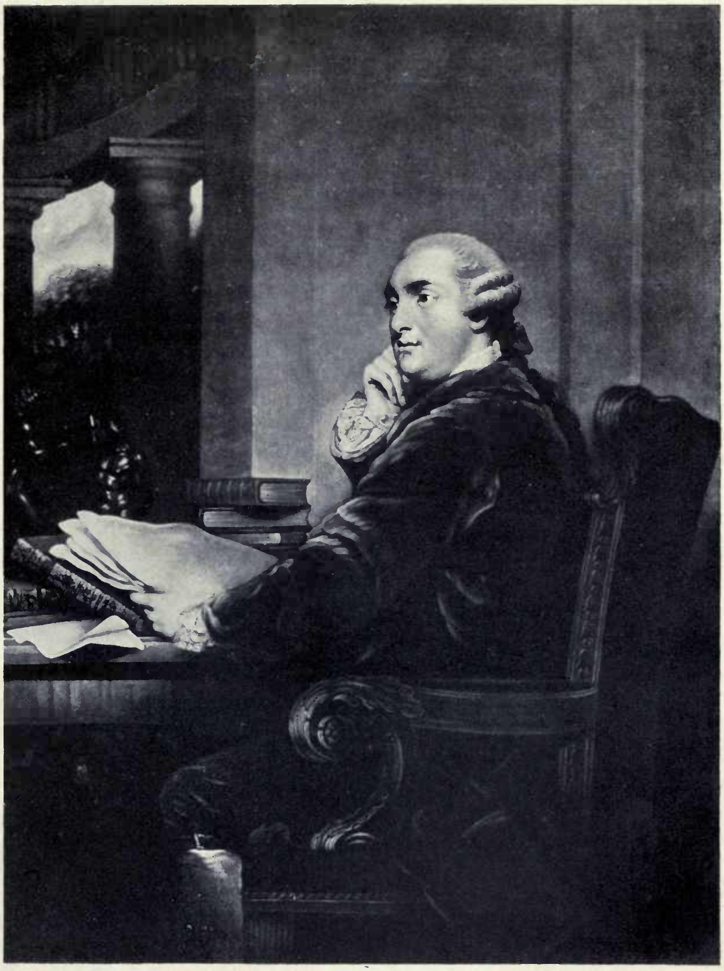
*I quote from the Letters of Junius, familiar to most students: "But where is the man, among those who have access to the 'Closet,' resolute and honest enough to deliver this message?" "As a peer," Junius reminds Lord Mansfield, "he had a right to demand an audience of his Sovereign." "Upon other occasions, my Lord, you have no difficulty in finding your way into the 'Closet.'" The King's "Closet" is synonymous with the word "Cabinet." True, "the Clerk of the Closet," to-day, is a distinguished prelate, otherwise occupied than in political business. But, in Charles II.'s reign, it was not customary to look for the "King's Closet" in the Chapel Royal. One Thomas Chiffinch, "Page of the Back-stairs," was then its "Keeper," as most readers of Pepys know.

Thus have we endeavoured to make plain, firstly how the present Privy Council originated ; next how the Cabinet Council grew out of it ; and lastly how the duties of one principal Secretary of State were gradually separated and apportioned among two, and later, in comparatively recent time, among five, as at present. Every student of political history must often have been puzzled, like ourselves, when reading the period of the Georges, to know which department of State was referred to, when he came across such a sentence as this : "Lord So-and-so now became Secretary of State." Was he in fact appointed Prime Minister, or was he merely of that minister's own nomination, agreeing to co-operate with him by sitting in his Cabinet ? We have only to consult Lord Chesterfield's Letters to find how puzzling the old-time phrase is. We refer to this point once more later on.

Where are the Cabinet meetings held ? This is one of those grave official, inter-official and debatable



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1807-9.

From a Print (published 1796),
after Reynolds, at Welbeck.

questions much relished by learned Downing Street archivists of leisure. It is a moot point, which might delight an 8 to 10 p.m. law-students' debating society. In interest, it might be held to rank next "the site of the Cockpit." Lord A. and the Honourable B. discuss it on occasion. A. argues stoutly in behalf of No. 10; B. as strongly in behalf of the Foreign Office opposite. Each adduces incontestable evidence in support of his argument—exact, direct and documentary. No demurrer worth considering can be put in against either. No official referee, worthy of the name, is qualified to give final judgment—judgment that might stand on appeal. Lord A. is right, and the Honourable B. is right—and there's an end on't. It is usually one of the first questions asked by a visitor who has the privilege of viewing No. 10. Of course, he is presently shown the room already described.

The answer might very reasonably and truthfully be: meetings of the Cabinet are held almost anywhere the Prime Minister for the time being may find most convenient to himself. One day it may be here, on some other day there. In Walpole's and William Pitt's time—undoubtedly with great regularity at No. 10; and so also in the administrations of some of their immediate successors. Very frequently in George III.'s reign at Windsor Castle. So also in his son's and successor. In the Duke of Wellington's time, sometimes at Apsley House, as Sir Henry Bulwer's "Life of Lord Palmerston" relates; once at least "after dinner" at Lord Ellenborough's—sometimes at "Huskisson's official residence in Downing Street."

In Lord Aberdeen's administration, on one memorable occasion, at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, that famous "Torpid" Cabinet Council which Kinglake describes. The first commission in London journalism entrusted to our hands was to go to that picturesquely placed lodge where the aged, well-worn statesman, known to political history as Lord John Russell, then lay a-dying. Born in 1792, Premier in 1846, twice Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1852 and 1859, in 1835 and 1854 for the Colonies, and subsequently Lord President—a political colleague sufficiently familiar to Lord Palmerston, and to all others who bare rule, from the accession of Queen Victoria down to the seventh decade of the last century. We who write have reason to hold his name in grateful remembrance.

Nor have we as yet wholly forgotten the 28th day of June, 1854. England was at war with Russia. A draft of an important despatch—very important, for it brought about the invasion of the Crimea—by the Duke of Newcastle (then Minister of War) was to be read at the council called at Lord John Russell's as aforesaid. The evening was a pleasant one of midsummer ; the surroundings peaceful and soothing. The members of the Cabinet, except a small minority, were overcome with sleep. For a moment the noise of a tumbling chair disturbed the repose of Her Majesty's Government. Lord Aberdeen was then Prime Minister ; Lord Palmerston, Home Secretary ; Lord John, himself, Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The chair being reinstated, the Duke of Newcastle resumed his reading. " But again the fated sleep descended upon the eyelids of Ministers." Later, in another room, his Grace made further effort to read.

We can well imagine an eight o'clock dinner of the year 1854—the month of June, 1854. Turtle soup, fins and green fat, turbot, salmon, whitebait, haunch of venison, ditto of mutton, quails, cucumber, salad, ice-pudding, strawberries, coffee, cream, Madeira, dry sherry, champagne, claret, Burgundy (Chambertin), old brown sherry, '47 port, cigars—a hot June night—and last, not least, a long despatch presently to be read in St. Petersburg and a " copy left." This dinner not being related history—it might nevertheless be true.

" But again a blissful rest interposed between Ministers and affairs of State." Thus the generally accurate historian of the Invasion of the Crimea. It is only fair to say that " long, tiresome papers on other matters" had been previously considered—if aught be worth now recalling of this once grave incident, which recalls to us the age of the Deluge. However that may be, Ministers eventually "cast off dull sleep," and sat wide-awake and attentive enough in the House of Commons, when John Bright called its attention to the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death in that House. As did England herself stand bolt upright, and with one voice shout "Sleepers, awake!"

We retail this interesting reminiscence of half a century ago, merely by way of illustrating the fact that a Cabinet meeting may in a general way be held to transact affairs of State anywhere, at any time, and in any way most convenient to the Prime Minister.

In Lord Salisbury's Premiership, meetings of the Cabinet were held at the Foreign Office (new). In Lord Palmerston's own administration (1855) at the Foreign Office (old), now pulled down. It would be interesting to know at what Prime Minister's residence other than No. 10 such meetings of Ministers in office have not occasionally been held. Have they not been hurriedly summoned on momentous occasions within the walls of the House of Commons?

But let us turn to the leading authorities on this controversial topic, and submit it to the judgment of those whose knowledge of where Cabinet meetings are held is extensive, and has been acquired during years of official life.

Whom shall we commence with ?

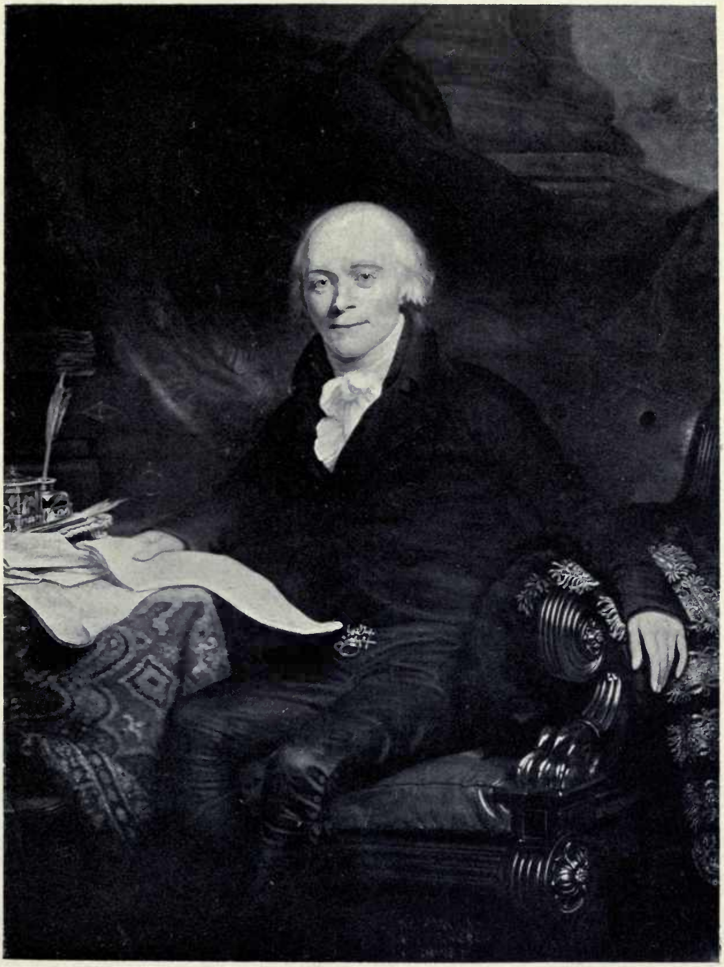
In 1884 there were printed for the Camden Society "Political Memoranda of Francis, Duke of Leeds," edited by Oscar Browning. Lord Caermarthen (later the Duke) was himself Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. We read : "1783—The first Cabinet met at my office" (P. 93) ; "1784—on Sunday, the 25th (March), we met at my office" (P. 95). In 1791 we again find that the Cabinet there met (P. 156). Thus we are in this record within easily computable distance of the days of Sir Robert Walpole.

Now let us consult a very eminent authority, Edmund Hammond, Esquire, afterwards the Right Honourable Lord Hammond, P.C., many years Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, "a great stickler," we are told, for the prerogatives of the Foreign Office of his day. He entered it as a clerk in 1824, having received his grammar learning at Harrow and Eton, and duly perfected himself in the human letters and higher classics at University College, Oxford, of which he was later elected a Fellow. Moreover, he was for a year in the Privy Council Office opposite. No higher authority, one would say, than he, on matters of high Civil Service practice and routine; not to add in the privileges of the senior in point of historic creation, rank and dignity, of Secretaries of State. So, at least, we venture with deference to submit.

"Edmund Hammond, Esquire, Under Secretary of State, Question 135, Evidence—Select Committee on Foreign Office Reconstruction (417 of 1857-8)—'The Cabinets *being properly held in our office*' (the italics are our own) 'Parliamentary Reports are constantly referred to.'"

But here is another and later authority, who writes: "The ancient meeting place of the Cabinet *i.e.*, from about 1862, when the old Foreign Office was pulled down, till 1887, when Lord Salisbury began meetings at the Foreign Office again, was in the large room on the ground floor [of No. 10, Downing Street] now [1900] occupied by the First Lord. From 1892 to 1894, Mr. G. [Gladstone] held his Cabinets in the Pillar room upstairs; and so did Lord Rosebery for the latter part of his time; during the earlier part the ground floor room was used again." Signed "G. H. Murray." [Sir George Herbert Murray, K.C.B., etc., etc.]

Again the same authority: "In the pre-'62 days the meetings were certainly in the old Foreign Office; but I do not know how far back this arrangement



SPENCER PERCEVAL.

PRIME MINISTER 1809-12.

National Portrait Gallery.

Painted (1812) by Geo. F. Joseph, A.R.A.,
from a mask taken after death by Nollekens.

extended. [Sir Robert] Peel, I know, had one or two stray meetings in Downing Street during his 1841-6 Government, but the rule was to go over to the Foreign Office. Peel himself used to occupy the ground floor in Downing Street as a working-room." Signed "G.H.M., 26 October, 1901." [Sir George Herbert Murray, K.C.B., etc.]

Then there is another interesting and most quotable authority in a letter lying before us, in which the writer, sometime Private Secretary to Lord Panmure (Secretary of War, 1855), tells a colleague, how it was himself who took the good news of Sebastopol's fall to the Prime Minister (Lord Palmerston) at "the old Foreign Office, in Crimean days." "The Cabinets sat there," he writes. "I took the news of the capture myself . . . the messenger told me I could not go up the old staircase, as that was forbidden. I pushed by him, and went up and knocked at the door, which was answered by Lord Clarendon" (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs). The Premier, on hearing the news, "gave a view-holloa," which, like John Peel's, might have "awakened the dead." As it was, "you might have heard it across the Park." Thus he who heard that "view-holloa" rendered.

So that Prime Ministers are but human after all —Lord Palmerston, in his day and generation, according to tradition, most so. For a Prime Minister at the age of over three score years and twelve, in confidential intercourse with a senior member of his Cabinet, within the sacred precincts (let it be assumed) of " the Cabinet Room "—and at the Foreign Office, of all places of dignity in the official world—for a Prime Minister of such age, we say, and in such case, to give a " view-holloa that might be heard across the Park," he must needs have been as healthily and as vigorously human as a boy. And that Lord Palmerston was ; and as popular a statesman as ever trod Downing Street and No. 10—an English statesman of good Irish stock. Let us be candid, and record it.

Once more, a former secretary of his writes : " the Cabinets were held at the First Lord's house, and not at the Foreign Office. First in the large drawing-room on the first floor, and then in the room on the ground floor—during Lord Palmerston's second and last tenure of office, certainly. I think also in 1856 ; but on that point I am not quite clear. Before the old Foreign Office was pulled down the meetings of the Cabinet were held there."

Referring to what we have already said on this point, might we now make so bold as to inquire—did literary or other wranglers ever read in history of how this eminent personage, or that, was appointed

"Secretary of State"? For what department of the State? The whole State—the State itself. In early days—at all events in Tudor days, as we have pointed out—the Sovereign's confidential advisers were chosen at his will. Of these "the Secretary of State" was the chief, nearest the Sovereign politically.

William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, will at once occur to any as an example in point. "This judgment I have of you; that you will not be corrupted with any gift, and that you will be faithful to the State; and that, without respect of my private will, you will give me that counsel that you judge best"—on every matter (as we submit), Home or Foreign, and on Foreign Affairs, if we read "The Age of Elizabeth" correctly, more than half his time. The Lord Treasurer's was a highly important office, no doubt; but the Secretary of State's was more important as overseeing all, and as being most responsible to that Sovereign who was her or his own Prime Minister. If that be so, does not tradition, in every likelihood, point to the Cabinet-council finding its most convenient place of meeting originally in the office of "*the* Secretary of State"? We emphasize the definite article.

It has been said that the Cabinet-council, as to-day arranged—the Prime Minister presiding—originated with Sir Robert Walpole. It was not he, however, but

George I., who brought this to pass; and his son and successor adopted the practice of absenting himself from meetings of the Cabinet. What was the use of either King being present? Neither spoke, wrote or understood diplomatic English—at all events on first coming to the throne. George I. had his Latin secretary, as did Cromwell; and as to George II., a king who says: " Dat is one big lie " to a Minister of State, can hardly be supposed to have been very familiar with Cabinet-council language. In brief, neither George I. nor his son and successor knew English well, and their Ministers knew German no better. Therefore it was for the convenience, both of King and Ministry, and not because Walpole himself initiated a new order of procedure, that the Sovereign ceased to preside (as in Queen Anne's and former reigns) at meetings of the Cabinet.

Here is an illustration of the old order of things, quoted from Earl Stanhope's " Reign of Queen Anne," when the Cabinet was none other than a Committee of the Privy Council, meeting at the Cockpit, and always, by the way, on Sundays. Her Majesty was the last of our Sovereigns who personally attended such meetings summoned for administrative Government business, and the last to attend the debates in the House of Lords.

"That same morning [February 8th, 1708] Godolphin and Marlborough waited on the Queen to state that Harley still continuing in office, they could not attend the Cabinet nor take any further part as Her Majesty's Ministers. Anne allowed them to depart and went to the Cabinet as usual. There Harley produced his papers as Secretary of State, and began to open the business of his department. But around him he saw grim faces and he heard half-muttered complaints. As he paused the Duke of Somerset rose and said: 'I do not see how we can deliberate to any purpose when neither the General nor the Treasurer are present.' This observation he repeated twice, and with some vehemence, while the other Ministers expressed their agreement by their looks. The Queen remained silent, but presently withdrew, leaving the business of the day undone." The matter remained undecided, we are told, till the 11th, when "Harley, having in good earnest pressed the Queen to accept his resignation, she 'with much hesitation and still more reluctance, complied.'"

A Cabinet crisis, in which a Minister shows "some vehemence," can hardly have been an agreeable experience for a lady—and she, too, "our Sovereign Lady, the Queen." From every point of view, it seems well that George I. and George II. should have understood German so much better than English, and so have accidentally contributed to arrange the Cabinet-council as we have it to-day.

It has been frequently said that no records are made of the deliberations in Cabinet-council. That may be, but it does not prevent Ministers making private notes of their own. We find many such in the " Life of Lord Palmerston " (already referred to). Here is one, for example :—

" The Cabinet has gone on for some time past as it had done before, differing upon almost every question of any importance that has been brought under consideration :—meeting to debate and dispute, and separating without deciding." Commenting on which passage, Sir H. Bulwer (Lord Lytton) states that the second Lord Holland, who had lived all his life in intimacy with Cabinet Ministers, once said to him " that he had never known a Cabinet in which its members did not dispute more among themselves during their councils than they disputed with their antagonists in the House of Commons. It is probable that Mr. Pitt's Cabinet [1783] and Lord Derby's [1852] were exceptions to this rule ; but I fancy that a peep behind the scenes would pretty generally demonstrate that a Cabinet is more often held together by the same interests than by the same opinions. The most marked exception was

Lord Palmerston's first Cabinet, after the secession of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sydney Herbert and Sir James Graham, in 1855. It was said that Lord Canning was made Governor-General of India because, after the secession of his Peelite friends, he was the sole remaining member who maintained an independent opinion ; the entire business of the Cabinet being thenceforth arranged and managed by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Palmerston. But it was a weak Cabinet, as regarded either debating or administrative talent ; and the general break-up of parties has rendered a strong and perfectly harmonious Cabinet an impossibility."

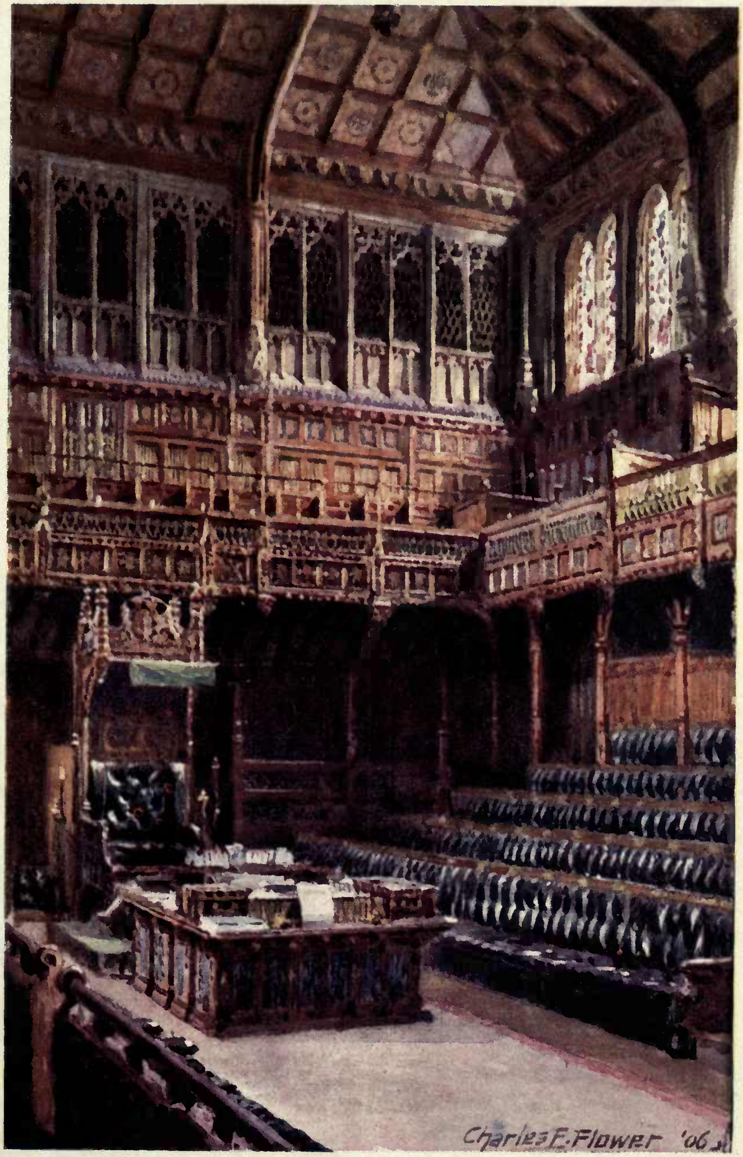
No. 10 has its Cabinet Room so named and so used in the past and now, everyway suitable for its purpose, well-lighted and sufficiently roomy. It has been known to contain a grand piano. Other men, other uses. One Prime Minister may not have the like regard for tradition as his predecessor. We entered a room at No. 10 the other day in which a Prime Minister's private secretary had once received us. That room is now a bed-chamber. The present Cabinet Room has ere now welcomed ladies. Rooms change, and occupants with them. No. 10 interiorly has changed twice in arrangement since we first entered it. Exteriorly it is the same old house, of dull, soot-laden, smoke-dried brick, before and behind, as when George II. handed it over to Walpole.

CHAPTER XI.

Reverie.

ON a damp, depressing, fog-laden November day —a day that needs to borrow from the sun—I pay my final visit to No. 10. It is, so to speak, my "touching-up" day. I wish to see if anything has been left out which ought to have been included in these pages.

The aspect of the old Downing Street house, with blinds down, is none too-inviting. The leaves are fallen from the trees in the Park, and the First Lord's garden looks as sombre as Kent's old Treasury. The Horse Guards' Parade is deserted, save by the two great-coated policemen who keep watch and ward at the garden-wall and Treasury passage. No motor-cars speed now along the Park roadway, for Parliament has been prorogued these two months. The right honourable the Prime Minister, his colleagues of the Cabinet, and the private secretaries, are all away for a well-earned rest ; and No. 10 is in the hands of the painters. He who is named office-keeper is lord of all he surveys for the time being.


Charles E. Flower '06

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Prime Ministers may come and Prime Ministers may go, but that functionary seemingly goes on for ever. The fear of change may perplex monarchs, but not him. A man he seems "of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows," always courteous and always smiling.

'Tis he who first welcomes the coming, last speeds the parting Minister. It is he who, being steeped in the later traditions of the place, is most welcome as guide to myself; friendly, but philosophically absent-minded when I press inquiry beyond endurance. It is he who tells me the number of the rooms, and calls them all by their names.

I greet the office-keeper once again friendly; and, of course, pause to exchange a few words before a cheerful fire; every other topic being permissible but that which might send an old war-horse, who sniffs his opportunity from afar, careering off in the direction of Temple Bar. Politics being always barred, I introduce that indefinite, untranslatable, but always available subject for casual conversation, "Shakespeare and the musical-glasses." If there be aught worth mentioning outside the range of that subject, let the oracle now speak it, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace. For this is the final opportunity.

The oracle being dumb, once again I mount the stone staircase. I mount it for the last time. Many a greater man has come down it for the last time: men of "Great Place," servants of the Sovereign or State, or of fame. With what feelings did they come down? Were they as fretful as my own, in now mounting these familiar red-carpeted steps for the last time?

I pause here, midway, to think of that day in March, 1894: colleagues, secretaries, friends, last arrangements, waitings, farewells; and through all the high, sweet voice of the little grand-daughter, then but three years old, of that aged man of "Great Place"—four times England's Prime Minister; I think of that high, sweet voice of the little child, singing the Easter hymn. Here on this step she was seated, in her green pelisse and bonnet, in joyful expectation of a journey; in happy unconsciousness of the historic scene in which she was sharing: that touching scene of the careworn, aged statesman coming down the stairs of No. 10, Downing Street, for the last time! I here recall it. Surely that sacred lyric thus by chance rendered by the child—no doubt suggested by the previous day's service in the Abbey—was not without its consolation to him who was of the highest style of man—a Christian; one who all his life long had loved the brotherhood, feared God, honoured the King.

I enter a room which I am told is the Prime Minister's sitting-room. At a glance I perceive it so; for that can be no other than his own roomy arm-chair, with an adjustable reading-desk handy. But this, and this, and that piece of furniture, the carpet and the window draperies, etc.; these are obviously the property of the Crown. Here are the printed labels that advise me so—just as if pasted on in an auctioneer's sale-rooms. The occasional property this might be, of statesmen who have left the neighbourhood and gone elsewhere; this famous statesman resting from his labours in the Abbey over yonder; this distinguished successor still happily to be seen at times, seated in his accustomed chair in the library of the Athenæum Club; and this statesman rests and expatiates few know where, till the journals publish to the world what subject it was he last touched upon, always eloquently.

Being by nature made moody; the silence and state of void and emptiness within, and the depressing aspect of things without, do not tend to make me less so. A vacant and fireless room, a straight-back chair draped in a mourning suit of brown holland, the thick blanket of dark fog lying over the Parade, now an inky-black, now a sooty-yellow, and moreover the "stubborn unlaid ghosts" everywhere hovering; this untoward condition of things is apt to breed a kind of green and yellow melancholy with thick-coming fancies. "It is a strange desire," I say to myself, now thinking of the ghost in the Cabinet-room; "it is a strange desire, truly, which men have, to seek power and lose liberty!" The "counterfeit presentment" of the jovial, ruddy-faced Prime Minister of King George II. looks down upon me from over the mantel-piece, once again inviting admiration of those hands, of which in life he was so vain. The portrait of Mr. Gladstone, robed in red, and somewhat sternly staring, suggests that he might view this third and last visit of ours not too complacently. The portraits of other notables serve further to suggest, that here I may be considered the wrong man in the wrong room.

Standing apart by the window is an ample desk, open, swept, as it were, and ungarnished. Not a paper anywhere to be seen. For the rest, a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game political.

The rigour, I say, of the political war-game. The expressive silence of the room, and the absence of all evidence of undigested literary matter on the ministerial table, betoken it. He whose principal duty it is to know that which before him daily lies in House of Commons warfare; whose purpose it is to stay the alarms and excursions of his supporters, and to repel the attacks of his opponents; a Minister commanding-in-chief unceasingly so occupied, must needs be seated apart, in a room retired, at a swept and ungarnished table. The right honourable gentleman's trusty *aides-de-camp*—rewarded by that confidence which is reposed in them, always it may be hoped sufficiently—these are seated in rooms not less retired, but of easy access, we may be sure, elsewhere.

A pile of despatch boxes, some new, some old, some red, some black, some small like a lady's glove box, some large like her jewel case, some with paper-tags peeping between the lid and lower part, some without ; all with locks and gold-lettered with the royal cypher : a number of these—things tangible, sensible to touch as to sight—rest here or there, on a couch, a chair, on the ledge of a convenient window in the Prime Minister's room. The right honourable gentleman at work has but to raise his eyes, his looks and thoughts otherwise intent on what lies before him on his table, and there, staring him in the face, on either hand, are despatch boxes, presumably full of sweet or bitter food of daily uttered knowledge. Whence or from whom emanating, or to whom or whither going, who shall tell ?

A clear fire, as we say, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the Premiership. Do not the despatch boxes only too plainly proclaim it ?

The rigour of the great political war-game! To have and to hold "the real rulership of the British Empire"—power and place—public and personal gratifications—salutations in the market place—the uppermost room at feasts—in brief, to be Leader of the Political Majority, and have supreme ministerial direction of the business of Parliament. Such are the recognized prizes in the great political war-game, the winner of which, perseveringly devoting himself for a lifetime to the sundry and manifold chances of the contest, has and holds till he in turn is challenged, defeated and sent into retirement.

The leadership of the Political Majority, together with supreme ministerial direction of the business of Parliament, must entail a good deal of self-sacrifice and exacting daily work. Late to bed and too-early to rise; and cautious fare; in brief, low living and high thinking; at best, the cutlet and claret of Mr. Disraeli. Cab, brougham or motor car always at the door. A House of Commons coat always ready in the hall. A hat always at hand above it. Fifty invitations per day in the session to fêtes, functions and festivities; and fifty more to subscribe or patronise, to read, mark, appoint, consider or grant. As many invitations to public dinners and speech-making, tending to cerebral congestion at midnight, and no sleep till morning.

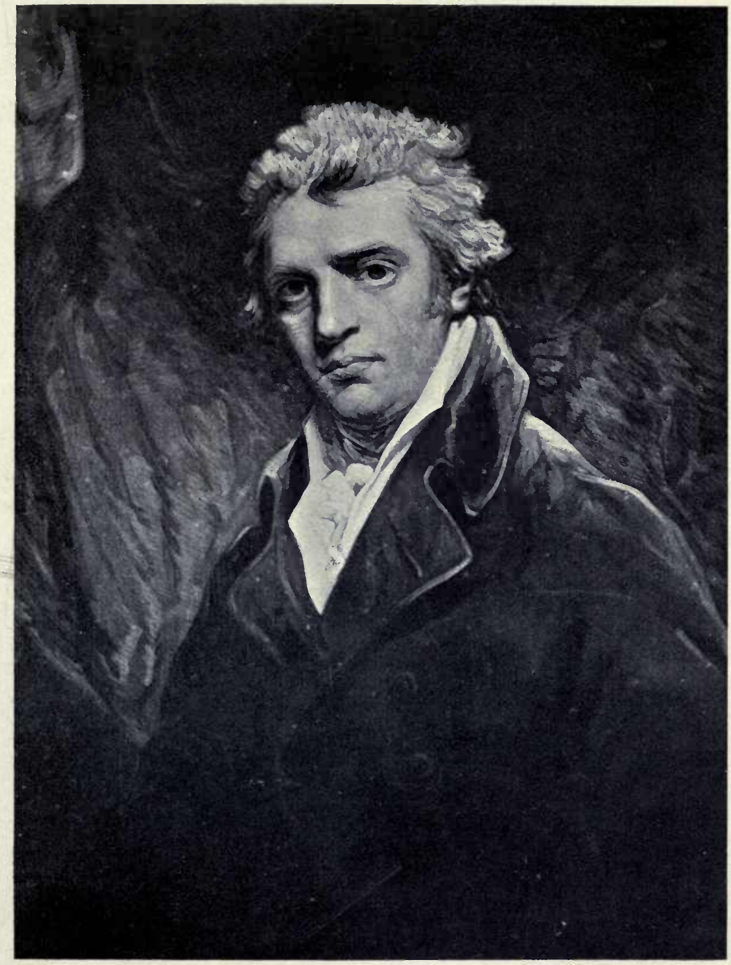
Three secretaries daily in waiting, each abiding his turn to say: " Sir, this matter has now to be attended to." Ministerial colleagues on the sofa in the ante-room below, waiting to be summoned upstairs to say: "Something must be done." "Whips" in an adjoining building, to speak by the tally. Messengers lurking in the passages. Visitors seated in the waiting-room, a deputation coming up the street. A " scathing leading-article "—which will be duly laid on the secretarial table on the morrow—just passed " for press " by an angry editor of Fleet Street, E.C. The chimes of Westminster clock now ringing out warningly the hour of three, afternoon. 'Tis but an hour ago since it was two, and after one hour more it will be four. Thus, " even by the squandering glances of a fool," might a Prime Minister's labours peradventure be anatomised—up to three of the clock of a July afternoon.

Beyond that hour we may not follow him, for he is now in his place in Parliament—" the great council of the King, and the grand inquest of the nation."

Of that Parliament, the House of Commons " hath the most high and absolute power of the realme; for thereby kings and mightie princes have from time to time been deposed from their thrones; lawes either enacted or abrogated; offenders of all sorts punished; and corrupted religion either disannulled or reformed. To be short, whatsoever the people of Rome did in their *centuriatis* or *tribunitiis comitis*, the same is and may be doone by authoritie of our Parlement house, which is the head and bodie of all the realme, and the place wherein everie particular person is intended to be present, if not by himselfe, yet by his advocate or attornie." Thus an historian of Tudor days.

Fortuitously I fall to meditating on the various states of life, to which men commonly apply themselves in the pursuit of happiness. Which be they ? I try to think. Learning, as I remember, wisdom, mirth, pleasure, riches, possessions, power, greatness. Most of those who have occupied this room, think I to myself, have pursued it by one or other of these roads, at some period or other of their lives.

Each in turn, one would say, must have found what he sought, the day he first entered into possession of this house. Learning, of course, was his already ; and wisdom, and doubtless a sufficiency of wealth, and probably possessions in this place or in that. Pleasure of a kind—at all events the various pleasures incidental to a parliamentary session, in the London season—full measure, pressed down, and flowing over ; this likewise is his. Past political experiences should have endowed him with a sense of humour,



ROBERT BANKS JENKINSON (Lord Hawkesbury), 2nd EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

PRIME MINISTER 1812-27.

From a Portrait by J. Hoppner, R.A.

so that even when seated solitary in this room, he might be as mirthful as he would—never less devoid of cheerfulness than when alone.

And here, too, are power and greatness !

Ambition takes a man by the hand and carries him into the world, shows him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune and raising himself to great honour ; lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks if there can be any happiness in this world comparable to that of being courted, flattered and followed, chosen leader among men : First Minister of a vast and powerful empire, the like of which the world has never before known ? Surely there can be no happiness given unto men comparable to this.

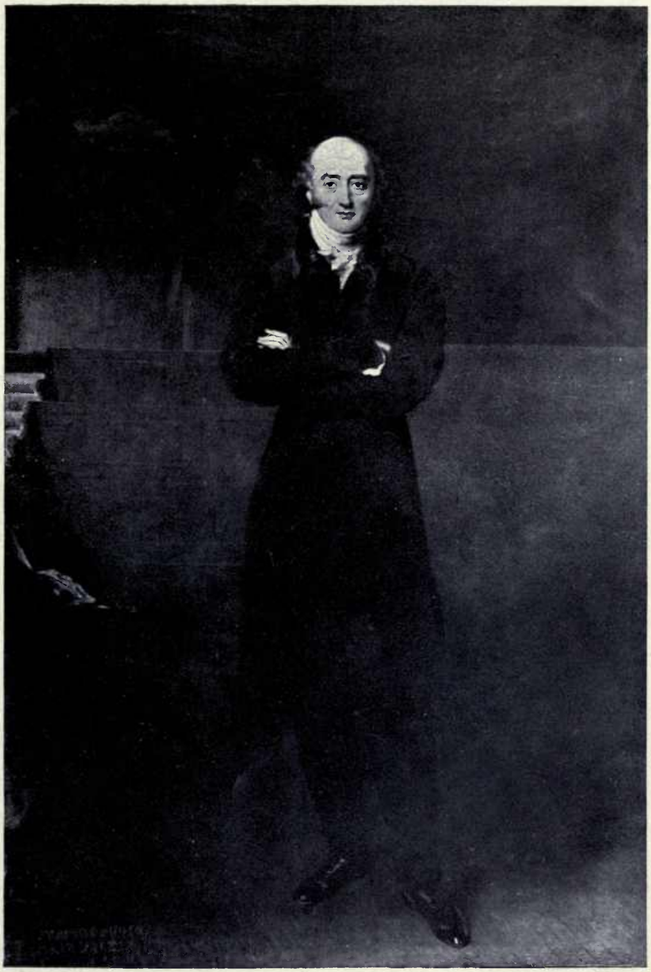
Could I but accomplish this—dignity, honour, leadership ; the chief chair in the pillared room down below behind the folding-doors ; the appointed place, nearest the brass-bound box, right of Mr. Speaker's chair ; privileged access to the King's Closet ; the sole right of the right honourable the tenant's key to this house with accessory title of the brass plate above the letter box—"First Lord of the Treasury," office of the highest distinction in the Government of the realm—could I but accomplish this, there would be nothing left to wish for. Thus, in imagination, some yet young and ardent legislator pressing forward—his face towards the goal of so many men's ambitions, the fountain source of such temporal happiness as can fall to the lot of but one man among many millions—and that but for a spell.

But supposing him to have arrived there, to be in actual possession, to have been shown, as it were, all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them ; to be endowed with learning, and wisdom, and wealth, and possessions, and power, and greatness ; to have attained dignity and honour, title and leadership ; to be seated in that chair at that table, on which rests the red-leather despatch box, showing the royal cypher, and imprinted in gold with the words "The King" : supposing him to be there seated, I say, and in actual possession, for the full term—has it in fact added one cubit to his happiness ? I seek to know. But the ghosts vouchsafe no answer.

Musing thus sadly, and with "sullen mind"—for twenty-three years are gone, look you, since first I entered this house, and he who thinks must mourn : musing thus, my thoughts wander back once more to the bearded man, in the hat and ruff, whose portrait hangs over the mantel-piece in the Cabinet-room : "Men in great place are thrice servants—servants of the Sovereign or State, servants of fame, and servants of business ; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. . . . The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains. . . . The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. . . . Certainly great men had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy (observe that he says "think") ; for if they judge by their own feelings, they cannot find it (meaning happiness) ; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within ; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults."

Thus wrote the man of the portrait, in hat and ruff ; born great, and who achieved greatness ; first Solicitor-General, then Attorney-General, then Lord Keeper, and Lord High Chancellor, in turn. Viscount St. Albans in the peerage ; wealthy owner of a splendid mansion in the Strand, a villa at Kew, and a private retreat at Gorhambury ; always made welcome at the King's Court ; who lived in a style of princely grandeur at York House, rare even for the nobility of his day ; who relates how he rode to the ceremony of his installation as Lord Keeper, between the Lord High Chancellor and Lord of the Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of judges ; foremost among writers and orators of his time—in one respect, indeed, for all time ; thus in his familiar Essays has he written of "Great Place." What was his own career but one lengthy sermon on the text : "Lo ! I have looked on all the works that my hands have wrought, and on the labour that I have laboured to do, and behold all is vanity"? The faster he had pursued, the faster that phantom happiness had fled before him. Yesterday it was found in the gardens of Gray's Inn ; to-day it was at York House in the Strand ; to-morrow it was to be at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, in the Courts of the King ; the next day it would be found in retreat at Gorhambury, with Hobbes and a few choice spirits of the time ; next it is to be seen on the sunny slopes of Twickenham Park by the river. And the next ? Well, the next, "upon a fearful summons" it was fled like a guilty thing and hovered over the Tower.

"The regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing." On the day the illustrious occupant of that chair which I see before me, vacates these premises, will he smilingly



GEORGE CANNING.

PRIME MINISTER 1827.

National Portrait Gallery.

By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and Richard Evans

leave by the front door, everyone bowing, everyone regretful at his going, his fill of worldly happiness now not to be measured in words ; or will he pass out stealthily by the garden-door, leaving his "coroneted portmanteau" on the floor ?

To content the people, to win them, to gain their confidence, to defend them if need be from oppression, to command the goodwill and support of the Political Majority, and so to have the high privilege to lead it in "the place wherein every particular person is intended to be present, if not by himself, yet by his advocate or attorney"; to attempt all this, and to strive his utmost to succeed in it, this constitutes the greater and graver portion of the laborious duties and responsibilities belonging to a Prime Minister.

But, say some, let these same possessors of power and place be hard-worked or over-worked, let them be attacked, annoyed, vilified, misread, misunderstood as they may ; they have an ample compensation in the public and personal gratifications that are heaped upon them. They have enough of social sunshine to repay them for the peltings of the political storm. But have they ? Those who see nothing but the exterior trappings of office ; those who bring nothing within the short range of their vision but the appendages of its rank, take but a limited survey. That exalted authority of which almost all are critical, and some jealous, to be truly estimated, must be seen in the fatigues of its exertion ; in the wear and tear of mind and body ; in anxious days and sleepless nights ; in the fret and discouragements bred of being calumniated and misunderstood ; in the mental suffering sometimes induced by the ingratitude, meanness and treachery of friends ; last, not least, in the intimate personal knowledge of the grave responsibility which rests on him who is Prime Minister for the time being.

It is not I who speak, but one whose " voice sounds like a prophet's word." I sit attentively silent, now and again inclining the head in respectful approval. Whose was the case I seek to know that evoked so much sympathy ? But the ill-used ghost stalks off reluctant.

With " meditative spleen," I pursue the inquiry—Where is the reward of all this to be sought ? In the insignia of distinction and the splendour of authority ? In a coat of blue embroidered with gold, in a ribbon and star, in a pair of white kerseymere knee-breeches with stockings of silk ? In the street recognition of the club-man, the journalist, the ubiquitous flâneur ; in the public recognition of the well-arrayed crowd, many of whom are eagerly awaiting recognition themselves ; in short, in that " splendour of authority " which is expressed by a nod and a beck and a wreathed smile, and a "There goes the Prime Minister"? Is his reward thus sought?

These distinctions soon grow familiar to him who can command them, and become as nothing in the scale of real enjoyment. All the happiness which place and power can give soon fades away and dies of itself. The cause of this is in the human mind; but the toil, the solicitude, the difficulty, the vexation, the disappointment, the ingratitude—all these survive, and, what is worse, survive to be again encountered and never wholly overcome. And after these "the inevitable hour" and—the Elegy!

"This judgment I have of you: that you will not be corrupted with gifts, and that you will be faithful to the State; and that, without respect of my private will, you will give me the counsel that you judge best." A good speech, worthy of Queen Elizabeth, addressed to the first of the Cecils, on her accession. I have once before quoted it, but it will bear repetition.

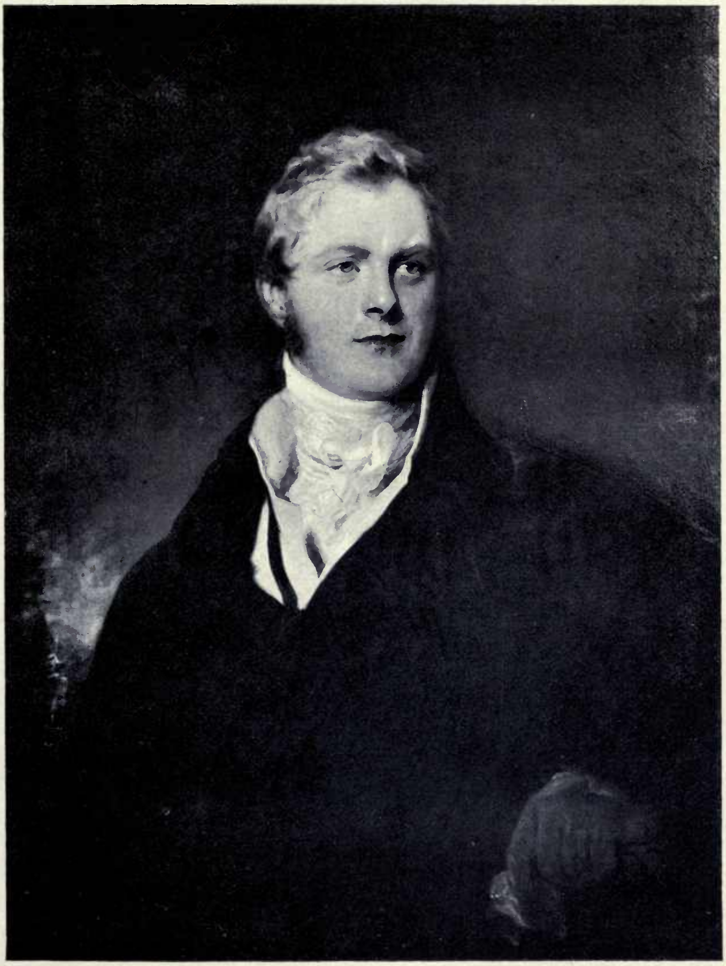
At the Privy Council Office in Downing Street, I was shown an old leather-bound volume standing among many, in which was inserted the minutes of meetings of the Privy Council of Elizabeth's reign. I well remember the first page I turned to; as clean, perfect, and as legibly written as if it had just passed from Mr. Secretary's hands. It began : "At our Court at Greenwich. Present the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council." William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was among the number of councillors so present.

The last time I saw his distinguished successor, Prime Minister of England in the reign of Queen Victoria and King Edward the Seventh, he was walking wearily down the steps of the Junior Carlton Club, as I entered it to see one of the members. He told me that a day or two before he had opened the door of the library, where he had found Lord Salisbury asleep in an ample arm-chair, with his hands folded, and "with a yellow-backed novel at his feet," which had fallen from the Premier's hands. My friend quietly closed the door and went out, leaving the weary Minister to his peaceful afternoon's nap. He used to stroll from the senior club, over the way—as one may surmise, to be quit of politics.

One day I read the following in a London newspaper, touching another late Prime Minister of England, Lord Salisbury's nephew—"touching" in more senses than one : "Last night (I read), on a lovely spring night, with a young moon overhead, I met Mr. Balfour strolling along the Embankment. He walked along close to the wall, looking in a meditative way at the water, and sometimes at the lights. He wandered absently on the top of the Embankment pavement-artist's ‘ Salmon on a Plate,’ glanced down a moment, and passed quietly on. Out of a hundred or so people on the Embankment only a dozen recognised him. He paused irresolutely near Charing Cross Bridge, then marched more briskly up Northumberland Avenue, stopping for a second attracted by the Religious Tract Society's window—the one with the Botticelli in it. Another pause in front of the old woman who sells newspapers in Whitehall. It may be true that he does not read the newspapers, but he certainly read the bills of two evening newspapers which announced with perfect unanimity ‘ Great Speech by Mr. Chamberlain.’ I watched the lonely figure cross the road, and pass into the quiet lane at Drummond's Bank, making for the Spring Gardens entrance to St. James's Park. The deserted lane was badly lit, but I could see the Premier remove his hat and wander on bareheaded into the night.”

Who would be Prime Minister of England, I wonder, except from a sense of duty to the State, and to give the supreme Head of it the counsel that is judged best ? Lord Rosebery has told us that he did not really relish the Premiership, and was ready to clear out of it “ bag and baggage at a moment's notice." Did Lord Salisbury relish it more? Had his nephew any greater appetite for it? Who in truth has?

More than a century before the time of which we are writing, being wound-up to a pitch of desperation, by all he endured as First Minister of the Crown, the Marquis of Bute thus expressed himself of his views of office: "Had I but £50 a year; had I but bread and water; I would in retirement think these luxury compared with what I suffer." Thus John Stuart, Earl of Bute, Groom of the Stole to George III., writing to Sir James Lowther, his son-in-law; having attained the summit of his political ambition and tasted the "nectar'd sweets" of office. That food to him seeming "luscious as locusts," had turned "bitter as coloquintida." This man of peaceful pursuits, of admittedly cultivated mind, of taste and reading, and of "undoubted honour," was, when Minister, hooted and pelted through Cheapside. He was attacked in his chair, and was with difficulty rescued by a troop of the guards. "He could hardly walk the streets in safety without disguising himself. A gentleman . . . . recognised the favourite Earl in the piazza of Covent Garden, muffled in a large coat, and with a hat and wig drawn down over his brows. His lordship's established type with the mob was a jack-boot, a wretched pun on his Christian



LORD GODERICH.

PRIME MINISTER 1827-8.

From the Collection of the Marquis of Ripon, K.G.
Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

name and title : a jack-boot, generally accompanied by a petticoat, was sometimes fastened on a gallows, and sometimes committed to the flames." So wrote Macaulay of him who succeeded William Pitt, the elder, at No. 10 ; who was the King's favourite, not to add the favourite of the Court quarter ; and who while in office played the part of Mæcenas.

. . . .

When I was much younger and rode a-top of an omnibus passing down Piccadilly at 9-30 a.m. daily, I often saw Lord Palmerston standing at his desk in the right-hand room of what is now the Naval and Military Club, thus early at work. I used to get to my own work in a Government office at 10-30, and seldom got thoroughly into it before lunch. After lunch it was generally too late. At four sharp we all cleared out.

I remember when, some years ago, we were on the customary " brink of war " with Russia—in point of fact, that very night, the question " yes " or " no " was practically to be decided in Parliament. I was early one morning walking up Waterloo Place, and met two gentlemen coming down, the one stooping much and leaning heavily on the arm of his friend. Both looked very serious, and the face of the one was very pale, and drawn, and gave token of much weariness and physical suffering. The two gentlemen were Lord Beaconsfield, then Prime Minister, and his colleague of the Cabinet, Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary. That night Lord Derby resigned—and England stood away once more from the brink of war. I can quite well recall, even now as I write, the utterly weary and pained look of the famous Prime Minister. Evidently his asthma had allowed him little rest at night—and duty had compelled his meeting his Cabinet at No. 10, Downing Street, thus early in the morning.

I was once requested to call on one who had been a Cabinet Minister, privately, at his house. What the nature of my business was, matters not. I went not intrusively, but by courteous invitation of an ex-Secretary of State who, by the way, was on the following morning to act as pall-bearer in the Abbey at the funeral of Mr. Gladstone, his sometime chief. The purpose of my interview being duly discussed, I recall now with what kindly, humanly interest that busy, grey-headed, well-worn Minister of the Crown turned to other topics, referring more than once to his own personal sorrows—the loss of his wife, at whose portrait he bade me come and look—to the friend after friend who had gone—and incidentally dwelling on some personal traits of him who was to be laid to rest in Westminster Abbey on the morrow. He told me how utterly wrong many writers then were, as to their judgment of his bearing in ministerial conclave with his colleagues.

I recall now these incidents of my visit, on the noon of a sombre winter's day, and how the worn and weary Minister sat in his great arm-chair in the morning-room of a dreary mansion, in a London square, solitary, but interested in the casual conversation of a stranger, who chanced to touch on topics dear to the statesman's memory ; because, said he : "You speak of a place where I spent some of the happiest days of my life, in the dear companionship of my wife. Come and look at this last portrait of her."

The speaker was Lord Kimberley, thrice Secretary of State—for Foreign Affairs, the Colonies, and India.

As I passed down the steps of that lonely mansion, it was with a feeling of deep sympathy for the sad isolation I felt was his whom I had just left. Not long after, Lord Kimberley died. I had recalled some scenes of his earlier married life, in speaking of a place with which the Earl was familiar.

. . . .

It was Bolingbroke who likened our Government to "the ocean which environs us." The pilot and the Prime Minister often find themselves in similar circumstances, making for a given haven. It seldom happens that either can steer a direct course according to the chart, which in the Minister's case may be taken to mean that indicated in "the King's Speech"; and they both arrive by means which frequently seem to carry them from port. But, as the work of him who is pilot in charge of the ship of state advances, his conduct, if he be gifted with real abilities, clears up; "the seeming inconsistencies are reconciled; the whole work shows itself so uniform, so plain and so natural, that every dabbler in politics will be apt to think he could have done the same."

Still achieving something, still pursuing the principal purposes of his administration, it becomes no small part of a Prime Minister's duty "to learn to labour and to wait"; well content if he shall have succeeded in accomplishing some good during his brief term of office.

"The conduct of a Minister who proposes to himself a great and noble object," said Bolingbroke —who expressly adds that he knew "the nature of the House of Commons"—and "who pursues it steadily, may seem for a while a riddle to the world; especially in a Government like ours, where numbers of men, different in their characters and different in their interests, are to be managed; where public affairs are exposed to more accidents and greater hazards than in other countries; and where, by consequence, he who is at the head of business will find himself often distracted by measures which have no relation to his purpose, and obliged to bind himself to things which are in some degree contrary to his main design." But the riddle is sooner or later solved.

Lord Melbourne spoke for himself and his colleagues one day when in Parliament he said this :—

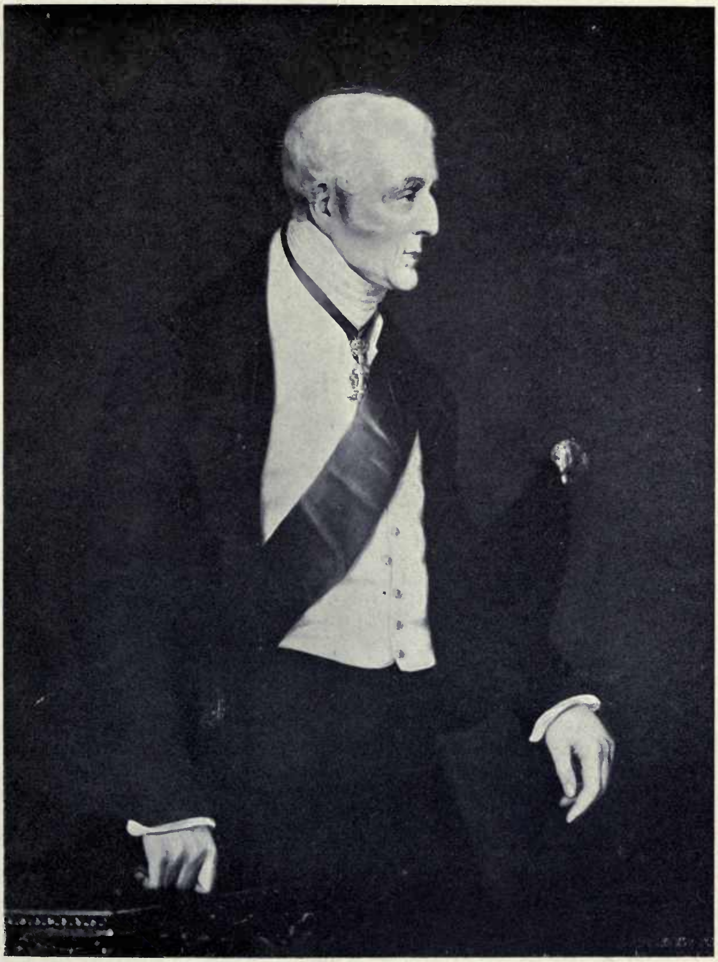
"The exploits of the soldier are performed in the light of the sun and in the face of day; they are performed before his own army, before the enemy; they are seen, they are known; for the most part they cannot be denied or disputed; they are told instantly to the whole world, and receive at once the meed of praise, which is so justly due to the valour and conduct that achieve them. Not so the services of the Minister; they lie not so much in acting in great crises, as in preventing those crises from arising. Therefore they are often obscure and unknown, subject to every species of misrepresentation, and effected amidst obloquy, attack and condemnation, whilst in reality entitled to the approbation and gratitude of the country;—how frequently are such services lost in the tranquillity which they have been the means of preserving, and amidst the prosperity which they have themselves created." [11th March, 1818. Speech on the Indemnity Bill.]

. . . .

"*Parva domus, magna quies.*" Such were the words, engraven over the entrance of a fine and spacious mansion, of the well-known Prince Metternich, Prime Minister of Austria, during the times of the wars of Napoleon. Less rest than was the portion of him that lived in it, seldom fell to a statesman. May the proverb prove more true of the "little house" of statesmen in Downing Street; and its truth be experienced in the case of each in turn who tenants it.

"It is mad to hope for contentment to our infinite soul," as Carlyle said, "from the gifts of this extremely finite world." A day may come—must indeed come—in the life of all men, when even "striving and doing," that one best remedy for "suffering and enduring"; when even work itself must end. A weary disinclination to further labour sooner or later overtakes the most strenuous Minister, and along with it perhaps a nervous sensitiveness to criticism. He is no longer callous of abuse. Why should he endure more? Greater than he has been, he cannot be. If what he has already possessed proved but vanity and vexation of spirit, no delusion remains to entice him onward. The pleasures of office cease to attract.

On the day he steps forth from No. 10, his heart perchance "new opened," no longer "thrice servant" —servant of the Sovereign or State, of fame, and of



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1828-30.

National Portrait Gallery.

From the Portrait (1845) by Count Alfred D'Orsay.

business—may freedom yield those thousand charms that men of Great Place, however contented, but seldom know. And if peradventure in some restful retreat of his own or his ancestors' choosing, he sometimes summon to "the sessions of silent thought" remembrances of things past; may they never be less welcome than those hopeful anticipations with which he first entered upon the laborious duties of Prime Minister: "one self-approval in his heart of hearts" always; that best tribute and true reward, well earned; "beyond the gauds and trappings of renown," priceless and enduring.

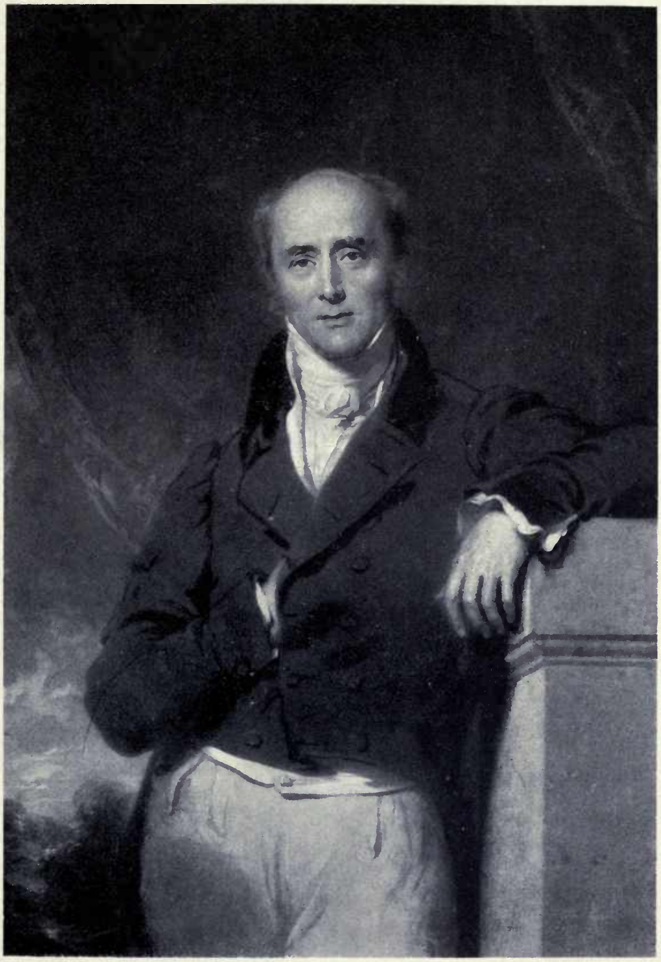
Some Past Associations.

Note.

ON my table lies a list of books of individual and collective Biography, having reference solely to the periods of William Pitt (1759-1806), and Earl Grey (1764-1845). It comprises no less than 120 title entries, every one of which relates to some book of personal and political anecdote and reminiscence, character-study, or the like, which had been specially selected with a view to the following chapters. These volumes, I find, contain many references to more or less distinguished persons who were politically or otherwise connected with Downing Street, and some of whom in their time actually resided at No. 10. But to attempt a satisfactory selection of the more interesting reminiscences, or even of a representative few, to be found scattered through their pages, would be to engage in a task well-nigh hopeless as regards its termination.

Thirty-three Prime Ministers have been connected with the house since Sir Robert Walpole first entered into possession of it. But how many more of their ministerial colleagues during that period, many of whom themselves were among well-known men of their day? Hardly fewer in all, as I compute, than from three to four hundred. None looks for a dictionary of National Biography in a book such as this. None will expect of its author in these pages more than he had undertaken to attempt. That he should endeavour not to lose sight of some who, in their day and generation, have most helped to make famous this old London residence; this is all that will reasonably be looked for in the remaining chapters of this history.

It is hardly likely that, in the continuing march of Metropolitan Improvements, the houses of the First Lord of the Treasury, and his neighbour the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be much longer spared. Indeed I have been told, with what truth I cannot say, that some few years ago No. 11, the house of the last-named, was condemned. A suspension of the sentence passed upon it may only be for a while. If that sentence be carried into effect, it will almost certainly include the house next door. Then farewell for ever to these interesting relics of old London.



CHARLES, 2nd EARL GREY, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1830-4.

From an Engraved Portrait at Howick House, Northumberland.

Prime Ministers

from the year 1735, when Sir Robert Walpole first entered into possession of No. 10, Downing Street :—

1735-1742 .. Sir Robert Walpole.
1742-1743 .. Lord Wilmington.
1743-1754 .. Henry Pelham, Brother of
1754-1756 .. Thomas Pelham Holles (Duke of Newcastle).
1756-1762 .. William Pitt (the elder).
1762-1763 .. Marquis of Bute.
1763-1765 .. George Grenville.
1765-1766 .. Marquis of Rockingham.
1766-1768 .. William Pitt (Earl of Chatham).
1768-1770 .. Duke of Grafton.
1770-1782 .. Lord North.
1782-1783 .. Marquis of Rockingham.
1783 .. The Earl of Shelburne.
1783-1801 .. William Pitt (the younger).
1801-1804 .. Henry Addington (first Viscount Sidmouth).
1804-1806 .. William Pitt.
1806-1807 .. Lord Grenville.
1807-1809 .. Duke of Portland.
1809-1812 .. Spencer Perceval.
1812-1827 .. Lord Liverpool.
1827 .. George Canning.

1827-1828	Lord Goderich.
1828-1830	Duke of Wellington.
1830-1834	Earl Grey.
1834	Lord Melbourne.
1834-1835	Sir Robert Peel.
1835-1841	Lord Melbourne.
1841-1846	Sir Robert Peel.
1846-1852	Lord John Russell.
1852	Earl of Derby.
1852-1855	Earl of Aberdeen.
1855-1858	Lord Palmerston.
1858-1859	Earl of Derby.
1859-1865	Lord Palmerston.
1865-1866	Earl Russell.
1866-1868	Earl of Derby.
1868	Benjamin Disraeli.
1868-1874	William Ewart Gladstone.
1874-1880	B. Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.
1880-1885	W. E. Gladstone.
1885-1886	Marquis of Salisbury.
1886	W. E. Gladstone.
1886-1892	Marquis of Salisbury.
1892-1894	W. E. Gladstone.
1894-1895	Earl of Rosebery.
1895-1902	Marquis of Salisbury.
1902-1906	Arthur James Balfour.
1906	Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

CHAPTER XII.

Walpole, Wilmington and North.

THERE was a political admirer of Walpole's—presumably much more easily satisfied than the majority—who asked no other favour of that great Minister than that he would bow to him at his Levée. That Levée was held upstairs, in those rooms in one of which we last sat, listening to the "whispers of fancy," where Mr. Gladstone in the last year of his premiership (1894) met his Cabinet for the last time and so pathetically bade them farewell. Sir Algernon West (sometime his secretary) tells us that it was known in his time as the "Deputation Room." "When Mr. Gladstone returned to office in 1892 he found it difficult to hear at the long table in the accustomed room [the Cabinet Room]; and the 'captain's biscuits' and carafe of water which are granted by a grateful country to its Ministers, were taken upstairs into what was called 'the Deputation Room.'" This room, elsewhere described, no doubt originally was the Drawing-room, used for receptions; as it sometimes is to-day.

To people the Levée of Sir Robert Walpole with the wigged and frocked personages of his time, would require gifts of a more imaginative kind than we may lay claim to. It would require an eye for colour, and a pretty taste for the fashions of the period: the skirted cloth and velvet coats of every brilliant tint and shade, from brightest scarlet and cerulean blue, to the "bloom-colour" of Oliver Goldsmith's liking, trimmed with gold or silver lace; the long waistcoat with deep pockets covered with embroidery; nether garments of silk, cloth or velvet; silken stockings and broad-toed shoes, with immense buckles; the lace tie, white stock, or muslin cravat; and the hair dressed with a "Ramilie tail," for which fashion, by the way, the *élégantes* of the time were indebted to the "all-accomplished St. John," Viscount Bolingbroke.

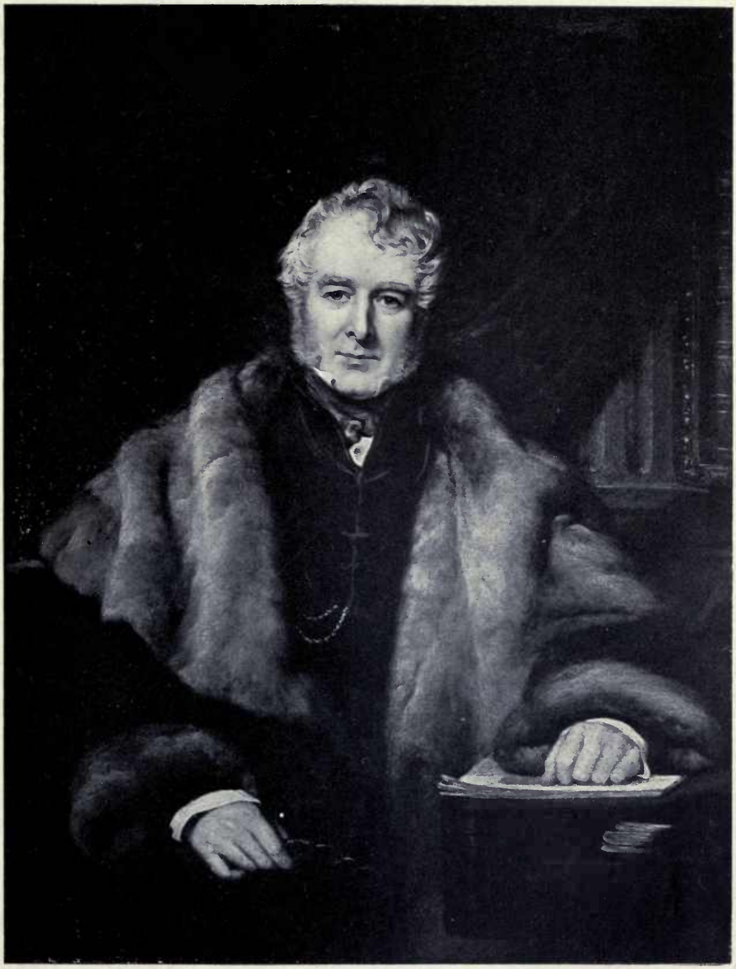
Once upon a time, in the days when we were young, not to know our Bolingbroke was to know little enough of English history, and still less of English poetry; for it was to him that Pope dedicated his well-known "Essay on Man." Lord Chesterfield the Great considered Bolingbroke as the most deeply erudite man, "the most elegant for politeness and good breeding," of any courtier and man of the world he had ever known. "His address pre-engages, his elegance persuades, and his knowledge informs all who approach him." Walpole and he were of an age. Each prided himself on that "polite and happy turn to gallantry," of which we have spoken, and of which Sir Robert "had undoubtedly less than any man living."

Lord Bolingbroke was nothing, if not a practised diplomatist. Depend upon it, then, that he, though, during the most of his career, violently opposed politically to Walpole, at some time or another mounted the stone staircase of No. 10. At all events he dined with Sir Robert Walpole. The Earl of Chesterfield himself doubtless found occasion to call; and the elder Pitt also; and the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, who (*vicé* Lord Wilmington) followed Walpole as First Lord of the Treasury in 1743, and Thomas Pelham Holles (Duke of Newcastle), who succeeded his brother Henry Pelham as Prime Minister in 1754. We had hoped to have associated that artful and active statesman, "fed with dedications" (as Pope said), Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax; and Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, he who was really the last Lord High Treasurer of the realm, excepting the Duke of Shrewsbury, for a few hours in 1714: we had hoped, we say, to have associated these two distinguished statesmen with No. 10; but they could only have known the house from its proximity to the Council Chamber of the Cockpit—unless, indeed, as visitors in Count Bothmar's day. William Petty, first Marquis of Lansdowne (Earl of Shelburne), knew No. 10; as did Lord Henry Petty, third Marquis, his successor—who lived for eighty-three years, dying in 1863, when Lord Palmerston was Premier.

We remember somewhere to have read that the third marquis, referred to, who died at Bowood in the year stated—and who was born in 1780—used to say that his father had "intimately known a man who had intimately known one who had known Charles I."—namely, Stephen Fox, one of the royal pages (1648), who was the first to announce the death of Cromwell to Charles II. But this by the way.

Walpole was a minister given by the King to the People. Pitt (Earl of Chatham) was a minister given by the People to the King. Pitt was a meteor. Sir Robert Walpole was a fixed star. Such was the distinction between these twain as Prime Ministers, drawn by that stout old Tory of the Tories, Samuel Johnson, of Gough Square, Fleet Street, learned in the human letters and in the political antipathies alike. "The dog's a Whig!" he would exclaim.

Sir Robert Walpole became popular with both King and people, even though "no one ever said a civil thing to him, though many a flattering one." "He was the best minister this country ever had,"



VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.

PRIME MINISTER 1834, 1835-41.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait by John Partridge.

old Johnson declared one night at the club ; " for if we would have let him be, he would have kept it in perpetual peace." " He had ten times as much business to do as the Duke of Newcastle, and always got through it, because he was never seen in a hurry," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son. " When he handed back the seals to King George II., ten times did His Majesty replace them in his hat," wrote his biographer ; and then one of the two fell a-crying, and the other, we are told, was greatly moved. He bore no enmity to his political rivals, and as we have said invited Lord Bolingbroke, who was one of the greatest, to dinner—which invitation we are glad to know was accepted.

He would always pick out and open first, in all his mass of correspondence, the letter from his huntsman ; and was the originator of our Parliamentary " week-end," for he hunted o' Saturdays. Moreover, he expended of Secret Service money £79,000 a year. Multiply £79,000 by twenty, and we have £1,580,000 —a prodigious sum, when we come to think of it, to be drawn from the Treasury to be spent secretly. John Scrope, Esquire, knew in what manner it was spent, but stoutly refused to tell the House of Commons. Finally, " Whig it," wrote Walpole, "with all opponents who will parley; but 'ware Tory." Only a thoroughgoing sportsman could write of party politics in so brief and pleasing a fashion. What wonder that Sir Robert should have led the House of Commons "over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier, through flood, through fire" for a full score of years, during seven of which, 1735 to 1742, he lived at No. 10, spending his week-ends with his pack of harriers at Houghton, or with his beagles in Richmond new park. A splendid type of a Prime Minister this—as popular as he of a century later, who "would have his way," Lord Palmerston.

The jovial, good-humoured, practical Sir Robert was not too polite or guarded in his language. "There are two men who want the sole management of the army," said he, when retreating after the great Walpolean battle of 1742, "the King and Argyle, but by G—d, neither of them shall have it." Evil communications corrupt good manners. "I have the honour to announce to your Majesty, that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburgh on Saturday last, the 10th instant." "Dat is one big lie!" roared out his sacred Majesty King George II., aroused from his afternoon nap by Sir Robert, at Richmond Lodge, on 14th June, 1727: "a weak, narrow, sordid and unfeeling master," we read, "who, seated by fortune on a throne, was calculated by nature for a pawnbroker's shop." Neither the salutation nor the characterization are agreeable. But the times were different. One wonders to-day that illustrious men should have spoken or written thus—a king in speech to a minister ; a cultured and once celebrated author in writing of a king. When forced for the first time to receive Mr. Pitt, the elder, as his councillor—"Mrs. Waller told me, that she stood near the King on the occasion, and saw him shed tears" (Glover's "Political Memoirs," 1814). "Mr. Fox, meeting Mr. Pitt on one of the landing-places of the staircase in Leicester House, then the Prince of Wales's, accosted him by saying that he came from the King, who was very desirous of taking Mr. Pitt into his service. 'You, sir ?' replies Mr. Pitt, with a look which implied the utmost aversion and contempt ; 'you come from the King ?' . . . . 'When His Majesty shall condescend to signify his pleasure to me by anyone entitled to my confidence and esteem, I shall not be wanting in expressions of duty to His Majesty, and devotion to his service.'" The times, we repeat, were different.

As an example of the unbridled invective with which politics were often discussed in Sir Robert Walpole's time, the following lines by Swift, applied by him to that Minister himself, are not without interest :—

"With favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
He's loud in his laugh, and he's coarse in his jest;
Of favour and fortune unmerited vain;
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience, improving in blunders;
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his country to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks by retailing false news;
A prater at court in the style of the stews;
Of virtue and worth by profession a giber;
Of juries and senates the bully and briber;
Though I name not the wretch, you all know who I mean—
'Tis the cur-dog of Britain and spaniel of Spain."

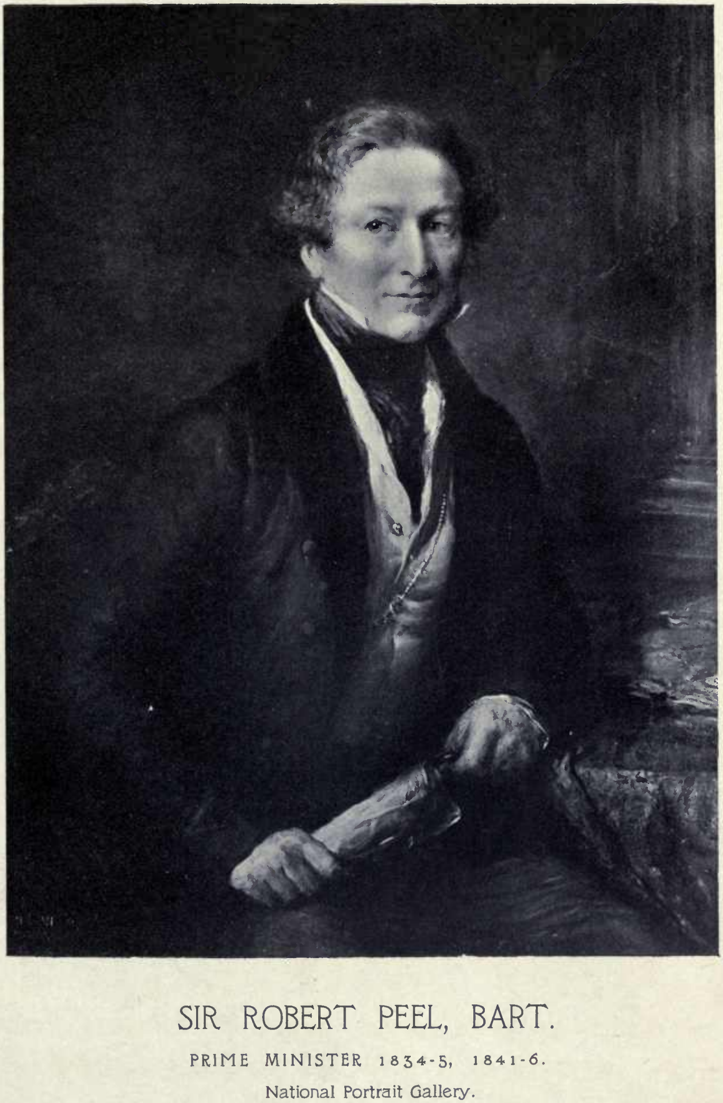
So wrote the Very Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's, learned in Letters and Divinity. We wonder how Sir Robert took the libel—in foul scurrility hard to be surpassed? We order such matters of criticism better to-day, as the records of the Law-courts show.

Lord Wilmington (formerly Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons, and favourite of George II. when Prince of Wales) came into possession of No. 10 on Sir Robert Walpole's defeat, and promotion to the peerage. Much to his son Horace's regret, Lord Wilmington lent it to a lady—Mrs. Sandys. Sir Spencer Compton contributed not a little to that elevation to power, which Sir Robert so long enjoyed. A few days after King George II.'s accession to the throne, Queen Caroline had asked Compton what dowry she should have in case she had the misfortune to survive the King. "As much, madam, as any Queen of England ever had," he replied, "which is £50,000 a year." Sir Robert Walpole hearing of this, remarked to some efficient court-gossip, that "had Her Majesty referred the matter to him, he should have named £100,000." Needless to say, this generous intention was duly transmitted to the Queen. Hence it happened that the position of chief ministerial adviser, which King George II. had designed that his favourite Sir Spencer Compton should enjoy, fell to the portion of Walpole. Sir Spencer himself, by way of compensation, was created Earl, and Knight of the Garter, and was appointed President of the Council. He came to his own (so to speak) "at the longed-for money-board," some twenty-two years later; but never resided at No. 10, having lent it, as we have said, to Mrs. Sandys.

It seems that the "First Lord's" house may be lent by the Minister in office; for that has happened in later times, and doubtless more frequently in earlier. Otherwise, who inhabited it during those long intervals when a First Lord of the Treasury preferred to remain in his own house, elsewhere in London? For example, in Arlington Street, spoken of by Horace Walpole—who lived there, in his father's old house (No. 5 on the east side) after his death, as "the Ministerial Street."

Lord North now appears on the Downing Street stage. He was in actual occupation of No. 10 for thirteen years (1770-1783) ; five more than Walpole had inhabited it. Lord North became so attached to the room he officially occupied—so at least the story runs—that after he had ceased to be First Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would knock at the door of No. 10, pass within, shamble along to that room, and take his old accustomed seat, as if nothing meanwhile in the political world had happened, " much to the astonishment " of the secretarial staff there foregathered, who knew him not as First Lord in possession. An ex-Prime Minister who should do this thing, from mere force of habit, was obviously not undeserving the attention of the historian.

A political contemporary who could lay claim to that distinction in an eminent degree, and who, by the bye, wrote like Mephistopheles, with pen spluttering liquid fire, said of Lord North (in the " Public Advertiser," January 21st, 1769-70), the year in which his lordship entered on his lengthy occupancy, as follows : " This happened frequently to poor Lord North," for thus he refers to him : " Poor Lord North, having the management of the King's affairs in the House of Commons . . . . was repeatedly called down for absolute ignorance, ridiculous motions ridiculously withdrawn, deliberate



SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

PRIME MINISTER 1834-5, 1841-6.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait by John Linnell.

plans disconcerted, and a week's preparation of graceful oratory lost in a moment." "This graceful Minister (he goes on to say on another page) is oddly constructed. His tongue is a little too big for his mouth, and his eyes a great deal too big for their sockets. Every part of his person sets natural proportions at defiance. At this present writing, his head is supposed to be much too heavy for his shoulders."

Who was it that wrote thus of a statesman long resident at No. 10? Who? None can tell. During the first half of the nineteenth century his identity had become England's mystery—its literary mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask. That identity remains as much a mystery as ever; and studious readers of the present would drop any book which should seek to solve it. "I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me." And so it did; and the whole story has been long since forgotten.

An engraved portrait of "poor Lord North" lies before us. Truth to say, it presents no very engaging impression of a man of light and leading; of a Minister who had the management of King George III.'s affairs in the House of Commons for several years. The portrait shown in profile is that of a dull, heavy, fat-faced man, in a bag-wig. The forehead recedes, the eye is as the "fretful" porcupine-pen of Junius describes, the upper lip protrudes, the nose is small, the chin terminates in a pouch of superfluous fat, the line of the figure from the neck downward curves to what must apparently end in an "unbounded stomach"; and yet, withal, the face is that of an amiable and kindly man, bearing no slight resemblance to that of the King, his master. Not the sort of man this, one would say, to stand in the King's house, "make his legges, and prune himself, and court a lady"; or for that matter with too much "brains to employ himself in things more suitable to man's nobler sex." But Lord North must have been endowed with more than the average share, or never could he have stayed in Downing Street for thirteen years.

We came across an old letter of his, dated 1784, from Lower Grosvenor Street, addressed to a supporter who had resigned a lucrative office "in order to oblige Government." "I have been sometimes uneasy (it says) when I have felt myself unable to shew my friends that attention I could wish, and my uneasiness may have appeared in my countenance; but your very steady and friendly support has made an impression on my mind, which will never permit me to think of you otherwise than with sentiments of the warmest attachment. I am ever most heartily, your obliged, North." This letter was characteristic of the man; "a great, heavy, booby-looking changeling," says one ; " with an inflated visage that gave him the appearance of a trumpeter," writes another ; " easy-going and obstinate, but of a quick wit and sweet temper," says a third ; " of infinite wit and pleasantry," wrote Burke, " and with a mind most perfectly disinterested." Of what other Prime Minister of England has as much been recorded ? When he was blind, and dying of dropsy at Bushey, " his spirits, wit, good sense, humour, drollery," were as bright and keen as ever. " Poor Lord North," indeed ! Let him be henceforth written down, at all events in this unpolitical history, as Lord North the blest—of " spotless integrity."

It is said that when, on his final defeat in December, 1783, the King's messenger called at No. 10 for the delivery of the seals, his lordship was in bed. If any-one wished to see him, he answered, he must see his wife too. And accordingly the messenger entered the bedroom. Could any be persuaded to write unkindly of a First Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer—over-night defeated in the House of Commons—gifted with so nice a sense of humour ? " There is no such thing in the British Constitution as Prime Minister," he once declared. Certainly there is no other example of a Prime Minister, he being the chief exponent of that constitution in the House of Commons, who thus humbled his exalted office, and suffered it to be so reported in history.

We like him all the more, because he was the only Minister seated at the Council-table "who didn't laugh" when news arrived in England of that memorable event of December 16th, 1773, associated with the locality known as Griffin's Wharf, Boston, Massachusetts. On a tablet, familiar enough to this present writer, placed on a building near the spot, that ancient story is told in a nutshell of how "to defeat King George's trivial but tyrannical tax of 3d. a pound," certain citizens of Boston, partly disguised as Indians, "boarded three British ships and threw 342 chests of tea into the sea, and made the world ring with the Patriotic Exploit of the Boston Tea Party." Lord North had been mainly instrumental in inviting that party to revolt in masquerade, which was later to grow into a revolution.

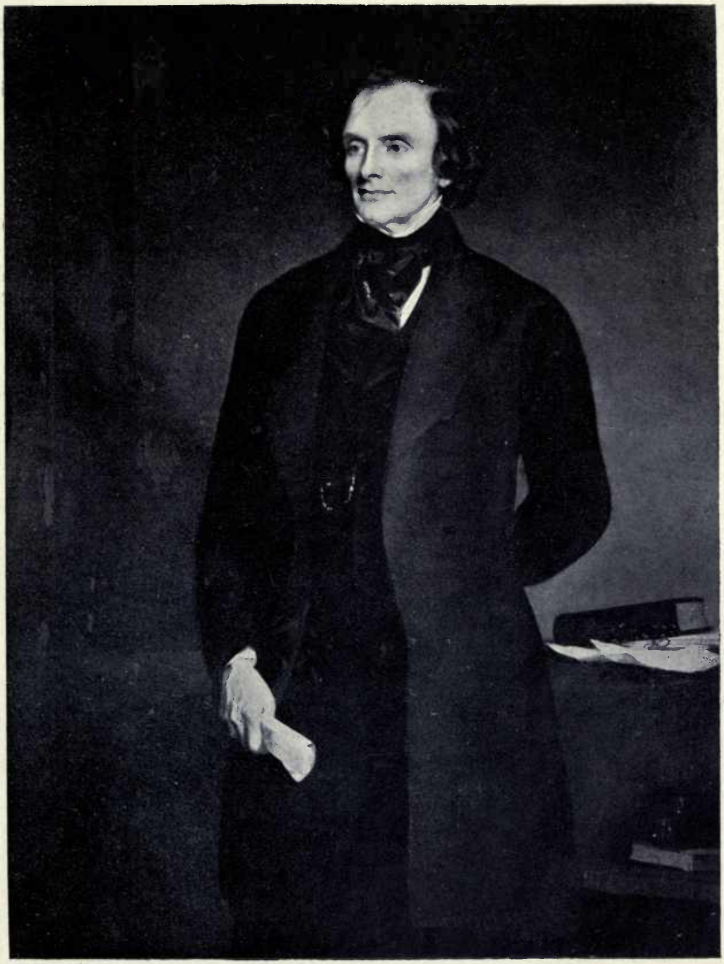
It was on his motion in the Cabinet (May 1st, 1769) that the obnoxious tea duty had been retained. He paid the penalty of most unsuccessful men, whether Ministers of State or any other. The King parted with him rudely, without thanking him, "and finally charged him with treachery and ingratitude of the blackest nature." Notwithstanding all of which, Lord North kept his sweet temper, his pleasantry and keen sense of humour, to the last; so that even those who criticised and condemned, liked him. The humorous vein is always reckoned more satisfying than the pathetic, and is frequently more useful than the more serious exercise of reason. To a man who appears in public, more *éclat* is to be gained by a *bon-mot* than a learned speech. It was the fund of natural humour which Lord North possessed that made him so much the favourite of the House of Commons, and " so able, because so amiable, a leader of a party."

Amiability begets amiability. Lord North used to slumber on the Treasury bench—as some do now. As well he might, said Gibbon, " when supported by the majestic sense of Thurlow on the one side, and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne on the other." The " majestic sense " of Thurlow's literary style will be found sufficiently elegantly expressed in his lordship's poems (1813-4). In his " Song of Britain " he charges this memorable deed to George, Prince Regent, among that illustrious personage's other acts, hitherto unrecorded in any history : " Thames, by thy victories, is set on fire ! " Thus the learned Lord Chancellor Thurlow ; who, furthermore, was enabled to trace that august prince's descent in the same poem, from Jupiter, through Hercules and others ; a thing never yet attempted since Queen Elizabeth's day—who herself went no farther back than Eve.

It may be interesting to note that the letter in which Lord North (Chancellor of the University of

Oxford) proposed to Convocation to confer the degree of Doctor in Civil Law on Samuel Johnson, is dated "Downing Street, March 3, 1775." It was he, as everyone knows, who first undertook to report the Parliamentary Debates, taking care that "the Whig dogs should not have the best of it." He reported them, and from memory too, so admirably, that one of Johnson's learned friends at dinner declared a speech of the elder Pitt to be the best he had ever read. "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street," said sturdy old Johnson. Even to-day the House of Commons debates are so excellently well reported, that some members are amazed at the eloquence with which they spoke overnight, and at the length of their speeches, as published in the provinces in the morning. They are mainly indebted to Johnson for this useful aid to their fame.

Some say it was to Berkeley Square Johnson went, to thank the Marquis of Bute in that little affair of a Civil List pension. I prefer to think it was here. It was in May, 1762, that the Marquis was appointed First Lord of the Treasury. In that very month and year, old Samuel Johnson got his pension. A year after, the most unpopular minister of his times resigned. His principal delight, we are told, was to listen to the melancholy roar of the sea from his marine villa on the cliffs, overlooking the Needles.



JOHN, EARL RUSSELL, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1846-52, 1865-6.

National Portrait Gallery.

From the whole length Portrait
by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.

Possibly that recreation, and his love of botany, may have accounted in some measure for his unpopularity. “To scorn delights and live laborious days” is the principal duty of a First Lord of the Treasury, which implies that “the melancholy roar” of the ceaseless traffic of Whitehall is the sound he has to accustom himself to, whether he will or no.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Pitts, Father and Son.

AS may be supposed—indeed, we have indicated as much—this present effort in street history has involved no little research and gleanings in greater fields of history. In the course of our labours that way, we have found ourselves in the company of all sorts of distinguished statesmen who, in their time, were officially connected with Downing Street. Of all those men, we have been attracted by the personality of the great Lord Chatham least of almost any. We stand in an intolerable awe of his lordship, doubtful if he will even return an insignificant citizen the customary salutation of the hat, made in dutiful recognition of one who, toward the close of George the Second's reign, had made England "the greatest country in the world," and whose services to the nation are writ large in the world's history of that period.

We greatly admire him ; we at once raise the hat as he passes, and with a flourish in the grand manner bow low to him. We shout "Hurrah ! Hurrah !" and again "Hurrah for Mr. Pitt!" as we stand in the motley crowd of his admirers, outside the "Axe and Gate," at the corner of Downing Street, to see the great man pass in his chariot to old Palace Yard. We clap our hands, stamp our feet, and are clutched by the collar and ignominiously thrust forth from the strangers' gallery of the House of Lords—if there was such a gallery in those days—for unlawfully applauding his splendid appeal for peace with the Americans, on May 30th, 1777. All this we do, and suffer, and cheerfully submit to the consequences. Black Rod's messenger may lay us by the heels, and hail us before the sitting magistrate at Bow Street—one Mr. Justice Thrasher, ill-conditioned successor of Henry Fielding, Esquire, famous editor of "The Jacobite Journal," and father of the English novel, as every admirer of "Tom Jones" will remember—the messenger of Black Rod may do this, for riotous conduct within the precincts of the House of Lords, for all that we care; for our admiration of the great Lord Chatham knows no bounds.

We see him in his accustomed place, swathed in flannels, groaning inwardly with pain, holding stoutly by his crutch, standing this moment, seated the next, in a state of great mental and bodily excitement. "You may ravage," he sternly tells the listening Lords; "but you cannot conquer. It is impossible.

You cannot, I say, conquer the Americans. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch"—and he bears the pain unflinchingly as he sternly raps the floor with that too familiar support.

Who can help admiring the great Lord Chatham, thus forcefully appealing to the good sense and forbearance of the reluctant peers? But as to liking him—liking him as we do his son—this, we confess, we cannot bring ourselves to do. "His vanity was excessive. His haughtiness to his colleagues was only equalled by his servility to the King." His tone, we are told by Macaulay, submissive in the Closet, was insupportably tyrannical in the Cabinet. His colleagues were merely his clerks for naval, financial and diplomatic business. Such language as his, one day protested one of those colleagues, "had never been heard west of Constantinople." It was his War Minister who said it, who probably knew by repute what terrible language they used in Flanders. What must that haughty bearing have been to those whom he considered his inferiors? Hardly less than repellant. And thus it comes to pass, that personally we view the great Lord Chatham with as little affection as the man who built Downing Street. But we entertain immense admiration and respect for the one, and have little of either for the other. Downing wins our commendation for his courage and vigour—fighting an uphill fight at great odds ; but when we have said this, we have said all.

A statesman who addressed "great Nature's proxy" (David Garrick) in such terms as the following, is not likely to have been greatly enamoured of the scenic attractions of Downing Street, Whitehall, or the social attractions of the grander mansions of St. James's and Berkeley Squares—

> "To my plain roof repair . . . .
> Come, taste the simple life of patriarchs of old,
> Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or gold."

It was thus Lord Chatham besought his friend the actor's companionship at beautiful Mount Edgecumbe, over the waters of Plymouth Sound. "So many bellows had blown the fire of Garrick's vanity," that his old friend, "the great lexicographer," wondered he had not become a cinder. "And such bellows, too!" interposed Boswell : "Lord Mansfield with his cheeks like to burst ; Lord Chatham like an Aeolus."

This great man's services to the State, eloquently summed up by Edmund Burke, are engraven on marble, where everyone may read them, in London's Guildhall. London's tribute to his memory shall have its place in this history. It was to No. 10 (so 'tis said) that Lord Chatham was carried, when the curtain had rung down on the last painful scene in the theatre of so many of his triumphs—the Palace of Westminster.

"In grateful acknowledgment (runs the inscription) to the Supreme Disposer of Events, who intending to advance this Nation, for such time as to His wisdom seemed good, to an high pitch of Prosperity and Glory; by unanimity at Home; by confidence and reputation Abroad; by alliances wisely chosen and faithfully observed; by Colonies united and protected; by decisive Victories by sea and land; by Conquests made by arms and generosity in every part of the globe; by Commerce, for the first time united with, and made to flourish by war; was pleased to raise up as a principal instrument in this memorable work, William Pitt.

"The Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council, mindful of the benefits which the City of London received in her ample share in the general prosperity, have erected to the memory of this Eminent Statesman and powerful Orator, this monument in her Guildhall; that her citizens may never meet for the transaction of their affairs, without being reminded that the means by which Providence raises a nation to greatness are the Virtues infused into great men; and that to withhold from those virtues, either of the living or the dead, the tribute of esteem and veneration, is to deny to themselves the means of Happiness and Honour.

"This distinguished person, for the services rendered to King George the Second and to King George the Third, was created Earl of Chatham. The British Nation honoured his memory with a public funeral and a public monument amongst her illustrious men in Westminster Abbey."

He was that Minister—he stayed at 10, Downing Street, no longer than the brief interval, after his dramatic fainting-fit in the House of Lords, while arrangements were being made to carry him to Hayes Place—who declared that "he would relax not in anything, till the Tower of London be taken sword in hand," by one of those European powers which were then so threatening to England. "You will again tell M. Wall, that no concessions will be yielded." It was this he wrote as Secretary of State, to one of England's Ambassadors to a continental power.

From one of the many criticisms of his career, published within a few years of his death, we venture to quote the following just estimate of his character. This book had not been complete without reference to William Pitt the elder, the great Lord Chatham.

"The public life of Pitt is a rude though striking piece—a piece abounding in incongruities—a piece without any unity of plan, but redeemed by some noble passages, the effect of which is increased by the tameness or extravagance of what precedes and of what follows. His opinions were unfixed. His conduct at some of the most important conjunctures of his life was evidently determined by pride and resentment. He had one fault, which of all human faults is most rarely found in company with true greatness. He was extremely affected. He was an almost solitary instance of a man of real genius, and of a brave, lofty and commanding spirit, without simplicity of character. He was an actor in the Closet, an actor in Council, an actor in Parliament ; and even in private society he could not lay aside his theatrical tones and attitudes. We know that one of the most distinguished of his partisans often complained that he could never obtain admittance to Lord Chatham's room till everything was ready for the representation—till the dresses and properties were all correctly disposed—till the light was thrown with Rembrandt-like effect on the head of the illustrious performer—till the flannels had been arranged with the air of a Grecian drapery, and the crutch placed as gracefully as that of Belisarius or Lear.

"Yet, with all his faults and affectations, Pitt had, in a very extraordinary degree, many of the elements of greatness. He had splendid talents, strong passions, quick sensibility, and vehement enthusiasm for the grand and the beautiful. . . . But in an age of low and dirty prostitution—in the age of Doddington and Sandys—it was something to have a man who might perhaps, under some strong excitement, have been tempted to ruin his country, but who never would have stooped to pilfer from her ; a man whose errors arose, not from a sordid desire of gain, but from a fierce thirst for power, for glory and for vengeance.

"History owes to him this attestation—that at a time when anything short of direct embezzlement of the public money was considered as quite fair in public men, he showed the most scrupulous disinterestedness—that at a time when it seemed to be generally taken for granted that Government could be upheld only by the basest and most immoral arts, he appealed to the better and nobler parts of human nature—that he made a brave and splendid attempt to do, by means of public opinion, what no other statesman of his day thought it possible to do, except by means of corruption—that he looked for support not, like the Pelhams, to a strong Aristocratical connexion, not, like Bute, to the personal favour of the Sovereign, but to the Middle-class of Englishmen—that he inspired that class with a firm confidence in his integrity and ability—that, backed by them, he forced an unwilling court and an unwilling oligarchy to admit him to an ample share of power—and that he used his power in such a manner as clearly proved that he had sought it, not for the sake of profit or patronage, but from a wish to establish for himself a great and durable reputation by means of eminent services rendered to the State."*

His memory is entitled, then, to the veneration of every reader of this book, of that class which Lord Chatham helped to make the most powerful politically of any. It always had been the strongest in moral virtue and excellence, the most patriotic, and the stoutest upholder of right, liberty and national honour—as happily it remains to-day.

William Pitt, the younger (so I have somewhere read in books) counted all days lost which were not spent at No. 10, where Lady Hester Stanhope, his eccentric niece, kept house for him. Then he must have lost a good many days, for he was partial to rural Bromley, in Kent, stayed at one time at 14, York Place, and finally rented a villa at Putney. Moreover, Lady Hester Stanhope kept house for him at No. 10 for two years only (1804-6). During that time, "she arranged the Treasury banquets, dispensed much official patronage"—and playfully blacked the Premier's face with a bit of burnt cork: probably during a nap after a Treasury banquet.

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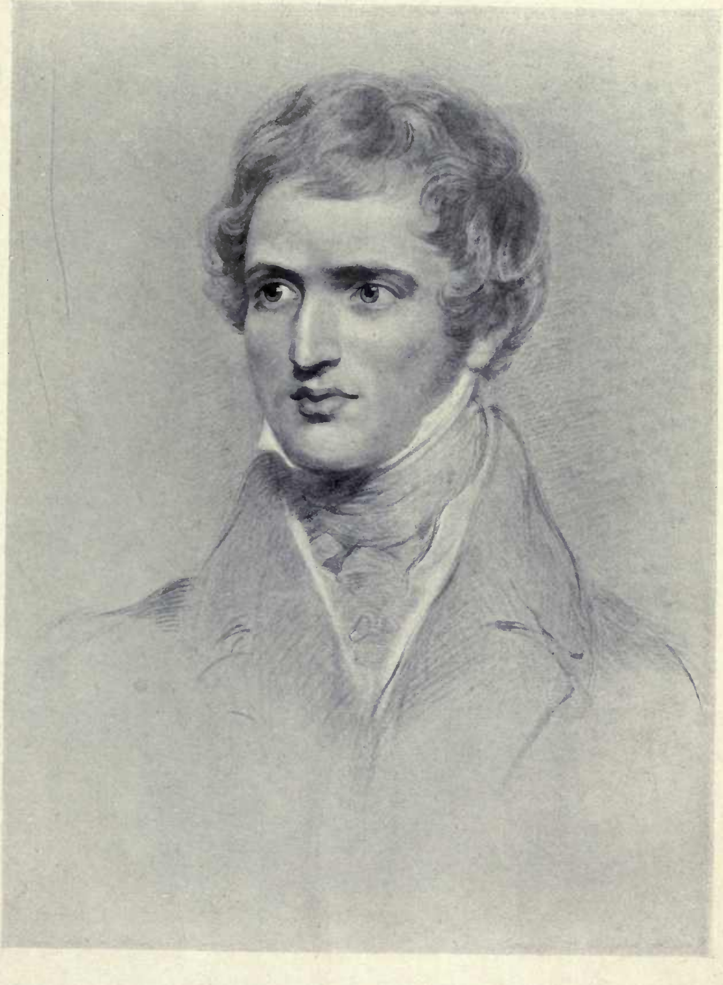
* Thackeray's "History of the Earl of Chatham": Article in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1834; pages 509–10. It is unnecessary to add that the author was not the famous novelist of that name.

It was Lady Hester, it will be remembered, who acquired celebrity from her long residence in the Lebanon, and her influence among its half-savage people. Poor soul! she died there, as she had lived, "in proud isolation." "I let her do as she pleases, for if she were resolved to cheat the devil, she could do it." So said Mr. Pitt, First Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose knowledge of the business of the Treasury did not prevent his domestic larder being weekly loaded with provisions, in quantities sufficient to withstand a siege. "If she were resolved to cheat the devil, she could do it," said the uncle. "And so I could," said the niece. And the devil, in the shape of servants, was robbing the two all the time; and the Druses of the Lebanon later robbed the lady of all she possessed.

It was long supposed to have been William Pitt who built the banqueting-room of No. 10 and the lordly and spacious stone kitchen below. But of this we always had a doubt, which we find upheld by authority not to be disputed. It is Soane's renovating handiwork which is represented in each—reproducing the Tudor style below stairs, and his notions of a dining-room of Sir Robert Walpole's day above. The lordly kitchen already made note of, must have furnished forth many a generous and excellent repast in Pitt's time, as we make no doubt it does to-day; dinners duly appreciated by distinguished host and equally distinguished guests—sometimes to the number of fifty—seated about the table in that interesting room, where so many ministerial "Birthday banquets" of later times have been held. Its present appearance is largely due to the forethought of Lord Beaconsfield, who caused it to be taken in hand and restored throughout—if we are not mistaken, early in his last administration — at a cost of some two or three thousand pounds.

Appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1782, at the age of twenty-three; displaced by the coalition of Mr. Fox and Lord North in the spring of 1783; before that year was ended, Pitt had formed an administration of his own. He continued at the head of it for seventeen years. Early in 1801 he retired from office, on a difference of opinion between himself and King George III. on the Roman Catholic question. Three years later, at the age of forty-five, he was called upon to form a new administration. In 1806 he died at his villa at Putney, worn out with the cares and toils of his active life, and lies, along with his father, in Westminster Abbey.



EDWARD STANLEY, 14th EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1852, 1858-9, 1866-8.

Drawn from Lord Stanley by F. C. Lewis.
Engraved by F. C. Lewis, Engraver to the Queen.

Like father, like son, in one respect : the younger Pitt successfully appealed also to the political suffrages of the great middle-class, against the preponderating influence of the aristocracy.

"It appears to me that nothing can save the Constitution but the revival of the true Whig principles in a body of the community sufficiently numerous and powerful to snatch the object of contention from opposing factions. In the Portland* party it is in vain to look for a revival, fettered with blue ribbands, secretaryships and military commands : freedom of action may be as soon expected from prisoners in chains. Where then are we to look for the principles that may save us ? The only hope that Great Britain has, is in the returning sense and reason of the country gentleman and middle-classes of society, which may influence the legislature to adopt the safe and enlightened policy of removing the weight of the objections to our Constitution by diminishing the truth of them."

Thus wrote "A friend of the Constitution," in 1796, when Pitt had been in office thirteen years ; none other than the maligned and greatly misunderstood Rev. T. R. Malthus, F.R.S., one of the best and wisest of men, good Christian, good husband, good father, trusty friend of those that lived by labour—learned author of what people still speak of as the "Malthusian Theory." Pitt ought to have made him a bishop; but did not. He might perchance have made him a dean; but did not. Undoubtedly he might have given him a Crown living; but did not. The man who "feared no danger, because he knew no sin," got nothing from No. 10; for he was a political reformer, born out of due time. To-day, perchance, he might have been Bishop of Hereford, or Dean of Westminster. But he toiled, and got nothing from Mr. Pitt or any other minister.

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* William, Third Duke of Portland, twice Prime Minister, who died in 1809.

We admire and love Mr. Pitt, because, though a peer's son, he began life on £300 a year; because he was a man of genial humour, and not haughty; because he early sowed his wild oats, along with Wilberforce—only to think of it!—Alvanley and Eliot, and pulled up in time; because he relished a glass of good old Port, and did not cant over the penalty; because his servants robbed him, and he knew it; because on his death-bed he did not forget his poor eccentric niece, the Lady Hester Stanhope: "Dear soul! (said he) I know that she loves me"; and, finally, because, though steeped to the eyes in debt, he refused the gift of £100,000 from the Merchants of London and an additional £30,000 from the King's

Privy purse; and worked on at the post of duty till Death touched him and beckoned him away—his conscience clear and unsullied in regard to his trust for the Commonwealth. "His greatness of soul enabled him to rise above calamity." They called him "the Saviour of England" at a Lord Mayor's feast. "Nay," he reminded them, "England is not to be saved by any one man. She has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." One of the noblest and greatest of England's Prime Ministers this. None greater, according to our thinking, associated with the history of No. 10. For he died at forty-five, look you; at an age when most Prime Ministers have been in their political infancy.

It is difficult for us, general political practitioners, to realise to-day what political special practice meant when Pitt was in power, and had his consulting-room in Downing Street. It was then the habit of King George III. to say, that he should regard this man, or that, as his "enemy," who should vote for this or that measure in Parliament. They were the King's "friends" or the King's "enemies." His enemies were almost always of those who were on the popular side, against the privileged classes; and those again were almost always of the wealthy and powerful aristocracy. Their "innings"—to use a sporting phrase—had been up to Pitt's time interminable. If you should ask how "interminable," consult a long-forgotten bulky volume, once before quoted, entitled the "Black Book, or Corruption Unmasked," published by the successors of those Reformers, who were bred as it were out of due time, in William Pitt's administration.

It was he who, earlier than others, considered it "necessary for the preservation of liberty" that the "close" or "rotten" Boroughs system—the Old Sarum system of Parliamentary representation—should be reformed away. It was he who inveighed against "the corrupt influence of the Crown"—the lord or lady behind the throne. It was he who was for checking bribery and corruption in low places, as well as high: at the polling-booth, in Parliament, and outside its walls. It was he who was for sweeping and clearing away the dirty patronage and jobbery accumulated in the public departments of the State. And, as we have said, it was he who, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, leading in the House of Commons, at an age when most men have accomplished nothing—it was he who sought to do all this if England only were willing to lend him its support.

Dying early, worn out by incessant work and by anxiety, and perhaps over-indulgence in "old Port," William Pitt did not effect one twentieth part of those political reforms that he advocated. But what he did actually accomplish is marvellous in our eyes; and as we read of it we lay aside the book, grateful for being once again reminded of that nobly unselfish act of his—at once an encouragement and an exhortation to everyone in any position of trust, no matter how lowly his condition—the refusal of a gift of £130,000 when in debt to the amount of £45,000; because he would not traffic with his conscience where his great trust to the nation was concerned.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fox and Grey.

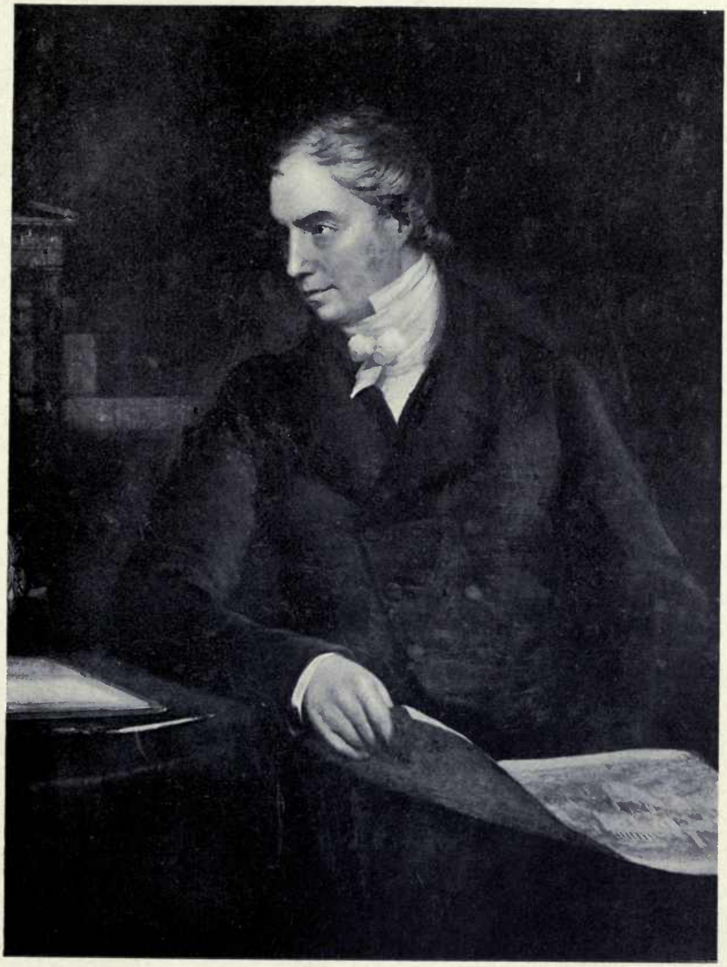
WE have tried our utmost to put Charles James Fox in possession of Walpole's old residence for a while; but the wish will not, unfortunately, fit with the fact. That extraordinary man "who divided the kingdom with Cæsar, so that it was a doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George III. or by the tongue of Fox," never was in occupation of No. 10. That he was very frequently here, in consultation with his colleague of the famous "Coalition" (Lord North), there can be no reasonable doubt; and that Burke and Sheridan were often of the political quartette, in this room or that, upstairs or down, we feel equally sure. But Fox himself was never tenant of the house given to Walpole—as Prime Minister, or as First Lord. Which? No. 10 was "annexed" to the last-named office "for ever." For thus it is recorded.

The reader needs not to be reminded that Prime Ministers have held office other than that of the Treasury: Lord Chatham, for example, was for some time Lord Privy Seal ; so also was the late Lord Salisbury. The Duke of Portland (of the younger Pitt's time), the Duke of Wellington, Lords Russell, Derby and Beaconsfield ; all these First Ministers of the Crown were in their time Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs. A Prime Minister is not necessarily First Lord of the Treasury ; and as the well-polished door-plate under the lion's head knocker notifies everyone, this officially is his house, adjoining that department over which he presides.

Charles James Fox, we say, was certainly familiar with No. 10 ; and if "hazard" ever occupied the after-dinner leisure of Lord North's younger guests, depend upon it that Fox took a seat at the board of green cloth. His bust looks down, as we have said, on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's table in the adjoining Treasury, with which office he was connected for a time, and later became joint Secretary of State with his former leader.

Down to the close of the eighteenth century, No. 10 was the only official residence in Downing Street. The town-house of many a nobleman and personage of distinction stood here along with others. Gibbon was staying here, as appears from some letters we came upon in the old "Monthly Magazine" of Sir Richard Phillips. The historian of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was then occupied with barns and farms, and leases and lawsuits; warning his agent not to forget to "trounce Harris at the next assizes," and declaring that he would rather have the nation for his debtor any day than Magdalen College for his landlord. "The Decline and Fall" had taken the heart's blood out of him, he said, and he was in no mood to excuse the liabilities of debtors, and pay his own creditors with what remained. Later than this period by at least a quarter of a century, Downing Street still comprised many private residences. Bishops, peers, baronets and plain everyday people lived here; Dr. Smollett, author of "Humphrey Clinker" and "Roderick Random," among the rest. He "lodged" here for a time.

Among others I find the name of Delaval as here resident about this time. Sir Francis Blake Delaval, as I conjecture, a contemporary of George Selwyn and of Fox; he who helped to win a bet for Lord March, later Duke of Queensberry—the "old Q." of Piccadilly, and of the Regency, familiar enough to readers of the by-gone gossip of London: Lord March had noticed a coachmaker's journeyman running with a wheel, and on minuting him by a stop watch, found that he actually ran a considerable distance faster with it than most men could run unencumbered. A waiter in Betty's fruit shop (St. James's Street) was



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1852-5.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait (1846) by John Partridge.

famous for speed. Lord March adroitly introduced the topic, and maintaining what appeared a paradox, easily got bets to a large amount, that the waiter would run faster for a mile than anyone could run with the hind-wheel of his lordship's carriage, then standing at the door. But he committed a trifling oversight. The wheel was lower than the wheel the man was used to run with ; and the biter would have been bit, had not Sir Francis Blake Delaval suggested an expedient. The night before the match, planks were obtained from the Board of Works, and a raised groove for the wheel to run in was constructed across the course. The journeyman won, and the Jockey Club decided in Lord March's favour. The " Board of Works " suggests Whitehall—not to add its vicinity. Delaval lived in Downing Street sometime after Horace Walpole had left it.

On the 8th February, 1772, Gibbon writes to his friend Holroyd, in reference to a debate on the Church Establishment :—" By-the-bye, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy war, by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard : his devotion cost him only about £500 per hour—in all £11,000." On December 6th, 1773, the same to the same :—" You know Lord Holland is paying Charles' debts. They amount to £140,000. At a meeting of the creditors, his agent declared, that after deducting

£6,000 a year settled on Ste. (the eldest son), and a decent provision for his old age, the residue of his wealth amounted to no more than £90,000." Horace Walpole mentions another separate payment of £20,000 for the debts of Stephen and Charles. In April, 1772, Charles brought in a Bill to amend the Marriage Bill which his father had so vehemently opposed; and Walpole, after commending the ease, grace and clearness of his speech, says: "He was that very morning returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds the preceding day. He had stopped at some place, where he found company—had sat up all night drinking, and had not been in bed when he came to move his Bill, which he had not even drawn. This was genius; was almost inspiration."

At these dates, according to the record, Fox was a junior Lord of the Treasury under North. Everyone has read his lordship's note of dismissal to his younger colleague of the Board, than which none was ever expressed in terms more humorously terse. "His Majesty (it ran) has thought proper to order a new Commission of Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name.—North."

Whatever is, is right. That curt epistle from the First Lord was fortunate for the future fame of Charles James Fox. Thenceforward the great feature of his political life was to be one long and unwearied opposition to " the alarming power of the Crown." He was to stand forth now as the champion of the Whig party—in due time to become its pride and boast—fighting the battle of the people, against " the profligate extravagance, the sycophant mediocrity, and the stupid obstinacy of the court-party " of the period of George III. Worthily and well to act that part, was for Fox to take the Whigs' side on all great questions, as well inside as outside the House of Commons ; and never was he seduced by a love of power, wealth or popularity, from keeping to this the political purpose of his life. We of to-day are indebted to the political labours of Charles James Fox of more than a century ago, in greater measure than some might suppose.

" When a nation has become free (as has been well said), it is extremely difficult to persuade the people that their freedom is only to be preserved by perpetual and minute jealousy. They do not observe that there is a constant, perhaps an unconscious, effort on the part of their governors to diminish, and so ultimately to destroy, that freedom. They stupidly imagine that what is will always be ; and contented with the good they have already gained, are easily persuaded to suspect and vilify those friends—the object of whose life is to preserve that good, and to increase it."

Fox's battle was for the welfare of the unprivileged, against the claims and exactions of the privileged classes. He sought the happiness of his countrymen, more than their favour, and was content to be odious to many, if only he might be useful to the majority. As we read the story of his life, we hold him to rank among the foremost of the many gifted men who are connected with Downing Street's history; albeit for the most part politically opposed to those who there held sway in his time. These are the talents which were imputed to him by a contemporary writer ("Characters of the late Charles James Fox," by Philopatris,* etc., 1809. Two vols.) shortly after his death.

In Vol. I., pages 209-211, that writer says:—

"Mr. Fox was conversant in the ways of man, as well as in the contents of books. He was acquainted with the peculiar language of states, their peculiar forms, and the grounds and effects of their peculiar usages. From his earliest youth he had investigated the science of Politics in the greater and the smaller scale; he had studied it in the records of history, both popular and rare, in the conferences of ambassadors, in the archives of royal cabinets, in the minuter detail of memoirs, and in collected or straggling anecdotes of the wrangles, intrigues and cabals, which, springing up in the secret recesses of courts, shed their baneful influence on the determinations of sovereigns, the fortune of favourites, and the tranquillity of kingdoms. But, that statesmen of all ages, like priests of all religions, are in all respects alike, is a doctrine the propagation of which he left, as an inglorious privilege, to the misanthrope, to the recluse, to the factious incendiary, and to the unlettered multitude. For himself, he thought it no very extraordinary stretch of penetration or charity, to admit that human nature is everywhere nearly as capable of emulation in good as in evil.

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*"Philopatris Varvicensis": the Revd. Dr. Parr, one of the greatest ornaments of the English Church of that time.

"He boasted of no very exalted heroism, in opposing the calmness and firmness of conscious integrity, to the shuffling and slippery movements, the feints in retreat, and feints in advance, the dread of being over-reached, or detected in attempts to over-reach, and all the other humiliating and mortifying anxieties of the most accomplished proficients in the art of diplomacy. He reproached himself for no guilt, when he endeavoured to obtain that respect and confidence, which the human heart unavoidably feels in its intercourse with persons, who neither wound our pride, nor take aim at our happiness, in a war of hollow and ambiguous words. He was sensible of no weakness in believing that politicians, who, after all, ‘ know only as they are known,’ may, like other human beings, be at first the involuntary creatures of circumstances, and seem incorrigible from the want of opportunities or incitements to correct themselves ; that, bereft of the pleas usually urged in vindication of deceit, by men who are fearful of being deceived, they, in their official dealings with him, would not wantonly lavish the stores they had laid up for huckstering in a traffic which, ceasing to be profitable, would begin to be infamous ; and that, possibly, here and there, if encouraged by example, they might learn to prefer the shorter process, and surer results of Plain-dealing, to the delays, the vexations, and the uncertain or transient success, both of old-fashioned and new-fangled chicanery.”

The period of the Pitts and Fox being ended, the tenancy of No. 10 becomes a matter of more or less conjecture, till the premiership of Lord Goderich in 1827.

Were George Grenville, we have diligently inquired, and the Marquis of Rockingham, and Henry Addington (afterwards Viscount Sidmouth), all contemporaries of the Pitts, and each of whom was First Lord and Prime Minister in turn, at any time in residence at the house in Downing Street ? The gossip of history affords no clue. Rockingham, we should say not ; but we are disposed to think that Addington was (1801-4). Did Lord Grenville of "All the Talents" occupy it when Premier in 1806? No. Did the Duke of Portland in the year following? No. Did Mr. Spencer Perceval, who, being First Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer, was assassinated in the lobby of the old House of Commons? We are inclined to think that Mr. Perceval did—sometime during 1809-1812. Did Lord Liverpool, or Mr. Canning? It was scarce worth while in Mr. Canning's case, as he was Prime Minister but for a few months of 1827; the five preceding his death. His successor, Lord Goderich, was in residence here; for it was at No. 10, we are told, his son, the present Marquis of Ripon, was born; thus linking ministerial memories of our day with those of eighty years ago. As to Lord Liverpool—undoubtedly yes.

In 1830, Lord Grey—an honoured name then, as now—entered officially into possession as Prime Minister; a staunch Whig he, and one of the Society of "Friends of the People"—"a cold man (so 'twas said), punctiliously honourable and high-minded, and devoted to popular liberty," as all friends of the people necessarily are. Not less devoted was he to "the Constitution," as he read and understood it. If we are not mistaken, he read it thus: "The definition of a Minister, according to the practice of the Constitution, is not a person nominated by the

King, but a person supported by two-thirds of the House of Commons*—or, as we would say, supported by a majority of that House, by whom Prime Ministers are made, and continued in office."

Lord Howick, Member of the House before his succession in 1808 to the peerage as second Earl Grey, was an ardent advocate of Parliamentary Reform. He agreed with Fox, that the House of Commons ought to be made to represent the people; and for the twenty-three years during which he was out of office, he did not swerve from that opinion. So, in 1830, when he became Prime Minister, after prolonged fighting in and out of Parliament, Lord Grey (along with Lords Brougham, Durham and John Russell) was successful in carrying the Reform Bill of 1832. Except when in office he lived mostly at Howick, in Northumberland, when in London in Portman Square; thus Lord Grey's tenancy of No. 10 extended no longer than four years, 1830-4. Glad enough must he have been of nights to find himself within its peaceful shelter.

Those early Reform days, long since forgotten, were exciting times. Lord Grey, "devoted to popular Liberty," was in the thick of the conflict, marshalling the political forces, and directing the operations to

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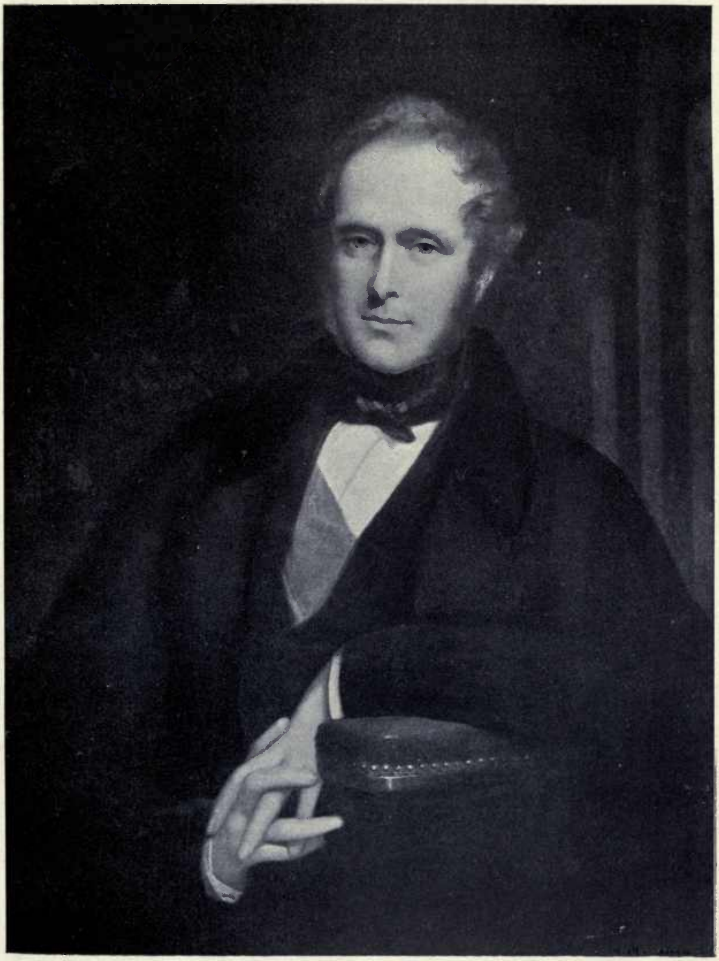
* "Edinburgh Review," Vol. XXVIII., p. 286.



VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1855-8, 1859-65.

National Portrait Gallery.

From a Portrait (1802) by Thomas Heaphy.

victory, on the popular side. Haydon, the painter—who was the living embodiment of perpetual conflict himself—was greatly excited by the Reform agitation. Encouraged by Earl Grey, who gave him a 500-guineas commission for the work, he painted "The Reform Banquet" of 1832. "More delightful work (poor Haydon notes in his diary) artist never had." His painting on a grand scale contained ninety-seven heads, all portraits! Under the like generous influence, he painted "Waiting for the Times"—a more popular Reform-days' picture, once well known by the mezzotint engraving. What is become of the originals? The National Portrait Gallery has a still larger picture of the old House of Commons, during the "Moving of the Address to the Crown," at the meeting of the first Reformed Parliament (5th February, 1833); but Sir George Hayter was the artist, not poor Haydon. Over three hundred persons are represented on that canvas.

"Copley, [Lord Lyndhurst] see what you would have had," said Lord Brougham, pointing to an exquisite gold cup, standing in the centre of the table, "if you had supported the Reform Bill." That cup was given to Lord Brougham by a penny subscription of the people of England. The people never were ungrateful. A statue to Earl Grey stands in the flourishing city of Newcastle. His successors in Parliament reaped the reward of his labours on the people's behalf—and still continue to reap them. Lord John Russell became Prime Minister in his turn, twice. Henry Peter Brougham was twice Lord Chancellor, and died full of years—ninety by the record—and honours, in 1868, having deserved well of the people throughout the whole of his lengthy and arduous career. We who write can recall the old warrior, not to add his ministerial colleague, Lord John Russell, as well as Earl Grey's immediate successor in the peerage. Lord Durham equally deserved well of the nation. The names of all four are enrolled in the pages of England's political history, among those whom the people delighted to honour.

Glancing over these last few pages I am wondering whether they may not read as too "political"; a suspicion which I have tried to avoid from the title page to the colophon of this book. If I take the alarm now, it is only for the purpose of adding this. Discussing the relative influence exercised by those old-fashioned political parties, Whig and Tory, on our national life—those parties, to the leaders of which we have necessarily had to make frequent reference in these concluding chapters—Macaulay wrote as follows: "If," said he, rejecting all that is merely accidental, "we look at the essential characteristics of the two, we may consider each of them as the representative of a great principle, essential to the welfare of nations. One is, in an especial manner, the guardian of liberty, and the other of order. One is the moving power, and the other the steadying power of the State. One is the sail, without which society would make no progress, the other the ballast without which there would be small safety in a tempest."

We cannot but regard this view of the historian as expressing that held by most thoughtful students of our political history. At all events, the opinion as thus stated, is the opinion by which the writer has tried to be guided in compiling these "Past Associations."

CHAPTER XV.

Melbourne, Peel, and others.

WE are now come to a period in the history of Downing Street which is almost within living memory. When Lord Grey finally succeeded in raising that great monument to his reputation, the Reform Bill of 1832, the writer's father was living. He was then serving His Majesty William IV. He had already served that king's two immediate predecessors, George III. and George IV., and his last commission bore the signature of Queen Victoria.

Within the brief period of two generations, father and son, he may, in his own case, by stretching out a hand, bridge over a whole century of this history. His father was born in 1794, five years before the birth of Lord Melbourne, and in the lifetime and Premiership of the younger Pitt. So that the days of Lord Melbourne do not seem so very remote from the time even of him who is now writing.

Lord Grey having successfully passed that Bill, to which so many of the best years of his life were devoted, came to the wise resolution to rest from his labours. His works follow him. We Englishmen of to-day have much reason to remember that name with gratitude.

He was succeeded in the Premiership by William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne, twice First Lord of the Treasury—in 1834, for a few months only; and in 1835, for six years. To him succeeded Sir Robert Peel, in 1841. His name serves to recall that of a noble worker in the State's behalf, who died but yesterday—William Ewart Gladstone. In his last two administrations served, as we know, the present Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, now (1907) in residence at No. 10.

Melbourne House (afterwards York House, then Lady Dover's, and now the Secretary of Scotland's office) lies but a stone's throw from No. 10. Was Lord Melbourne at the trouble of moving in, or did he place Tommy Young, his private secretary, in possession? In any event, his lordship is of the number of those whose right it was to reside at the First Lord's house. Lord Melbourne was that Minister, it may be remembered, who was "thoroughly alarmed" only when he heard people say "something must be done." Seeing that he was in office for over six years (April 18th, 1835, to September 6th, 1841), it might be reasonable to suppose either that little was left undone politically during his administration that ought to have been done; or that people did not talk in the daily journals so loudly and frequently as they do now. Be that as it may, Lord Melbourne was neither an alarmist himself, nor easily alarmed by others. It was he, by the bye, who got rid of a troublesome application, in a way which must commend itself to his successors. He was pressed to do something for a journalist, on the ground that he always supported his lordship when in the right. "That's just when I don't want his help," retorted Lord Melbourne. "Give me a fellow who will stick by me when I am in the wrong"—the kind of help we all want, and seldom get.

Good gossip is always relishing. Here is an example in point, clipped a few years back by the writer from the columns of a London newspaper,* headed "Recollections of Bellamy's Kitchen": "Bellamy's," be it observed, was the old dining-room of the Commons. "I can well remember that my father, who had then sat in five Parliaments, introduced me to some favoured gallery—answering, I suppose, to what is now called the Speaker's Gallery—which possessed the great advantage of being accessible from the floor of the House. I had many of the most famous members of Parliament pointed out to me, and as I recall the well-remembered scene, it seems but yesterday, that Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. George Byng, Sir Francis Burdett (then still living), Lord Cottesloe (then Sir Thomas Fremantle), Mr. Tufinill—the most popular 'Whip' that I ever knew, with Sir William Hayter and the present Lord Hampden running a dead heat for second place—and Daniel O'Connell met my eyes for the first time. I remember that Daniel Whittle Harvey spoke, but so rapid and unpremeditated was his delivery, that it did not impress me nearly so much as the thoughtful gravity of Sir Robert Peel, 'deep on whose front engraven deliberation sate, and public care.'

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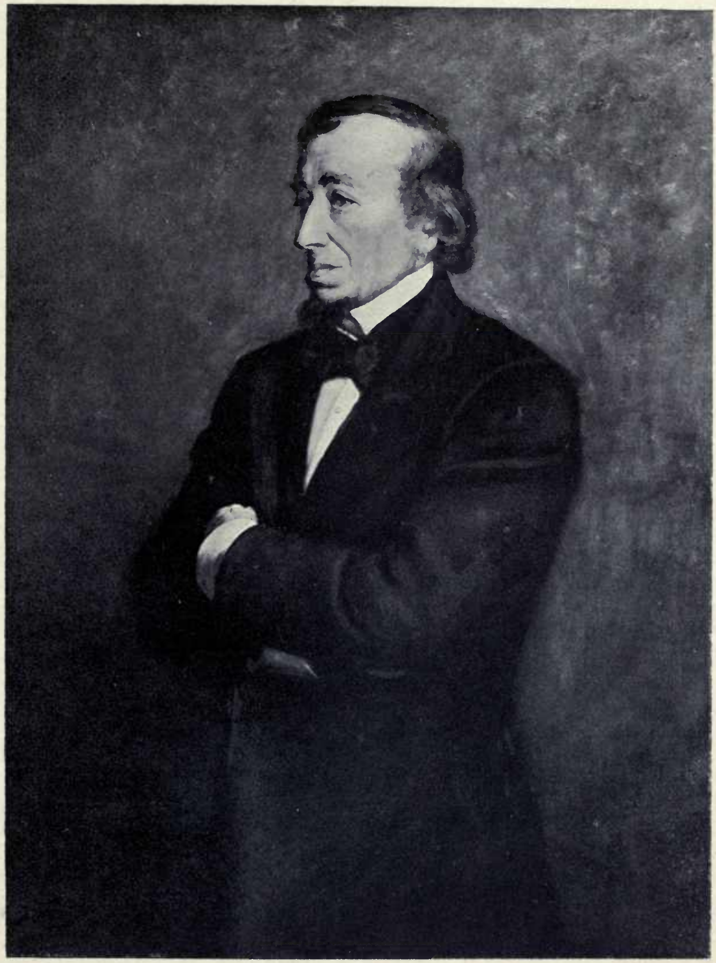
*The "Daily Telegraph."

"But the aspect of the new House of Commons—which I well remember that the late Mr. Charles Williams Wynn (who sat by my side while my father went into the body of the House) said compared unfavourably for comfort with its predecessor, which was burnt down in 1834—left no such distinct mark upon my mind as 'Bellamy's Kitchen.' Here was seated at a table in the corner Lord Melbourne, with that polished, debonair, refined look and manner to which Mr. Abraham Hayward did justice in the 'Quarterly Review.' Opposite to Lord Melbourne was placed his jovial private secretary, Tommy Young, who was a general favourite, and about whom no one, so far as I am aware, knew anything, except that he had once been a purser in the Navy, and was in all Lord Melbourne's secrets, which he never divulged. Lord Melbourne was extremely fond of salmon, which the friends with whom he dined—and no one ever dined out more, so long as his health lasted—always provided for him at their own tables, while the fish was in season. A bit of salmon was before him upon this occasion." We are sorry we cannot add the name of the writer, who preferred to remain anonymous.

Lord Melbourne has been dead nearly sixty years, and Sir Robert Peel almost as long. Queen Victoria—while memory holds a seat anywhere in "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England" may her many queenly and womanly virtues never be forgotten! —our late good Queen, has now lain at rest beside her royal consort in Frogmore's mausoleum nearly seven years. She was as yet the Princess Victoria when Lord Melbourne first became Prime Minister. He died regarded almost as a father by Her Majesty, to whom he long acted as secretary and principal adviser; and performed those duties with conspicuous success.

"First Minister of the Crown during the lifetime of William IV., Lord Melbourne contrived to vindicate and to advance the principles he represented, in spite



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1868, 1874-80.

National Portrait Gallery.

After the last Portrait taken of Lord Beaconsfield,
by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A.

of an apprehensive Sovereign and a hostile aristocracy. First Minister of the Crown under Queen Victoria, he never allowed the solicitations of his supporters, his own passions or interests, to lead him to exercise the almost unbounded influence which, for a time, he held over his youthful Sovereign, in a manner prejudicial to the rights accorded to her authority by our Constitution, nor to a degree that was unfair to his opponents. During his administration, the maintenance of tranquillity and order was made useful towards the extension of the liberties of the subject and the prosperity of the empire. Abroad, during the same time, the policy of England was eminently English—prudent—namely, peaceful and liberal." We quote from that still popular and once most famous magazine, contributed to by "all the talents" of Melbourne's time, the "Edinburgh Review," Vol. 179.

Said Greville of the "Memoirs"—read in their day by everyone, and angrily animadverted on by not a few—"The Queen passes more hours with Melbourne than any two people, in any relation of life, perhaps ever do pass together. He is at her side at least six hours of every day; an hour in the morning, two on horseback, one at dinner, and two in the evening. This monopoly is certainly not judicious; it is not altogether consistent with social usage, and it leads to an infraction of those rules of etiquette which it is better to observe with regularity at Court."

The Clerk of the Council had quite forgotten that familiar motto which surrounds the shield of the royal arms of England, a new design for which had been actually submitted to, and approved by, the Queen in Council on her succession. There is another equally conspicuous and familiar motto on a scroll beneath it. "God and my Right" reads one; "Evil be to him who evil thinks" reads the other; both of which Queen Victoria, the highest born and truest lady in the land, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, well knew the meaning of.

Gossip Greville and his Memoirs alike lie to-day among dusty "remainders"; though, by the way, the Duke of Wellington supported Greville's view. He did not approve, he said, of Melbourne being always at her side. "A Prime Minister has no precedence, and he ought not, therefore, to be placed in the post of honour, to the exclusion of those of higher rank than himself." So thought one born to command and to be obeyed; reared in the ranks of an army in the field; himself always at the post of honour; a great stickler, "the great Duke," for the privileges of his peers. As for "Reformers," Political Unionists, "Chartists," and all such people, a "whiff of grape shot" (as someone he knew said), and lo, they are scattered even as the winds—all too forgetful of the fact that the people have rights as dear to them, as primogenitive, titular, or similar ancestral rights, to peers, to-day more generally recognised.

The Duke of Wellington learnt that elementary political lesson too late in life. He put up the iron shutters at Apsley House, and sat him down moodily to learn that lesson there. Those shutters remained up, long after we came to London. Alas! alas! that brave and good men should be so blind. Alas! that it should have to be recorded in this history, that the saviour of the Capitol had on one occasion to retreat before his own countrymen; to let himself in by the back-door of No. 10, Downing Street, because the citizens had grown impatient, and were angry, and clamorous after Reform. Because, in fact, the citizens said: "You have led others to victory, O Duke; lead us—even us who greatly honour you, and are grateful, and from whom you derive your dukedom and a handsome annuity wherewith to support it." "No," said the Duke sternly; and up went the iron shutters at Apsley House; which were to remain up for more than a full score of years, a dark, dismal, soot-laden memorial of the base ingratitude of a People. Write rather of a great man's lack of confidence in a People—and those his own.

Lord Melbourne was fifty-eight years of age when Queen Victoria came to the throne. He had wide knowledge of the world, and not less of human nature. Moreover, he was a man of much culture, great geniality, kindness, and good sense; in every meaning of the word, an English gentleman to the manner born. The post of honour to such a man ever is, and must be, the post of duty; and that in his view, as Prime Minister of England, was to stand at the young Queen's side, as her fatherly adviser, instructor and guide; he fifty-eight, she barely eighteen. What duty to England, and England's Sovereign, more worthy to be honourably and unselfishly fulfilled?

Once more we quote from the "Edinburgh Review" (Vol. 179), as follows:—

"A young and female Sovereign had inherited the throne; a Princess whose education had been carefully attended to, but whose understanding could not yet have been formed to the science of government. Lord Melbourne had to gain authority over the mind of his young Sovereign, and to exercise that authority in such a manner as should at once satisfy the popular party of which he was the leader, and maintain the rights of the Crown, which he was bound in duty to protect. It was in this new sphere, for which Providence seemed to have created and educated him, that his various qualities, talents, and acquirements were most usefully exercised, and most eminently displayed.

"Had Lord Melbourne been merely a dry matter-of-fact man of business, or a mere man of book-acquired knowledge, he would probably have wearied instead of gaining the attention of his royal scholar. Had he been a mere man of pleasure, he might have amused and captivated, but he could not have instructed one on whose knowledge of her duties depended in no small degree the fate of millions. Had he been a violent party man, he would have entered upon his task with a warped and partial judgment. With democratical tendencies he would have lowered the just influence of the monarchy; with monarchical tendencies he might have instilled dangerous doctrines into the breast of the Sovereign. But with a lofty equanimity of judgment, he happily combined great charm of manner, great experience of the world, great knowledge acquired from reading and reflection. It was these various endowments—each of which was required for his office, and all of which united, fitted him so peculiarly for it—that made him at once a minister and a guide so well suited to the beginning" of what was the long and glorious reign of good Queen Victoria. May all her successors for all time, have as trusty servants and counsellors as William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne.

"Who is your leader ?" peremptorily asked a noble duke, sword in hand, at the head of the King's troops, meeting a mob of rioters down in Lincolnshire, in Henry the Eighth's time. "Who is your leader ?" he asked. "Sir," answered a decrepit, grey-headed, ragged and starving labourer, stepping to the front, "Sir, may it please you, our captain's name is Poverty, and his brother's is Necessity." In Pitt's time, in North's, in Grey's, in Wellington's, in Melbourne's and in Peel's there were numbers of similar mobs abroad, in London, and elsewhere throughout the kingdom, led by Poverty and marshalled by Necessity. Rioters who attacked prisons and released prisoners ; agrarian insurrectionists who destroyed farmsteads and burnt down corn-ricks ; Reformers who were for asserting their political rights and amending their social condition ; Trades Unionists who were bent on telling the world that Labour was now forcing itself to the front, and had come to stay ; Roman Catholics who were clamouring for equality and the rights of men. Needless to add, Ireland also was on the war-path, eager for a rising.

Such was the condition of things, more or less intensified (1780-1844), at home ; and well Whitehall knew it. The condition of things abroad had been even worse : Revolution and War, both on the Continent and in America. George the Third, amiable and obstinate, reigned as king part of the time; George the Fourth and William the Fourth followed; then came Queen Victoria, and things quieted down. A Prime Minister—was it not the Duke of Wellington?—had considered it unsafe for His Majesty the King to attend a Lord Mayor's dinner in the city. Ministers meeting in council at No. 10 doubtless often declaimed:

> "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
> That ever we were born to set it right."

In 1820, conspirators met in Cato Street (now covered with lofty, pretentious middle-class "flats") and plotted the murder of Ministers of the Crown as they sat at dinner at Lord Harrowby's, 39, Grosvenor Square: Liverpool, Peel, Palmerston, Canning, Eldon, among the number. Fourteen years later, trade unions brought forward a monster petition which was escorted through London by an assemblage not far short of 100,000 persons. Being carried to the Home Office, the petition was refused acceptance, on account of the numbers by which it was accompanied. The leaders of the procession bore it triumphantly in by the front-door of the department, and had to convey it out again by a back-door into a hackney coach, standing on the Horse Guards' Parade. The Home Secretary, looking out of the window of his office at Whitehall on the scene beneath, was the future Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne.

A few years later, and Sir Robert Peel was First Lord of the Treasury; living not at No. 10, but in the centre house (now the Crown Agent's for the Colonies) of a row of large houses fronting the river, next Whitehall, called the Privy Gardens. Where also, by the way, Mr. Disraeli sojourned for a season, as we now recall, sometime in the '70's. A street-sweeper, we have been told, got a civil-service pension for keeping a crossing clean, between the east and west sides of Whitehall, for the more convenient passage of right honourable gentlemen walking to and from the office in Downing Street. Sir Robert was far too fond of his pictures to move into No. 10.

In those days—of the '40's, namely—Mr. Benjamin Disraeli was thus talking to the world at large, by the mouth of one of the personages of a recently written novel:—*

"Conservatism is an attempt to carry on affairs, by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connexions. Conservatism discards prescription, shrinks from principle, disavows progress. Having rejected all

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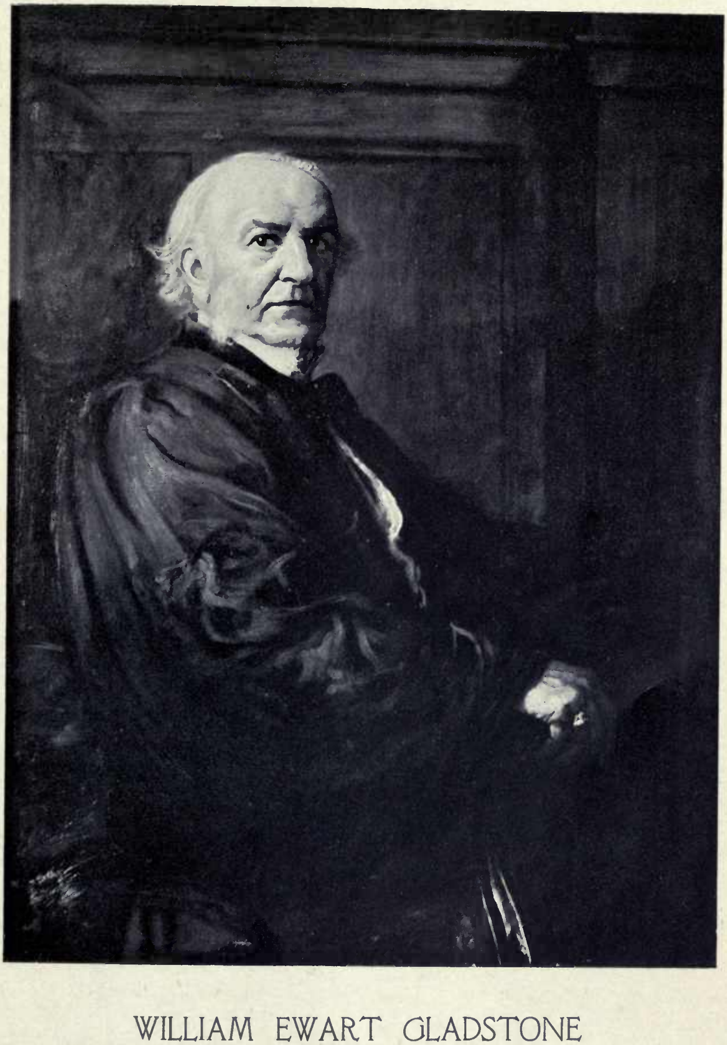
* "Coningsby; or the New Generation." 1844.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

PRIME MINISTER 1868-74, 1880-5, 1886, 1892-4.

From the Portrait at No. 10, Downing Street,
after Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A.

respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future." Thus Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, of the time of the "Peelites."

An "amiable young nobleman," we need not recall the name, who thirty years later (1874) became a Cabinet Minister, in the administration of the Right Honourable the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., also took up the pen, and wrote "England's Trust, and other Poems." And thus to the world wrote he :—

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

Another equally amiable gentleman, member of Parliament, further wrote in those days, such timely suggestions for quieting the popular discontent as the following ; his design being to bring the Crown and the People closer together. "Wherefore let the Crown revive in the Chapel Royal of Whitehall (wrote he), the ancient practice of touching for the King's Evil"—a "graceful superstition," which gave "direct communication between the highest and the lowest, between the king and the poor. Dr. Johnson, a man of the people, if ever there was one, was prouder of having been touched by Queen Anne when he was a child, than he was of all his heroism under misfortune." Thus likewise wrote he.

Gracious goodness! only to think of it. This from an M.P. of large and fruitful mind, labouring not so much what to speak, as what to leave unspoken; this, we say, at a time when the Chartists were coming! In due time they came, saw, and did not conquer. Sir Robert Peel's Metropolitan Police met them in London—he, luckily, having been more far-sighted than the honourable gentleman quoted, and his amiable friend, who was for letting all things die but "nobility"—wealth, commerce, law and learning! In which event a peer's coronet would have been of no greater worth than the bonnet red of Monsieur Anarchasis Clootz, of Revolutionary memories, across the Channel. Let all now rest in peace.

"That they should take who have the power, and that they should keep who can," always has been "the good old rule" with rival Parties in the senate—although not so simple a plan in practice as might seem. The less Ministers in office are disturbed, obviously the more reason to rest and be thankful. Plain-spoken Sir Robert Walpole always thanked Heaven when Parliament had been prorogued. "No one man in office," wrote Junius—reflecting on the inclination of some to stay in office for years—"had ever promoted or encouraged a Bill for shortening the duration of Parliament." "Whoever was Minister," said he, "the opposition to such a measure had been constant and uniform on the part of the Government in power." "That they should keep who can" always had been, in his day, the policy of ministers. And pray, why not?

"I cannot doubt," wrote this outspoken writer, the Great Unknown: "I cannot doubt that you (meaning the People) will unanimously assert and vindicate your exclusive right to choose your representatives. . . . The power of King, Lords and Commons is not an arbitrary power. They are the trustees, not the owners of the estate. The fee-simple is in us"—the Nation.

It was men like Pitt, Fox, Grey, Durham, Russell, Brougham, Peel, and later Cobden, Bright, and others who kept driving that fact home to the understandings of the Nation. And it was the Nation—or some proportion of it — that kept hammering another fact, by us too vulgarly expressed, into the comprehension of restful and thankful Members of Parliament: "You may fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time." It might take—in point of fact did take—years to emancipate Roman Catholics; to Reform Parliament; to pass the Municipal Reform Act; to abolish the Corn Laws; to decree the Abolition of Slavery; to permit Jews to sit in Parliament; to create a system of National

Free Education; to make voting by Ballot compulsory; to give legality to Trades Unions; to amend the administration of the Poor Law; to open the Civil Service to public competition; to abolish the purchase of commissions in the Army; it might take—and did in fact take—many years to accomplish these things in Parliament; but done they were all the same.

The wonder is—considering the tendency to restfulness on the part of some Members of Parliament, once a General Election is over and done with—not that such splendid work is often accomplished by Parliament, but that any really useful work should be accomplished at all. "People little know," said the late Lord Derby, "how difficult it is to effect any real good in the world." He knew, and so did Pitt and Wilberforce before him, and Fox and the others, and Cobden—read Cobden's life and judge for yourselves—and so did Gladstone know, and his great political rival Lord Beaconsfield, he likewise knew; and many and many another statesman, temporarily resident in Downing Street, has also known. Lord John Russell himself knew.

From 1846 to 1852, and once again in 1865-6, Lord John Russell—in his last administration Earl Russell—was Premier. He it was (as before related) who acted as Lord Grey's indefatigable ally, in pressing the business of Reform. It was he who, on March

1st, 1831, introduced that measure in the House of Commons which received the royal assent on June 7th of the year following. He entered Parliament as member for Tavistock in 1813, at the age of twenty-one ; and in 1829 (in the Duke of Wellington's time) had been mainly instrumental in passing the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. A stout-hearted Whig Lord John, who, when the heart of England swelled with a generous emulation, responded to it in a way which brought honour to his name, and earned the grateful recognition of thousands.

"Why," Englishmen had asked, "when men throughout the world are asserting their rights and amending their institutions ; why should we not improve and renovate ours ? " That a ruined house, or a decayed tree, or a green mound, should have a representative in Parliament, and that Birmingham and Manchester should not, was, in truth, an inconsistency which, in a moment of general change, might seem well worthy of correction. Our country, it is true, had won its way long before Lord John's day to wealth and to greatness, in spite of such defects or singularities in its form of government. "For, in fact, if you establish a public assembly and give to that assembly the free right of discussion, in whatever way it is created, out of whatever elements it is composed, the heart and mind of the Nation in which it resides will become visible in it; and such assembly will assume, in moments of excitement, a popular character, and become, upon the whole, the advocate of popular rights." That is precisely what did happen in the House of Commons, when Lord John Russell made it plain that "the heart and mind of the Nation" would brook no further delay; that it was bent now on having this business attended to; and 'twere well now if it were done once for all quickly.

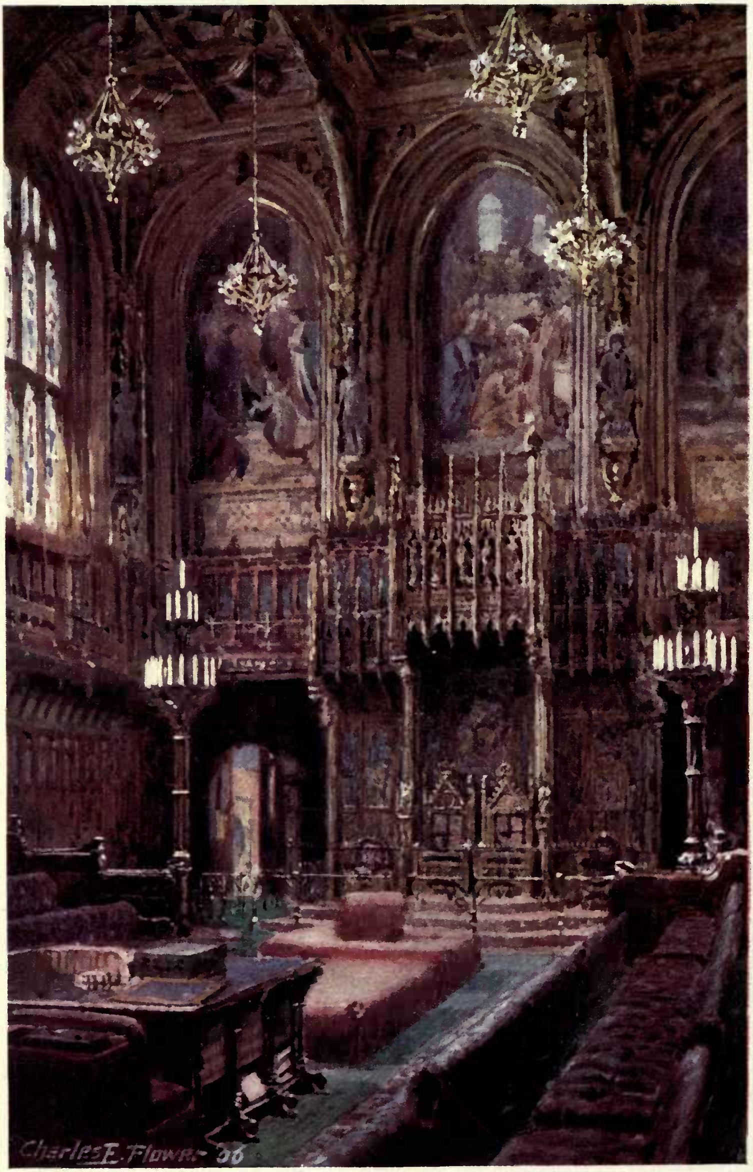
In brief, the heart and mind of the Nation "made it known that what it wanted was fair, full, and adequate representation in the House of Commons." Can any to-day say that it has not got what it wanted, when a Member of Parliament, representing Labour (of the capital L) sits in the Cabinet-room of No. 10?

Turning over the pages of a volume of the "Illustrated London News" for the year 1850, we came across a picture of "Lady John Russell's last Assembly of the Present Series, at the Official Residence of the Premier in Downing Street." After the manner of those early Victorian days, all the guests are drawn tall, of a uniform fashion-plate height. The ladies in full flounced gowns with capacious crinolines; the gentlemen in evening-dress with orders; every man of them six feet high, wearing a ribbon of knighthood. The scene of this "assembly"—which we now call "reception"—is the drawing-room; but no portraits, as now, do we note on the walls. The year was the fifth of Lord John Russell's first administration (1846-52), who, less than twelve months later, was to be succeeded by the Earl of Derby (the fourteenth), the "Rupert of Debate." In the picture—

> "Cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
> Stands the calm Johnny who upset the coach."

A little man he, "who laboured under physical deficiencies which even a Demosthenic impulse could scarcely overcome"; but drawn tall, nevertheless, since every English gentleman of his time was, by art-decree of the Strand, rendered equally tall as his fashionable fellow—a code of the pencil rigorously observed down to our time, as may be remembered, by that admirable artist Du Maurier, in the pages of "Punch." At his death, it became the New York law in respect of full-length American women, and so continues. No women in the whole world of yesterday were taller than Du Maurier's, or are taller to-day than the belles of New York. But this by the bye.

Among Lady John Russell's guests of the month of May, 1850, are Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K.G., and Lord Gough, companions in arms; Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston, two of Lord John's successors at No. 10; Lords Granville, Lansdowne, Clarendon and Clanricarde, members of his Cabinet; Lord Cottenham (his Lord Chancellor), Henry Labouchere (President of the Board of Trade), and many more; including M. Drouyn de Lhuys, ambassador to England under Prince Louis Napoleon, sometime of London in exile, temporarily resident in King Street, St. James's Square, later to be transplanted Emperor of France. The *coup d'etat* which placed him on the throne did not come till December, 1852. No doubt many of Lady John Russell's guests—to say nothing of her distinguished husband—well knew that illustrious French gentleman in exile, who during the reign of Chartism in London had borne the baton of a special constable. Maybe he had stood in this very room, before his adventurous excursion across the Channel, which was to end, firstly in confinement in the Chateau of Boulogne, and finally in Paris, at the splendid historic palace of the Tuileries. It seems to the writer but yesterday since all ended at Sedan, and His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. was once more an exile in England. Many a man has a secret dream of where his life might be. Did that "man of Destiny" ever have pre-vision, we wonder, of rustic, homely Chislehurst?


Charles E. Flower 06

HOUSE OF LORDS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone.

WE have heard of a hairdresser who, being summoned to attend Lord Palmerston, in some small town where he was staying, was naturally asked by the gossips what sort of a man his lordship was? "Well," said he, "I should call him an 'emollient' man." Not a bad description, all things considered.

"The genial Palmerston." That is how Englishmen spoke and wrote of him. That is how they thought of him, inside the House of Commons and outside too. In the "Punch" cartoons of the middle years of the last century, he was always drawn by Tenniel with a pleasant smile on his face, and a whisp of straw between his teeth; as if to shew that statecraft for him had its humorous as well as serious side. When a Prime Minister can play the part of "John Peel"; can give "a view-holloa," as we have already related, that might awaken "the Cockpit's" dead, at the age of seventy-two, in the presence of one of his Secretaries of State; such a Prime Minister could not be otherwise than popular. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"—whether in the greater world of Downing Street, Whitehall, or in any lesser London world.

We can find no evidence of Lord Palmerston ever having occupied No. 10. His town house in later years stood in Piccadilly, near enough to the House of Commons for a Prime Minister who was endowed with the gift of perpetual youth. A walk home at one o'clock in the morning was just what he relished. "It pulled him together," to use a colloquialism, after a night in the House.

The manner of Lord Palmerston's announcing to his friends his first election in 1806 to Parliament for Horsham, serves to shew what manner of man he was. He was unseated on petition, and held himself "fortunate in being so; for in a short time came the change and the dissolution, and we (Lord Fitzharris and himself) rejoiced in our good fortune, in not having paid £5,000 for a three months' seat." Soon after he was returned for the "pocket-borough" of Newtown, in the Isle of Wight: "One condition was that I should never, even for the election, set foot in the place, so jealous was the patron of any attempt being made to get a new interest in the borough." The good-humoured smile and the whisp of straw, as we see, from the first. Indeed, Lord Palmerston seems to have carried things as youthfully and jauntily down to the very last years of his long life. He lived to the age of eighty-one, " more firm in step and carriage " then, than many a man who daily passed his house in Piccadilly, twenty years his junior.

Lord Palmerston's foreign policy was often severely criticised, for he " would have his way " ; but it was allowed to have been directed on his part " by an elevated sense of national dignity, and a just appreciation of national interests." . . . . " Be the final judgment of his statesmanship what it may, we feel confident that the estimate of the personal qualities of the man will be all that admiring friends or faithful adherents could desire. His generosity, loyalty, straightforwardness, excellent sense, fine temper and affectionate disposition shine out without a speck ; and an unerring proof of his conscious honesty of purpose and good faith is the frankness, verging on indiscretion, with which he unbosoms himself in his journals and correspondence, laying bare every motive that actuated him in the most trying circumstances and emergencies. It is this frankness, judiciously turned to account by his biographer, that will make his life (with a single exception—Earl Stanhope's ' Life of Pitt ') the most valuable contribution to the annals of English statesmanship that English literature can boast."* Well can we remember Lord Palmerston, the most popular Prime Minister, save perhaps William Pitt, of the last century.

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* Sir Henry Bulwer's "Life of Lord Palmerston" : *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 129, pp. 368–9.

Thirty years are passed since the writer chanced to meet Lord Beaconsfield, for the last time, on his way to Downing Street. The days when he last occupied the First Lord's House are well-nigh forgotten. Not so the statesman himself, as every recurring April reminds us; he who had "begun several things many times," before he had arrived at the age of forty, and had "often succeeded at last." "I will sit down; but the time will come when you will hear me." Between the month of December, 1837, when he uttered that prophecy, to the accompanying laughter and jeers of the House of Commons, and the month of April, 1881, when he died, England and the world generally heard him often enough; in Parliament and elsewhere; twice during that period, in 1868 namely, and again, 1874-80, while holding the office of Prime Minister—to attain which office, as he once told Lord Melbourne, was to be the object of his life.

"The secret of success," he had written, "is constancy to purpose." And not a great while before his death—in the very last of his novels—he had thus written: "I have brought myself by long meditation to this conviction, that a human being with a settled purpose, must accomplish it. Nothing can resist a will that will stake even existence itself for its fulfilment." We wish that we might think so. But it is too late.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, owed much of his success in life to his indomitable will and constancy to purpose ; his political advancement, his social advancement, his elevation to the leadership of a great Party, his twice-told tenancy of No. 10, his Earldom, his star of the Garter, his literary not less than his political fame, the posthumous honours to-day paid to his memory ; he owed all, we say, to the fact that criticism had few terrors for this man with a great purpose, and with will enough to have it realised. Not even the bitterest opponents of his Party can withhold their admiration. Take him for all in all, he was a great man. " Everything preaches the indifferency of circumstances ; the Man is all." This, we confess, is how we think of him, in connection with No. 10, Downing Street, Whitehall ; not politically, if we may venture so to say, but humanly speaking, after the manner of men. " Great, let me call him, for he conquered Fate." He thrust aside every halting and opposing influence, and conquered. Victorious he, from sheer will-power, courage and audacity.

"His career is a romance," so they wrote of him before it was ended; "but it is a romance which teaches a thousand useful and noble lessons, which will have power in times when the party-passions of to-day shall be cold, to fire many a young soul with the highest ambition, and to fill many a tender heart with sympathy for him whose career is drawing to a close."

Who may be the Ministers of the Crown, are the accidents of history. What will remain on that enduring page is the policy they pursue, and its consequences on the Realm. One of the greatest of Romans, when asked what were his politics, replied: "Imperium et Libertas." "That would not make a bad political programme for a British Ministry," said Earl Beaconsfield. Mere words, thinks the too-critical and scrupulous politician. Aye, but words, nevertheless, that appeal to the imagination and stir the pulses of all good Englishmen—be they Tory, Whig, Liberal, Radical, what you will. Philip Faulconbridge speaks mere words in the final scene of Shakespeare's "King John"; but they bring down the curtain always with rounds of applause. Need we remind the reader of those well-remembered last three lines?

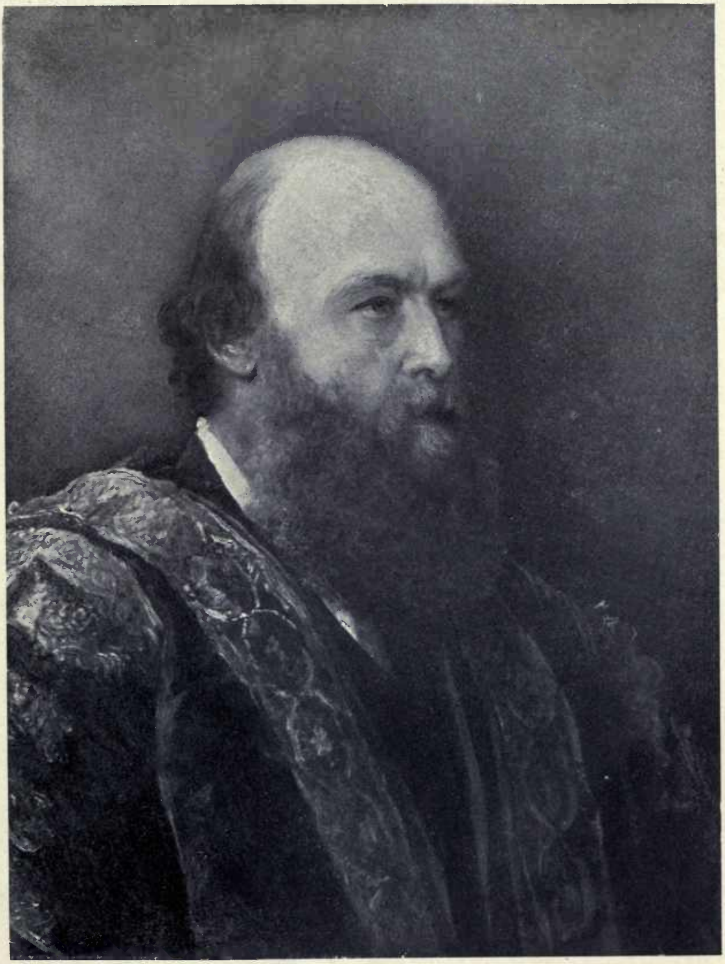
> "Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true."

On February 27th, 1868, Mr. Disraeli first became Prime Minister. He was then sixty-four years of age. Ten years later he came to his own again at No. 10, Downing Street, and remained in office for nearly six years. Meanwhile he had done what few (if any) authors had ever before him done—written two voluminous novels, " Lothair " and " Endymion "—when over sixty-six years of age, making eleven in all to his credit. Truly a remarkable man, whether as leading in literature or leading in politics. It would be hard to say which is the more arduous and exacting labour—which the more threatening to him who thus gives hostages to health, at an age when most men are occupied in studying how to preserve a last sad remnant of it.

We recall the popular curiosity with which " Lothair " was awaited in 1870. Of course, it was reviewed by the " Quarterly." Having exhausted all it had to say about the novel itself, it ended by discussing the author. Perhaps, it suggested, Mr. Disraeli, like Tiberius, had outlived his life, seen through it and found it all a sham. The dukes and marquises whom he had so long led, despised and distrusted him. " Very well ! he will be revenged on them. He will write them down, and behold he has done it in 'Lothair.' . . . It is impossible to mistake the vein of satire against the upper classes, which runs through the book like a thread of gold. The tendency of 'Lothair,' with all its dukes and duchesses, is intensely democratic."

Which is no more than to suggest that Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, twice Prime Minister, had looked on all the works that his hand had wrought, and "every right work for which a man is envied of his neighbour," and behold, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit"! What else did the "Quarterly Review" mean when it added: "We cannot help feeling that Mr. Disraeli is all the time laughing in his sleeve at the aristocracy . . . he is plainly laughing at the public, at you reader, and at us. He is sick of our favour and applause"—as well he might be, on the verge of three score years and ten, having feasted on it, in one form or another, for not far short of half a century.

We have two books on our table, discussing Lord Beaconsfield from two different standpoints, each published within a few months of his death; the one by an American (a personal friend of him who writes), the other by an Englishman. "One of the greatest men of the century," says the Englishman; "probably the greatest, in his own walk of life, when the difficulties which he had to overcome are taken into consideration; *facile princeps*, as well in action



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1885-6, 1886-92, 1895-1902.

From the Portrait by George Frederick Watts, R.A.
By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer.

as in thought; a Janus of literature and politics; in the study a Thackeray, a Bolingbroke in the senate."

"No living English orator has said so many good things," writes the American. "Advancing age and persistent ill-health do not seem to have diminished his oratorical powers. His last speech in the House of Lords, before the dissolution of the Parliament which he so long and completely swayed (1874-80), was as audacious, vigorous, and brilliant as any he has delivered for years. . . Whatever may be thought of the wisdom, in many respects, of Disraeli's career as a practical statesman, there can be but one opinion as to his genius for party leadership . . . The Tory party of this generation cannot hope to secure such another. No situation more emphatically needs a command of exhaustless patience, perseverance, and pluck; and these qualities Disraeli showed, at a very early period of his career, that he possessed to a remarkable degree.

"Never had a party chief more formidable difficulties with which to contend. That which he aspired to lead, and upon which he fairly fixed his leadership by making his brilliant talents absolutely necessary to it, was, of all political parties, that whose prejudices were deepest against his race, and whose contempt of 'parvenus' and self-made men was the most inveterate. . . . Yet he became its irresistible leader, so that it acted for many years under his inspiration, with the discipline, precision and force of a thoroughly trained army."

Of the Prime Ministers of recent time, the portrait of but one hangs in the rooms of No. 10, that of the late William Ewart Gladstone ; the gift of his former private secretaries, as elsewhere mentioned. Appropriately enough, that portrait shows him in the scarlet robes of University distinction—unless we are mistaken those of the Lord Rectorship of a Scotch University ; or, possibly, of a Doctor of Civil Law. As exercising a powerful influence on men's minds, by his learning, his eloquence, his ardour, and last, not least, his "eager enthusiasm of conscience"; no honour so well befitted the man as that conferred as a mark of the highest distinction by a learned university entrusted with men's higher education. Among the scholars, authors and thinkers of his time, no name ranks higher than Mr. Gladstone's.

As in the case of his great political opponent, Mr. Disraeli, so in his ; we think of him—the writer is merely expressing an individual opinion—less as Prime Minister than as one of the foremost men of his age ; brilliant as a scholar, gifted as an author, of the widest and acutest intellect as a thinker ; of unblemished character and of the nicest sense of honour as a man. That is how the writer thinks of the subject of Millais' admirable portrait, a copy of which hangs in that upper room of No. 10, where Mr. Gladstone took leave of his colleagues in office for the last time, and laid down the weary burden of ministerial responsibility for ever. "He sat composed, and still as marble; the emotion of his colleagues did not pain him for an instant. He followed the words of acknowledgment and farewell in a little speech of four or five minutes, his voice unbroken and serene, the tone low, grave and steady. And then he said: 'God bless you all!'" We are grateful to Lord Rosebery and to the First Lord of the Treasury for granting us the privilege to publish the portrait.

Never had any Prime Minister before him borne that responsibility with more unflinching courage, or with more resolute intention to deserve well of the State.

Shall we be over bold in expressing the opinion further, that it is on this characteristic, rather than on his career as a great party leader, his reputation mainly rests to-day? None will gainsay his right to be considered, pre-eminently, one of the most distinguished of the many distinguished men who, in their day, were tenants of No. 10; nay, more, one of the most popular with his party, regarded with something like affection and reverence by every section of it throughout the country.

"Never was there a more unmanageable party man, a more incorrigible party chief," than he who was more familiar with Downing Street and the residence of the First Lord than any ministerial leader of his day and generation. He entered it often enough in the ministry of Sir Robert Peel (1841-6); in that of Lord Aberdeen (1852-5); on Lord Palmerston's return to office in 1859; on Earl Russell's in 1865; and perforce during his own administration three years later, continuing for six years (1868-74); again in 1880 for five years; once more in 1886 for a few months; and finally in 1892 for the last time, a period thus extending over half a century, during which period he was four times Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons; albeit an "unmanageable party man" and "incorrigible party chief," according to a contemporary critic (1880); my own dear friend, long since dead.

This criticism, strangely enough, was submitted to Mr. Gladstone himself, and by him acknowledged in a letter (April 21st, 1880) congratulating the author of a paper of so much ability and so much discernment; "in its praise far too liberal." To only one of the items did the right honourable gentleman take any exception: "I really do not admit myself to have been a bad follower." Thus wrote he.

"The same qualities which have made Mr. Gladstone a great statesman and reformer (this critic had written)—his unselfish and ardent adherence to his convictions, and his readiness to change those convictions when otherwise persuaded—have made him one of the very worst party-leaders who ever appeared in Parliament. The tact and suppleness, the spirit of conciliation and harmonizing, the patience and perseverance, by which the successful party-chief succeeds in reconciling factions, and in bringing men of different views to act together, for the sake of party victory, seem to have been almost utterly wanting in him. . . . Not only is Mr. Gladstone a bad leader; he is, if possible, even a worse follower." Mr. Gladstone's struggle throughout his career, wrote this candid critic, who had first submitted his opinions to the personal scrutiny of the Prime Minister, "seems to have been to accommodate matters between his heart and his reason. His reason and his conscience seem ever to be forcing him to chastise the objects of his love; to cut adrift from old beloved associations, to part from congenial friendship, and to form new ties, which he has not much liked to form, but which he has felt it right to form. And herein is to be recognised the moral greatness of the man. The struggle between his reason and conscience, on the one hand, and the natural impulses of his heart on the other, is the same internal struggle in which each individual of mankind is ever engaged. Mr. Gladstone's self-triumphs have ever been conspicuously brave and heroic. The tremendous motive of ambition, naturally apt to be so strong in an ardent-souled young man, who begins public life with a brilliant success, has never swerved him from the often rugged and dreary path of duty. Great as he is as an orator, as a practical statesman, as an enthusiastic student, as an untiring worker, he is certainly greatest in his moral aspect. No statesman in recent English Political History is so conspicuous above all others for this trait." Most learned critic! We thank thee, friend, for lending us the words—were it of any service now to borrow them.

Of that history we have necessarily read not a little for the purposes of these "Past Associations." Almost all, as seems to us, have been engaged in bitter party-struggles for the supremacy; for the tenancy, might we say, of the Prime Minister's house; the goal of the ambition of most men who are listened to with respect and admiration for their political ability, their personal qualities, their gifts of oratory, or other qualifications, in the House of Commons. Scarce one of them was altogether free from yielding to more or less temptation, by which power came within their grasp. Mr. Gladstone's rise to power was brought about in spite of his moral superiority to all personal temptation. His succession to the Premiership was due, not to his own persistent seeking for it, but to his own transcendent ability, and the confidence that most fair-minded men had in the nobility of his aims. Few men ever took office with a more solemn conviction that it was not a reward or delight, but a responsibility, a trust and a burden. So pure and lofty a fame as his must surely be enduring.

Its best lesson to every thoughtful and earnest-minded student of Political History was its moral example. Such, in all humility be it written, and without one thought of his own political convictions, are the views honestly held by the writer. If contrariety of opinion could wound a politician, he would not live for a day.

CHAPTER XVII.

Conclusion.

HE that speaks what is in him, though it be under ever such impediments, will find some listeners. So Carlyle, that harshest of censors, once allowed himself encouragingly to say. We will venture to hope so, or better for this history had it not been compiled. The difficulty of writing a book, or even an essay, on an historic site, rises in exact proportion to the eminence of the celebrities who have helped to make it known. What seems best worth telling is, in a general way, already passably familiar to many; and if the author be led to digress, he almost surely finds himself on the beaten track of biography. For so another literary censor reminds us. He finds himself plodding wearily through books, such as those elsewhere indicated, whose collected titles, numbering a full score more than a hundred, and, moreover, relating to two brief periods of history alone, lie recorded at our elbow, to warn us of the folly of following that track; where to end it was impossible to foresee.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

PRIME MINISTER 1894-5.

From a Portrait taken at No. 10, Downing Street.
Lent by the Earl of Rosebery.

It would be a piece of egregious vanity to suggest that these "Past Associations" content us, or for that matter any other portions of this book. But since no one seemed disposed to speak what was in him concerning Downing Street's past, "that little bit of London ground so well known and yet so little known, one hundred yards long and twenty yards wide, sometimes narrowing to ten. . . the smallest and at the same time the Greatest Street in the world, because it lies at the hub of the gigantic wheel which encircles the globe under the name of the British Empire"; since none, we say, more competent had stepped forward to tell its history—which necessarily includes that of No. 10 itself—we undertook the task, not o'er-stepping the bounds of modesty, we trust, in so doing.

We feel the reverse of being persuaded that we have not overstepped those bounds. Modesty can hardly be considered his strongest point, who essays to enter and discuss the headquarters of him whose necessary qualifications for residence here have been declared as follows: That he should have "a thorough mastery of facts, a clear purpose, a patient temper, a persevering will; a profound knowledge of men, of the motives which actuate them, of the influences by which they are to be swayed; skill to purchase the maximum of support by the minimum of concession; tact to discern the present temper and the probable direction of the popular feeling; sagacity to distinguish between the intelligent and the unintelligent public opinion, between the noisy clamour of the unimportant few, and the silent convictions of the influential many, between the outcry which may be safely and justly disregarded, and the expression of the mind of the country which it would be wrong and dangerous to withstand—qualifications which demand no ordinary combination of moral and intellectual endowments."

One would suppose so, and hold him to be rightly placed at No. 10, who is possessed of them, and him also to be more daring than the average who seeks to pry into its affairs, to gratify, perhaps, his own vanity, or at least the curiosity of others. But since that has already been done, there is no more to be said in the way of apology.

It could certainly be wished that the occasional gossip retailed in the previous chapters had been fresher, and that the "inane gray haze" of moral and sentimental reflections here or there found dispersed through these pages, had been dispelled by brighter touches of anecdote and reminiscence—good sayings and pleasant anecdotes that might bear quoting. But, unfortunately, such matter is not to be picked up haphazard in the waiting-room of No. 10, Downing

Street. They belong rather to such breakfasts as those of "the Souls," or to the smaller and selecter dinner parties of the First Lord, to which we have hitherto not had access in the dining-room.

What we have written, we have written; and would it had been more worthy of a subject so interesting.

It is difficult for us of to-day to realise the enormous change that has taken place in the manners, habits, conversations, speeches, and temper even, of our public men, since the time Count Bothmar passed out of No. 10 and Sir Robert Walpole went in. No English gentleman would to-day dream of acting as some of Walpole's contemporaries, high in the service of the State, acted in intercourse with their colleagues; who quarrelled, and swore, drank, bribed, gambled, and held their political word almost as cheap as one might hold an empty purse. Some of them came down from Eton and Christ Church, from Westminster School and Trinity College, with any but a liberal education—"softening men's manners, nor suffering them to be brutal." As we now understand education, the school and university training of some of the earlier ministers of the Georges had been woefully neglected. Most of them seem to have had a creditable knowledge of antiquity, but comparatively few apparently could spell English correctly, or pen a decent letter, or knew much of modern geography, or of history other than contemporary.

There was no want of "classical acquirement," we are told, among ministers and those who led politically and socially in Georgian days. Many wrote graceful verses—excepting the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who wrote home-spun, graceless verses, as foolishly as any who ever sat on the woolsack before his time or since. Fox and Walpole (we refer to the garrulous Horace) had a taste for "contemporary literature" of the *belles lettres* kind; but Fox kept it to himself, "for lack of sympathy"; and the best letter-writer in the English language was "ashamed of it." Fox confessed, late in life, that he could never get through "The Wealth of Nations." He had toned down; otherwise it might have been supposed that Charles James Fox could have got through "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." without much trouble. But this by the way.

Even so late as his time (1749-1806), geography and "the use of the globes" were rare accomplishments. These, and "the art of moulding flowers out of wax," an elegant accomplishment taught to aristocratic young ladies, did not come in, if our memory serves, till about the time Miss Pinkerton opened her famous school, which Miss Rebecca Sharp attended, in the Mall, Chiswick. However that may have been, the scholars of the college of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor, of St. Mary of Winchester, of St. Peter at Westminster, etc., learnt little else but the classics, and the history and geography of ancient Greece and Rome. Some persons of those early days (according to Lord Carlisle, the friend of George Selwyn) wondered if people did not travel from England to France " by land." When Whiston, the divine and mathematician (mentioned in an earlier chapter) foretold the destruction of the world within three years, the Duchess of Bolton avowed her intention of escaping the common ruin, by going to China !

Discussing the coteries of George Selwyn and his contemporaries, the " Edinburgh Review " (Vol. CLXI., 1844) found his correspondents to include " the most cultivated men and women of the highest class " then living. " The masterpieces of English light literature and several other standard works appeared during their correspondence. Yet neither Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Gray, Goldsmith, Hume, Robertson, Johnson, Gibbon, or even Burke, elicits a remark. . . There is one allusion to Garrick, one to Reynolds, and one to Gainsborough, as ' the painter by whom, if you remember, we once saw the caricature of old Winchilsea.' "

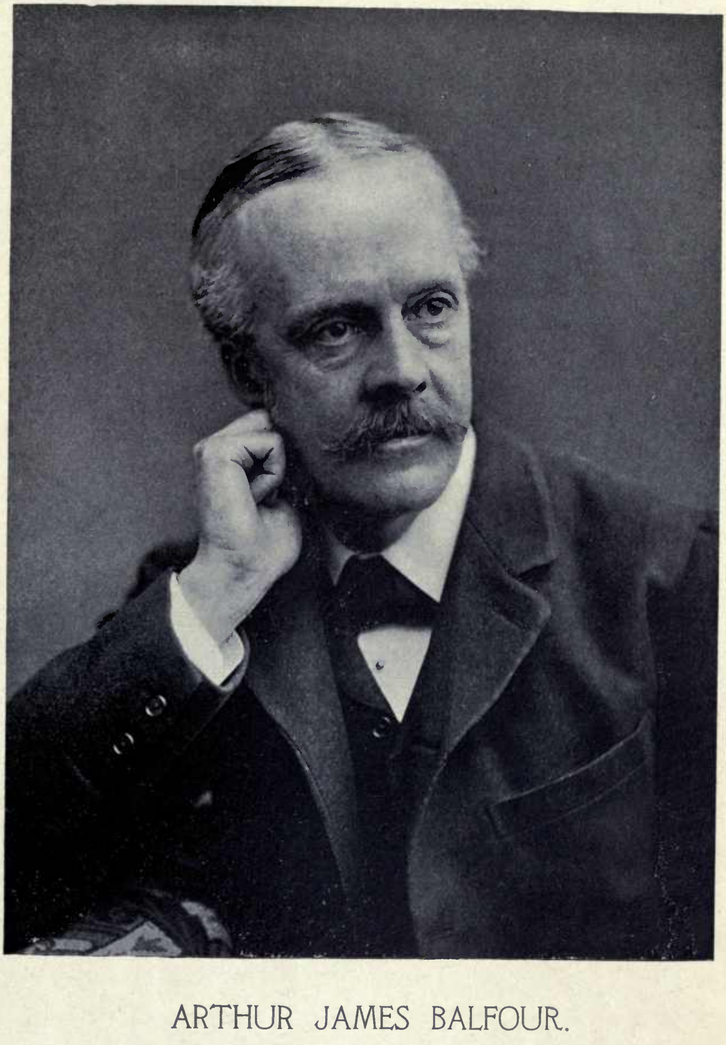
When Selwyn was candidate (1768) for the representation of Gloucester, he was opposed by a well-to-do timber merchant of the city. Selwyn's friends called him "a d——d carpenter." "Why did you not set his timber yard a-fire?" asks Lord Carlisle: "these beasts are monstrously obstinate and about as well-bred as the great dogs they keep in their yards."

But to make of these a figure now for scorn "to point his slow and moving finger at," is playing very low down to the gallery. We wonder what George Selwyn, "Gilly" Williams and the rest might have had to say of candidature for Parliament in our day? What will not time subdue!

William Petty, first Marquis of Lansdowne, who is best known politically as the Earl of Shelburne, one of the ablest statesmen of his time, and Prime Minister, "the first great Minister who comprehended the rising importance of the Middle Class," states in his memoirs, that he had no great opportunity of a liberal education; "nothing but what, after leaving college, he could acquire from observation, and by chance among his acquaintance." It is remarkable that even the great Pitt could not write a common letter well. Fox went round talking of the Earl of Shelburne as "a perfidious and infamous liar." Stopping the carriage of one of his friends (Rigby) in St. James's Street, one day, Fox, leaning on the door, was expatiating on a grievance against Shelburne. Rigby pushed him aside and told the coachman to drive on. "You tell your story of Shelburne. He has a damned story, let me say, to tell of you. I do not trouble myself as to which is the truth. Drive on, coachman!" Imagine a Master of the Rolls (Sir Thos. Clark) saying to a friend of the Lord Chief Justice of England (Mansfield): "You and I have lived long in the world, and, of course, have met with a great many liars; but did you ever know such a liar as Will Murray?" That was Lord Mansfield himself.

Lord Sunderland, (Prime Minister of George I.,) who married a daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, from whom is descended the present Duke, was not only the most intriguing but the most passionate man of his time. In making up one of his administrations, it was recommended to him to nominate Sir James Lowther one of his Treasury, on account of his great wealth. "He appointed him one morning to come to Marlborough House; the morning was bad; nobody came in to Lord Sunderland, who at last rang his bell to know whether Sir James Lowther had been there. A servant answered that nobody had called. Upon his repeating the inquiry, the servant said that there was an old man, somewhat wet, sitting by the fireside in the hall, who they supposed had some petition to deliver to his Lordship. When he went out, it proved to be Sir James Lowther. Lord Sunderland desired him to be sent about his business, saying that no such mean fellow should sit at his Treasury." Henry, Lord Holland, speaking of those times, said he asked Sir Robert Walpole why he never came to an understanding with Lord Sunderland. He answered: "You little know Lord Sunderland. If I had so much as hinted at it, his temper was so violent, that he would have done his best to throw me out of the window."

There were two prominent politicians of this period, the Craggs, father and son, both remarkable men, the latter of whom we have mentioned before. Old Mr. Craggs, we are told, used to say it was as rare to meet with men perfectly wicked, as to meet with men perfectly honest or perfectly able, but that he himself was one! Once when he was entrusted with Lord Sunderland's interests while the latter attended King George I. to Hanover, Walpole and his party got hold of some story very much against Lord Sunderland, which it was impossible to counteract by any common means. Old Craggs sent to Sir Robert Walpole to see him, and acknowledged the fact, but told him if the least use was attempted to be made of it, he would that moment go before the Lord Mayor and swear that he, Walpole, had a



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

PRIME MINISTER 1902-6.

From a Photograph: London Stereoscopic Co.

conversation with the Pretender. Walpole said it was a gross falsehood. Craggs said that might be, but he would swear it, and accompany it with such circumstances as would make it believed ; and that Walpole knew he was able and capable of it. If our memory be not at fault, the elder Craggs had once been a footman to a lady of quality.

Sir Robert Walpole, at the end of a Parliamentary session, was wont to thank God that no further mischief could be done for six months. "The gratitude of place-expectants, or office-seekers," said he cynically, " is a lively sense of future favours." And yet one more saying is attributed to him : " Anything but history, for history must be false."

We do not seem to have got rid of some of our Restoration manners till quite a hundred years after the " Merry Monarch " had ended his career, and was laid to rest in the vaults of Westminster Abbey. In George the Second's reign, when families visited each other, the men were shown upstairs to the men, the women to the women. The men immediately sat down to wine or beer, and when they had done sent to tell the women. Several of the best gentlemen, members for their county, drank nothing but beer. The Reverend " Billy " Butler, a sporting vicar of Frampton, who died past eighty, about the year 1835, used to say that he had known three generations of

Dorset clergy: the first dined at one, and drank beer; the second at three, and drank port; the third at seven, and drank claret. Three was the dinner-hour in early Victorian days. We are come to eight now. When a county member went up to Parliament, his wife would go to some small farm-house within a short distance to stay till he came back, and the great house was meanwhile shut up, though no very large one. Wives did not come to London for the season—which by the way was in the winter—as M.P.'s wives do now.

Nearly the same modes of life continued down to the end of the eighteenth century. "No man" (says Miss Berry) "intending to stand for his county, or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table at his country house to be served with three-pronged forks, or his ale to be presented but in a tankard to which every mouth was successively to be applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety; and baths, and every extra attention to cleanliness and purity of person, were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners." At a country dinner-party, the gentlemen did not re-join the ladies till the carriages were ready to take them home, and were rarely in a condition for re-joining them.

We of to-day have no conception of what bribery meant in the old days of the Georges, down indeed to the abolition of political patronage in the days before the Ballot. After Sir Robert Walpole had fallen, in George II.'s reign, the two most powerful men in the country were the Duke of Newcastle and William Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham)—by whose coalition, famous in history, England was governed when George III. ascended the throne. "Newcastle took the Treasury, and Pitt was Secretary of State for War and Foreign Affairs. The filth of all the noisome and pestilential sewers of government was poured into one channel—the Newcastle. Through the other passed only what was bright and stainless." The writer is Macaulay. "Mean and selfish politicians, pining for commissionerships, gold sticks, and ribands, flocked to the great house at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields. [It is still standing.] There, at every levée, appeared eighteen or twenty pair of lawn sleeves; for there was not, it was said, a single Prelate who had not owed either his first elevation or some subsequent translation to Newcastle. There appeared those members of the House of Commons in whose silent votes the main strength of the government lay. One wanted a place in the excise for his butler. Another came about a prebend for his son. A third whispered that he had always stood by his Grace and the Protestant succession; that his last election had been very expensive; that pot-wallopers had now no conscience; that he had been forced to take up money on mortgage; and that he hardly knew where to turn for five hundred pounds. The Duke pressed all their hands, passed his arms round all their shoulders, patted all their backs, and sent away some with wages, and some with promises. From this traffic Pitt stood haughtily aloof. Not only was he himself incorruptible, but he shrank from the loathsome drudgery of corrupting others. He had not, however, been twenty years in Parliament, and ten in office, without discovering how the government was carried on. He was perfectly aware that bribery was practised on a large scale by his colleagues."

When later, in George III.'s reign, the Marquis of Bute, that King's earliest friend, came into power, and Henry Fox was brought into the ministry at a crisis, the Prime Minister was given to understand that his ministry could be saved only by practising the tactics of Walpole to an extent at which Sir Robert Walpole himself would have stared. "The Pay Office was turned into a mart for votes. Hundreds of members of Parliament were closeted there with Fox, and, as there is too much reason to believe, departed carrying with them the wages of infamy.

It was affirmed by persons who had the best opportunities of obtaining information, that twenty-five thousand pounds were thus paid away in a single morning. The lowest bribe given, it was said, was a bank-note for two hundred pounds."

These notes remind us of a story of the well-known Colonel Hanger, of the period of the Regency. When a friend in power suggested that a particular office, not being a sinecure, would hardly suit the Colonel: "Get me the place," he replied, "and leave me to find a way of making it a sinecure."

We remember the time when a borough was disfranchised, because among other things £300 were given for a row of peas; £100 for a pig; £50 for a cow; and so on, through a trap-door at the "Seven Stars" Inn, by the "Man in the Moon"—a gentleman who preferred to remain anonymous, sent down from London.

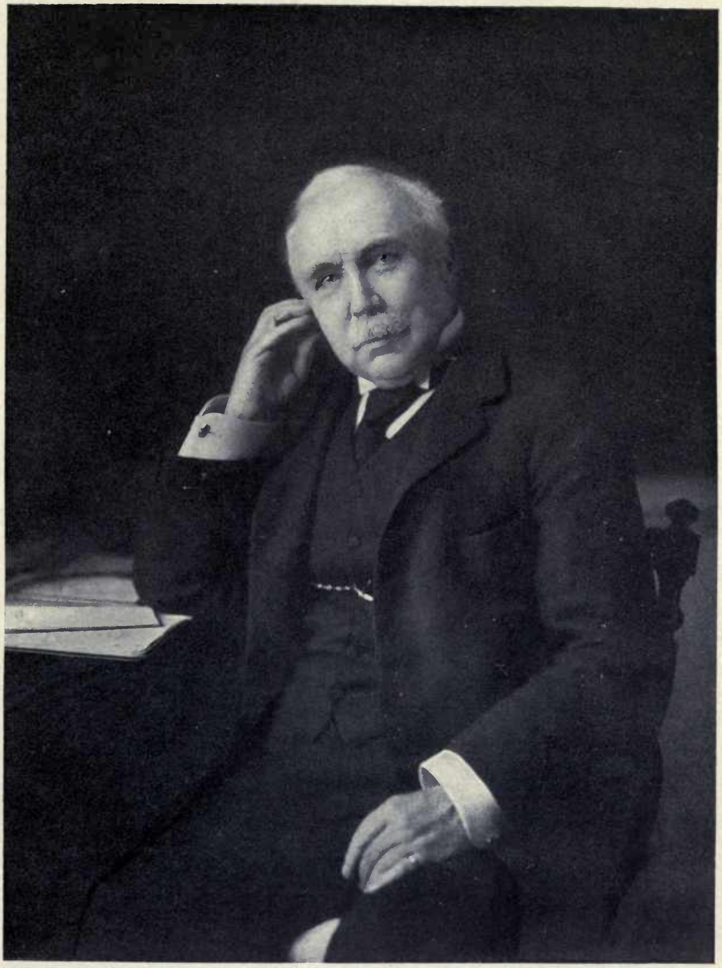
These are reminiscences incidental, if we may so say, to Downing Street; for we venture to think that, even to-day, one of the most invidious and least pleasing duties a Prime Minister has to fulfil, is the exercise of what little patronage is left to him.

It is difficult for us in these days to imagine a Prime Minister of England who sets all his Cabinet colleagues by the ears; who is a political tyrant; who says "I, Cæsar, or no one"; "the State—that is me." Walpole's love of power was insatiable. He had the faculty of turning the ablest of his political supporters, one after the other, into deadly enemies. There was Pulteney, for example, a man of immense wealth, and an able and eloquent leader, who had once voluntarily resigned a valuable office to follow the then doubtful fortunes of Walpole. Yet when Walpole, after defeat, once more returned to office, Pulteney was not invited to become a minister. That's where the political shoe pinches—not invited to join the Cabinet. An angry discussion followed. Pulteney was offered a peerage. He indignantly refused, and brooded over his wrongs till his own chance came—which soon it did. He became the greatest leader of Opposition the House of Commons had yet known, and worried Sir Robert Walpole as some to-day worry ministers. On that statesman's fall in 1742, he refused the Premiership, but accepted a peerage as Earl of Bath.

There is a story told of a personal altercation between Walpole and Lord Townshend. "They were distant kinsmen by birth, near kinsmen by marriage. They had been friends from childhood. They had been school-fellows at Eton. They were country-neighbours in Norfolk. They had been in office together under the Lord Treasurer, Godolphin. They had gone into Opposition together when Harley rose to power. They had been persecuted by the same House of Commons. They had, after the death of Anne, been recalled together to office. They had again been driven out together, and had again come back together. Their opinions on public affairs almost always coincided. They were both men of frank, generous and compassionate natures ; their intercourse had been for many years most affectionate and cordial. But the ties of blood, of marriage and of friendship, the memory of mutual services and common persecutions, were insufficient to restrain that ambition which domineered over all the virtues and vices of Walpole. He was resolved, to use his own metaphor, that the firm of the house should be, not Townshend and Walpole, but Walpole and Townshend. At length the rivals proceeded to personal abuse before witnesses, seized each other by the collar, and grasped their swords. The women squalled. The men parted the combatants. This unseemly wrangle took place at a house in Cleveland Square in which Colonel Selwyn lived. By friendly intervention the scandal of a duel between cousins, brothers-in-law, old friends and old colleagues, was prevented." Thus Macaulay. This Colonel Selwyn, by the bye, was the father of George Selwyn, the well-known wit and M.P.

I was reading the other day "Lord Stanhope's Life of William Pitt." The author was referring to that tremendous revulsion of national feeling which took place, subsequent to his expulsion from power, upon the question of peace with the American colonies, by the coalition ministry of Fox and Lord North. That strong coalition itself was in due course also dismissed. The dismissed ministers defeated Pitt in division after division in the House of Commons; but his popularity grew. He appealed to the country, and he was returned by a majority which secured his supremacy for life. To the measureless astonishment of his adversaries, he had, at the age of twenty-four, scattered by his own single arm a combination of all that was eloquent and all that was powerful in the House of Commons. How? By what wonderful agency? Nay—there is little wonderful in it, if men would but pause to consider. Sincerity, loftiness of purpose, and sense of duty.

That book laid aside, I take up another—one of my most familiar friends. Among the pleasantest companions of a lifetime, I count the old quarterly magazines. I read this in an old copy of the "Edinburgh Review": "There is no blindness so unaccountable as the blindness of English statesmen to the political value of a character. Living only in and for the House of Commons, moving in an atmosphere of constant intrigue, accustomed to look upon oratory as a mode of



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, G.C.B.

PRIME MINISTER 1906.

From a Photograph (1907) by Reginald Haines.

angling for political support, and upon political professions as only baits of more or less attractiveness, they acquire a very peculiar code of ethics, and they are liable wholly to lose sight of the fact that there is a stiffer and less corrupted morality out of doors. They not only come to forget what is right, but they forget that there is anyone who knows it. The educated thought of England, before the bar of whose opinion all political conduct must appear, measures the manœuvres of politicians by no more lenient code than that which it applies to the affairs of private life. Ordinary men cannot easily bring themselves to pass over, as judicious tactics in a statesman, the conduct which in their next-door neighbours they would condemn as impudent insincerity. On the other hand, the politician cannot bring himself to believe that the party strategy and personal competition which are everything to his mind, are trifles too slight to think about in the eyes of the nation he serves. He goes on with his game of chess, in which mighty principles and deep-seated sentiments are the pawns to be sacrificed or exchanged as the moment's convenience may suggest, in the simple faith that this is the real business which he has been sent to Parliament to transact. . . . They [party leaders] have failed because they have been blind to the elementary truth, that a character for unselfish honesty is the only secure passport to the confidence of the English people. Its place can never be supplied by fine speeches or dexterous manœuvres. Years ago, the error was commoner than it is now, in proportion as the morality of the governing classes was relatively lower in comparison with that of the nation at large."

One more quotation will I take leave to submit, and then my work is ended. This shall serve as a corrective of the criticism which precedes it; severer than happily is called for in our political life to-day, yet not without its uses. History has a habit of repeating itself at times. In which event no harm can come, in being prepared to discountenance history's repetition, if it be not quite to our liking.

George Grote, the eminent historian of Greece, sometime member for the City of London, a disciple of John Stuart Mill, and one of the apostles of Radicalism, outlived his political faith in many things. In a conversation on the passing of the Ballot Act, said he: "I have come to perceive that the choice between one man and another, among the English people, signifies less than I used formerly to think it did. Take a section of society, cut it through from top to bottom, and examine the composition of the successive layers. They are much alike throughout the scale. The opinions, all based upon the same social instincts : never upon a clear or enlightened perception of general interests. Every particular class pursuing its own, the result is, a universal struggle for the advantages accruing from party supremacy. The English mind is much of one pattern, take whatsoever class you will. The same favourite prejudices, amiable and otherwise ; the same antipathies, coupled with ill-regulated though benevolent efforts to eradicate human evils, are well-nigh universal : modified, naturally, by instruction, among the highly educated few ; but they hardly affect the course of outdoors sentiment. I believe," said he, " that the actual composition of Parliament represents with tolerable fidelity the British people. And it will never be better than it is, for a House of Commons cannot afford to be above its own constituencies in intelligence, knowledge, or patriotism."

That being so—if indeed it be so, and truly an authority so eminent is deserving consideration—the constituencies must be congratulated, forasmuch as they have never yet failed to send at least one man to Parliament of " capability and godlike reason " to lead the House of Commons ; and other not less notable men " in intelligence, knowledge or patriotism" among the foremost of their fellows, to sit with him, in the Cabinet Room of No. 10, Downing Street, Whitehall. There we respectfully take leave of them, grateful that they there sit to represent with "tolerable fidelity," for the time being, the best judgment, hopes and aggregate opinions of a majority of the British people, in furtherance of the safety, honour and welfare of our Sovereign and his Dominions.

Historical Notes.

THE DOWNING STREET PORTRAITS.

It is not without interest to note, that some of the Portraits at No. 10, Downing Street, are those of Ministerial personages almost contemporaneous with Sir George Downing, the builder of the house.

Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, for example, takes us back to the reign of Charles I., of whose confidence in the work of government he had a large share—"the largest share," it is recorded, among those who surrounded that ill-fated king. He was a member of the House of Commons, and served first as Under-Treasurer, and then as Acting-Treasurer of the Exchequer (1620-4). Four years later, he was made Baron Weston and Lord High Treasurer (1628). Again a four years' interval, and he was made Earl of Portland (1632). He died in 1635, some years before the coming of Downing.

Thomas, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh (1630–73), was his contemporary. Of good Devonshire stock he; a seaman by predilection; a politician by accident. "A very fine gentleman," according to Pepys, "and much set by at court, for his activity in going to sea"—as befitted a man of Devon, whose people lived within sight of the Exe. In 1669 he was one of that historic "Cabal": C[lifford], A[shley], B[uckingham], A[rlington], L[auderdale]. He was created a Baron and appointed Lord High Treasurer and Treasurer of the Exchequer in 1672. He was a friend of Evelyn's, and of course known to Pepys.

Wallingford House (on the site of which the Admiralty, Whitehall, stands) was Lord Clifford's official residence. This is an interesting fact, which seems to suggest that Treasury work was transacted there at one time. Not unlikely it was the house and office of the Lord High Treasurer. In 1680 it was bought by the Crown, shortly after Lord Clifford vacated it.

Henry Booth, 2nd Baron Delamere, 1st Earl of Warrington, was a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer (1688–90). He was one of three peers deputed to wait upon King James II., to tell him that his removal from the royal palace of Whitehall, to some place outside London, was considered desirable. He was twice committed to the Tower on political charges, and appears to have borne his imprisonment there, and other hard strokes of fortune, philosophically; among the rest, the tardy receipt of but one half year's payment in all, of a pension of £2,000 a year, awarded him for his services by King William III. What little we have read of Lord Delamere's career, makes us wish that we knew more of it. Since he died at the early age of forty-two (1652–94), his share of trouble appears to have been crowded into few years.

Sydney Godolphin, Earl of Godolphin (1645–1712), sat with Lord Delamere at the Treasury Board. He became Lord Treasurer at the accession of Queen Anne (1702), and was (1709) practically her Prime Minister. His views of that exalted office were expressed by him in a sentence : "The life of a galley-slave is a paradise in comparison of mine." He had worn out life and health, he said, "in the service of the Crown." The service of a Prime Minister to Queen Anne, history speaking truly, seems to have needed, certainly life, and health in fullest measure.

Thomas Osborne, 1st Duke of Leeds, better known in history as Earl of Danby, Lord High Treasurer 1673, and from that date to 1678, virtually Charles II.'s Prime Minister. Everyone has read that oft-repeated story of his visit to Andrew Marvel, M.P. for Hull, at a lodging in Maiden Lane. He spent five years of his life in the Tower, within the civic jurisdiction of the Lord Mayors of London, one of whom, Sir Edward Osborne, was the Duke's grandfather. The period of that life extended from 1631 to 1712.

An oft-repeated legend, touching the Duke's ancestry, runs thus:—

In the year 1536, there lived in a house on old London Bridge a clothworker of great wealth, an alderman of the city, one Sir William Hewitt. His little daughter, Anne, was one day playing at a window with her nurse, when by accident she fell out, and was plunged into the rushing stream below. Sir William had an apprentice, Osborne by name, who, seeing the peril of his master's child, leaped after her, and saved her life at the hazard of his own. The little Anne grew up into womanhood, and was much admired for her beauty, and doubtless not less appreciated for her prospective wealth. Even an Earl of Shrewsbury sought the lady's hand in marriage. "No!" said the honest alderman; "No! Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her"—and so he had. Like the apprentice Goodchild, of Hogarth's depicting ("Industry and Idleness"), Osborne became Lord Mayor, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. From this Sir Edward Osborne are descended in a direct line the Dukes of Leeds. The statesman of the Downing Street portrait was his grandson. The Duke himself lived to be eighty-one; and if any might wish to learn what a life given to politics means, he could hardly do better than study that of Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, Marquis of Caermarthen, 1st Duke of Leeds. The Dictionary of National Biography (Vol. xlii.) devotes no less than eight pages to his career. One of the plans published in this book further perpetuates his memory, by a note: "The Earl of Danby's Passage," which passage ran parallel to the eastward wall of the First Lord's garden.

Sir John Lowther: He was First Lord of the Treasury in 1690 under Thomas Osborne, then Marquis of Caermarthen, and retained that office for two years (1690–2,) acting also as Leader of the House of Commons during that period. He was created Viscount Lonsdale in 1696, and died in 1700. In general his ministerial services do not seem to have been appreciated.

Sir George Scharf, K.C.B., sometime Director and Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, left a number of notes on the portraits at No. 10. These are now in the keeping of his successor, the present Director (1907).

MINOR REFERENCES.

The Tilt-Yard: One of Sir Roger De Coverley's ancestors, it may be remembered, was "the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-Yard, which is now a common street before Whitehall. I don't know, but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now."—"The Spectator," No. 109 (1711). The coffee-house referred to was "Jenny Mann's," and stood on the site of the Paymaster General's Office.

In the "Letters of Junius" (Edition 12-mo., 1810, page 176) reference is made to the "Tilt-Yard in St. James's Park," where an affray took place (1769) between bailiffs, sent to arrest a general officer for debt. Two lieutenants of the Guards, one of whom (not on duty) called out the guard to effect a rescue, which was done: an illegal proceeding which provoked the severe animadversion of Junius, directed against the Ministry then in office. "The King's Own Guard," wrote Junius. This is still mounted at St. James's Palace and the Horse Guards daily.

Spelling of Names: Sir Christopher Wren, referring to the advancement of Bishop Juxon to the Lord Treasurer's Staff (1636), spells the name "Juxton." Either history, in this particular, is incorrect, or Sir Christopher Wren was careless. Hambden [Hampden] House: We prefer to think that our ancestors—even the more distinguished of them—were altogether indifferent in this matter of spelling, as indeed are some of their descendants of less eminence, to-day.

John Hampden ("The Patriot"), 1594–1643. "If ever my son will seek for honour," wrote his mother, "let him come to court [Whitehall] now; for there is a multitude of lords a-making." [1620, James I.] This lady (the daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrooke, Hunts.) died in 1664, just at the date Downing Street was being laid out.

Richard Hampden. B. 1631, D. 1695; second son of John, by his first wife. M.P. 1656; "Chairman of Committee of Whole House" 1689; and also a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury. Chancellor of Exchequer 1690.—"Dictionary of National Biography."

Hampden House was the London residence either of (1) "the mother," above referred to, or (2) the wife of the last-named Richard; more likely than not, the family mansion.

"According to the Constitution": "The regiment of England is not a Mere Monarchie, as some for lacke of consideration thinke, nor a mere Oligarchie, nor Democratie, but a rule mixte of all those, wherein ech one of these have, or shoulde have, like authoritie. Thimage whereof, and not the image, but the thinge in dede, is to be sene in the Parliament hous, wherein you shall find these 3 estats. The king or queene, which representeth the Monarche. The noble men which be the Aristocratie. And the burgesses and knights the Democratie. The verye same had Lacedemonia, the noblest and best gouerned city that ever was; they had their kings, their senate, and Hippagretes, which wer for the people. As in Lacedemonia, none of these could make or breake lawes, order for warre or peace, or do any thing without thother, the kinge nothing without the senate and commons, nor either of them, or both, withoute the king. . . . . The state being as it is, or ought to be (if men wer wurth theyr eares), I can see no cause of feare." (Aylmer's answer to John Knox's "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.") Aylmer later became Bishop of London.

"The King's Closet." In writing to his son (March 15th, 1754) in reference to a change of Ministry then in progress, Lord Chesterfield thus incidentally alludes to this subject. The Duke or Newcastle was declared First Lord of the Treasury, to which office Henry Fox (created Lord Holland, 1763) had hoped and expected to be appointed . . . "The Duke and the Chancellor [of the Exchequer] chose to kick him upstairs into the Secretaryship of State. In this they acted wisely; but whether Mr. Fox has done so, or not, in refusing the seals is a point which I cannot determine. If he is, as I presume he is, animated with revenge, I should have thought he could have better gratified it as a Secretary of State, with constant admission into the Closet, than as a private man at the head of an opposition."

"THE KING'S FRIENDS." In 1761 Lord Barrington was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by the Duke of Newcastle, and by his concurrence Treasurer of the Navy, the year following. He refused to follow the Duke into opposition, and supported his opponents, holding office in every Administration which succeeded for sixteen years. "He professed no public attachment but for the King." "The King has long known that I am entirely devoted to him, having no political connexion with any man." (Letter to the Duke of Grafton, Sept., 1767.) "I retain my own opinions in respect to the disputes with America . . Sometimes I think it my duty to declare them openly before twenty or thirty persons, and the next day I am forced either to vote contrary to them, or to vote with an opposition which I abhor." Thus Lord Barrington to the King, 13th September, 1776.

"After my having experienced Lord Barrington's attachment and faithful discharge of the employments he has held . . . I intend to show him a mark of my approbation. . . . . I choose to take this method of informing him that I have directed Lord North to prepare a warrant for granting him a pension of £2,000 per annum." Thus King George III. to Lord Barrington, December 16th, 1778.

TORPID SENATORS: *A propos* of the famous "Torpid Cabinet" of Kinglake's history: At a meeting in 1812, of the Opposition peers under Lord Grenville (Prime Minister 1806–7), Byron relates how he sat next the Duke of Grafton. "He and Lord Grey read to us the correspondence upon Lord Moira's negotiation. I asked the Duke, 'What is to be done next?' 'Wake the Duke of Norfolk' (who was snoring away near us), he replied : 'I don't think the negotiations have left anything else for us to do.'"

Whig and Tory : The quotation, in full, from Thomas Moore's "Life of Sheridan" is as follows : "Whiggism is a sort of political protestantism, and pays a similar tax for the freedom of its creed, in the multiplicity of opinions which that very freedom engenders—while true Toryism, like popery, holding her children together by the one common doctrine of the infallibility of the throne, takes care to repress any schism inconvenient to their general interest, and keeps them, at least for all intents and purposes of place-holding, unanimous." Date of this ingenious definition, 1826.—Lord Liverpool's Administration.

Prime Minister : "In our times, the statesmanship required is less initiative, and more administrative, than in Walpole's. A Minister cannot now decide upon his principles and purposes, and carry them through, by the mere force of the high position to which he has been called. He can no longer dictate like Walpole, bribe like Newcastle, or domineer like the Earl of Chatham. Practically he is powerless, except in so far as he can induce others to agree with him. He must, moreover, carry the nation along with him. He has to follow, as well as to lead. He has not only to conceive and mature wise schemes, he has to undergo the far more painful and vexatious labour of persuading others of their excellence, of instructing the ignorance of some, of convincing the understandings of others, of combating the honest prejudices of one party, of neutralising the interested opposition of another. He has to clip, to modify, to emasculate his measures, to enfeeble them by some vital omission in order to conciliate this antagonist, to clog them with some perilous burden in order to satisfy that rival, till he is fain to doubt whether compromise has not robbed victory of its profit as well as of its charms."—From the miscellaneous reading of the Author.

Henry Pelham: "He meaned well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post, where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no enterprising shining minister, he was a safe one . . . very shining ministers, like the sun, are apt to scorch when they shine brightest: in our constitution I prefer the milder light of a less glaring minister."—"Lord Chesterfield's Letters," March 8th, 1754.

Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of Newcastle: "There are very many weak places in that citadel . . . Ask for his orders in everything you do . . . In his hours of festivity and compotation, drop, that he puts you in mind of what Sir William Temple says of the pensionary De Witt, who at that time governed half Europe; that he appears at balls, assemblies, and public places, as if he had nothing else to do . . . He loves to have a favourite, and to open himself to that favourite . . . In one thing alone do not humour him; I mean drinking.

"The hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business; but from his want of method in it . . . The Duke of Newcastle does everything by halves and nothing well."—*Ibid.* June 26th, 1752; Feb. 26th, 1754; Sept. 23rd, 1757.

The Duke of Grafton: "Let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct, merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you, not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or if I may call it, the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or colour of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never have once betrayed you into a wise or honourable action . . . Sullen and severe, without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles the Second, without being an amiable companion."—"Letters of Junius," May 30th, 1769.

Marquis of Bute: "His whole public life lasted little more than two years. On the day on which he became a politician, he became a cabinet-minister. In a few months he was both in name and in show chief of the administration."—"Macaulay's Essays."

George Grenville: "Grenville [brother-in-law of Pitt, the elder] would have been very angry with any person who should have denied his claim to be a Whig. . . .

"We are inclined to think, on the whole, that the worst administration which has governed England since the Revolution was that of George Grenville. His public acts may be classed under two heads, outrages on the liberty of the people, and outrages on the dignity of the crown. He was detested alike by the court and the people."—*Ibid.*

Marquis of Rockingham: "A man of splendid fortune, excellent sense, and stainless character. . . . Though not a great orator, he had, in a high degree, some of the qualities of a statesman. He chose his friends well, and he had, in an extraordinary degree, the art of attaching them to him by ties of the most honourable kind."—*Ibid.*

Lord Palmerston (Canning Ministry, 1827): "The Chancellorship of the Exchequer, with a seat in the Cabinet, was again offered to Lord Palmerston and accepted by him. It was arranged that he should remain Secretary of War till the end of the session, and then go to the Exchequer: 'In the meanwhile intrigues were set on foot. George IV., who personally hated me, did not fancy me as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He wanted to have Herries in that office. . . .' Rather than embarrass the new Premier, who was particularly anxious to please the King, Lord Palmerston consented to retain his old place, with a seat in the Cabinet: 'Some weeks after this, Canning sent for me again to say he had a proposition to make to me, which he should not himself have thought of, but that the King had said he knew and was sure that it was just the very thing I should like, and that was to go as Governor to Jamaica. I laughed so heartily that I observed Canning looked quite put out, and I was obliged to grow serious again.'"—"Life of Lord Palmerston," by Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, 1870.

LORD GODERICH: "One of the first acts of Goderich's administration was to ask the Duke of Wellington to be Commander-in-Chief. Lord Anglesey had been sent to make the offer. He travelled without stopping, and obtained the Duke's immediate acceptance, and arrived with it at Windsor. While we were sitting in council on the memorable day in August, at which Lord William Bentinck also was present, to be sworn in Governor-General of India, Lord Anglesey said to us, 'Well, gentlemen, I have done what you sent me to do. I have brought you the Duke of Wellington's acceptance as Commander-in-Chief, and by God, mark my words, as sure as you are alive, he will trip up all your heels before six months are over your heads.'

"Before the six months were well over the Duke was in, and our heels were up."—*Ibid.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON: "Lord Wellesley expected the Premiership, and had been encouraged by his brother in this expectation; that, according to the express or implied understanding between them, the Duke was to recommend the Marquis as best fitted to take the lead in civil affairs; that the Marquis waited the Duke's return from the royal closet with much anxiety, and that the ensuing disappointment occasioned a lasting coolness between the pair. This story derives plausibility from the circumstance that the Duke, a short time previously, had publicly and most emphatically declared his utter unfitness for the post, declaring in the House of Lords that he must be mad to think of it.

"Count D'Orsay's well-known portrait of the Duke was in progress when the Marquis died. The day after the death, the illustrious sitter, much to D'Orsay's surprise, came at the usual hour and took his seat as if nothing had occurred. His sole reference to the event, after a short pause, was—'You have heard of the death of the Marquis of Wellesley, a very agreeable man *when he had his own way.*'" —"The Quarterly Review," Vol. 129, p. 350.

PEEL—RUSSELL: "Peel made a beautiful speech [House of Commons, June 12th, 1838]: polished, graceful, self-possessed, candid, or apparently candid, in the extreme. We have no man like him."

"Lord John Russell rose in my mind the more I listened to him . . . He wriggled round, played with his hat, seemed unable to dispose of his hands or his feet; his voice was small and thin; but notwithstanding all this, a house of upwards of five hundred members was hushed to catch his slightest accents. You listened, and you felt that you heard a man of mind, of thought, and of moral elevation. . . He is one of the greatest men I have seen in England."—"Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner." Boston: Roberts Bros., 1877.

CHAPTER XI.: At the moment (November 15th, 1907) of sending this Book to the press, everyone is reading in the daily newspapers, with deep regret, of the breakdown of the present Prime Minister—it may be hoped only temporarily. "It is well known (I read) that had he consulted his own wishes he would now be sitting in the Speaker's chair, instead of taking his place as Prime Minister upon the Treasury Bench. And, though it is in itself a trifle to which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would not give a moment's consideration, there is a kind of graceful appropriateness and poetic justice in the King's innovation in the order of precedence, which assigns the Prime Minister the formal rank of 'First Commoner' hitherto held by the Speaker." . . . "It is no secret that his colleagues deplore the heavy strain which the Prime Minister constantly imposes on himself, not because he is in love with the strenuous life, but simply from a rigid, unrelaxing sense of duty."—From a London Newspaper.

Index.

PAGE

ABERDEEN (Earl of).
- Administration referred to 174
- "Torpid" Cabinet-council, *ibid.*
- Cabinet meetings in "pre-'62" days 178
- Prime Minister (1852-5) 118
- His Portrait facing 254
- At Lady John Russell's Assembly at No. 10 285

ADDISON.
- The Essayist 144
- The *Spectator* quoted 146
- Historical note relating to Tilt-yard 326

ADDINGTON, HENRY (1st Viscount Sidmouth)
- Financial Secretary of Treasury's perquisites in his time 96
- Prime Minister (1801-4) 117
- His Portrait facing 152

ADMIRALTY, The.
- Wallingford House, in the Strand 57
- George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, born there, *ibid.*
- First Lord's House forms part of 123

ALBEMARLE (Duke of).
- His garden at the Cockpit 73-5

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR (J. H. Choate).
- His speech at Guildhall about Downing Street 16, 104

"AXE AND GATE" Ale House.
- Lease of, to Horace Walpole 61
- A reminiscence of Charles I. 63
- Adjoined No. 1, Downing Street 74
- At the Street's North-east corner 129

AXE YARD (Westminster).
- Introductory viii.
- Samuel Pepys lived there 18

PAGE

BACON, FRANCIS (Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans)
- Quoted, Introductory i.
- His Portrait in Cabinet-room 164
- Apt reminder of many things, *ibid.*
- His reflections on Men in great place 196-7
- His own career: a lengthy sermon on the vanity of human greatness 198

BALFOUR, ARTHUR JAMES.
- Succeeds his uncle, Marquis of Salisbury 130
- His bedroom 138
- Guest at Mr. Gladstone's breakfasts at No. 10 152
- One of a set of friends called "the Souls" 154
- Reference to, in a London Newspaper, quoted 202
- Prime Minister (1902-6) 218
- His Portrait facing 310

BEACONSFIELD (Earl of).
- See Disraeli, Benjamin.

BELLAMY'S KITCHEN.
- Recollections of 268-9

BLOOMSBURY.
- Exterior of No. 10 and 11, resembles houses in 127

BOLINGBROKE (Viscount), HENRY ST. JOHN.
- References to Prime Minister 207
- The riddle of his measures, sooner or later solved 208
- Earl Chesterfield's opinion of 220-1
- Dined with Sir Robert Walpole 221, 223

BOTHMAR (Count).
- No. 10 given to, by George I. 116
- Dies 119

BROUGHAM (Lord 263

PAGE

BURKE, EDMUND.
  Private Secretary to Marquis of Rockingham 113

BURNS, ROBERT (the Poet).
  Help sought of William Pitt for 152
  Refused, *ibid.*
  Southey's rejoinder 153

BUTE (MARQUIS OF), JOHN STUART.
  His Portrait facing 96
  His Secretary not the Earl of Liverpool, afterwards Prime Minister Note 115
  Contemporary with Chatham, Rockingham, etc. 132
  His Secretary, Mr. [Charles] Jenkinson, later Earl of Liverpool (see above) 161
  His views of office 204
  How insulted, *ibid.*
  Prime Minister (1762-3) 217
  Dr. Johnson's pension 234
  Historical note 331

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, G.C.B., SIR HENRY.
  In residence at No. 10 as Prime Minister (1907) 129-30
  Sat in the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone 131, 267
  The Cabinet-room (1907) 164, 166, 185
  His Sitting-room 189
  His Portrait facing 318
  Historical note 333

CANNING, GEORGE.
  "Imaginary Conversations" (Walter Savage Landor) quoted 143
  His bust at No. 10, *ibid.*
  His Portrait facing 198
  Prime Minister (1827) 217
  Cato Street Conspirators 277
  Historical note 331

CHATHAM,
  See William Pitt, Earl of.

CHARLES I. (KING).
  Introductory i.
  Whitehall 57

PAGE

CHARLES I.—*Continued.*
  Bishop Juxon, Lord High Treasurer 87
  Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, had large share of his confidence 323

CHARLES II. (KING)
  and Oliver Cromwell's body 19
  Affairs at the Hague 25-7
  "Axe and Gate" 63
  A Sportive King 68
  His Cockpit 69
  Named the "Cockpit Royal" 71-2
  Where it stood 72
  Henry VIII.'s Cockpit standing in his reign 81
  Conclusions concerning his Cockpit 85
  At the Treasury Board 89
  Payments to Sir George Downing, *ibid.*
  Downing Street 127
  Origin of the Cabinet 166-9
  Earl of Danby, his Lord High Treasurer 324

CLOSET, THE KING'S.
  His Privy Chamber 170
  "Letters of Junius" quoted in reference to, *ibid.* (Note).
  Synonymous with Cabinet, *ibid.*
  Historical note 327-8

COCKPIT, THE.
  Introductory viii.
  Site of "His Majesty's House" called 55, 58, 59, 69, 70, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 121
  Entrance to 70
  The "Cockpit Royal" 71-2
  Site shown on Ordnance Map 76-7
  The historic Cockpit Passage 77-8
  Cromwell, tradition concerning, *ibid.*
  When name first used to designate a locality 81
  The "official" Cockpit 82-6
  In George II.'s reign 83
  Conclusions concerning 85

COCKPIT ROYAL, THE.
  Built by Charles II. 69, 72, 85
  "His Majesty's House called the Cockpit" 73-4
  The Treasury adjoining 121

PAGE

COCKPIT PASSAGE, THE.
- Introductory viii.
- Sketch of Entrance 70
- On Ordnance Map 76
- Bricked-up gate in garden of No. 10 77-8
- Cromwell, a tradition concerning, *ibid.*

CRAGGS, MR., SECRETARY.
- Anecdote of 144
- Of his father 310

CROMWELL, OLIVER (LORD PROTECTOR).
- Introductory viii.
- George Downing arrives in England in his time 17
- Downing, his Ambassador to the Netherlands 18, 25
- Body dug up 19
- Downing's "lacqueying" to 20, 79
- London's Train-bands 21-2
- Secretary Thurloe's despatches 25
- "Traitor and rebel" 27
- Hambden [Hampden] House 56-7, 326-7
- His lodgings at the Cockpit 75, 78
- The Cockpit Passage 78, 124
- Sir Philip Warwick's description of 79
- Treasury in Commission in his time 88

DELAVAL, SIR FRANCIS BLAKE.
- Resident in Downing Street 254-5

DERBY (14th EARL OF), EDWARD STANLEY.
- Prime Minister (1852, 1858-9, 1866-8) 218
- His Portrait facing 246
- Succeeded Lord John Russell 285

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.).
- His "coronetted portmanteau" 138
- The State Dining-room renovated 157
- His "weary and pained look" 206
- His Portrait facing 270
- "Coningsby" quoted, as to Conservatism 278-9
- "Had often succeeded at last" 290

PAGE

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN—*Continued.*
- The secret of success 290
- His indomitable will 291
- His career a romance 292
- Wrote "Lothair" and "Endymion" when over 66 years of age 293
- Discussed from two standpoints 294
- His brilliant talents 295
- His genius for party-leadership, *ibid.*

DOWNING, EMMANUEL.
- Father of Sir George Downing; his house in Salem, Massachusetts 6
- He and his family Parliamentarians 7
- Of Suffolk or Cambridgeshire 8
- Married to Lucy Winthrop, *ibid.*
- Arrives in New England (1638) 12
- Returns to England 16
- Referred to by Winthrop in England 116

DOWNING, SIR GEORGE (1ST BARONET).
- Introductory ii.
- No new material concerning him 3
- "A most capable official" 3
- Who was he? 4
- His name inseparably connected with the First Lord's house 5
- His Harvard College career, 7, 9, 11, etc.
- Graduate at Harvard (1642) 12
- A tutor there 16
- His conduct towards his mother 12-14
- Returns to England 16-17
- In Parliamentary Army 18
- Cromwell's Ambassador to Netherlands, *ibid.*
- His relations with Samuel Pepys 18-19, 28
- His pitiless hunt after Okey 20-4
- His Colonial principles found "erroneous" 25
- His treachery and avarice 26-7
- Serves King Charles II. 27
- Gives £5 to Harvard University 28
- His estates at Gamlingay and East Hatley 28-31
- Related to the Howards of Naworth, Earls of Carlisle 30
- Lease of Whitehall premises to, and permission to build 58-9

PAGE
DOWNING, SIR GEORGE—*Continued.*
Expiration of lease 61
When took to building 71
His lease decisive of site of Cockpit 73-4, etc.
Probably knew Milton and Dr. Robert South 79
His salary and other monetary affairs 90
Secretary to the Treasury Lords, *ibid.*
His baronet's fee discharged 90
A zealous official 92
Lived in a house in Downing Street 127
Nos. 10 and 11, the last remaining houses built by him 159

DOWNING, LUCY.
Wife of Emmanuel, and mother of Sir George Downing 8
Her desire to go to New England 11
Her solicitation for her son George's education there, *ibid.*
Arrival in New England (1638) 12
Her straitened circumstances in old age 13
May have helped towards the founding of Harvard College 14

DOWNING, SIR GEORGE (3RD BARONET).
His Portrait facing 3
Founder of Downing College, Cambridge, and his lady 32

DOWNING, SIR JACOB GERARD.
Renewal of Lease of Downing Street premises to 63

DOWNING, LADY MARGARET (WIDOW).
Renewal of Lease of Downing Street premises to Trustees of her marriage settlement 64

DOWNING SQUARE.
Hambden [Hampden] House 58
The Foreign Office 65
The Secretary of State, *ibid.*
Plans 84
At West end of Downing Street 112, 114
The house of Sir George Downing probably stood here 128

PAGE
DOWNING STREET.
Introductory ii., vi., vii.
Most famous, *ibid.* ix.
Its name should be spared 5
Reputation of its builder, by Pepys 19
A correspondent's letter referring to it 33
Original lease of site 38
Its history dates from Tudor period 50
Who in possession then, *ibid.*, and in Stuart times 51-7
Sir Robert Walpole's and Horace Walpole's connection with it 60-1
Ale-house 61
Leases relating to its houses 60-6
"Axe and Gate" and "King Henry's Head" 63
Original restrictions as to Downing's building westward of the Cockpit 73-4
Office of Ministerial Whips 101
Wellington and Nelson, meeting place of 101-3
American Ambassador's speech, referring to 104
Official residence of Prime Minister, First Lord of Treasury 106
Plans of 111
Earl of Lincoln in possession of No. 5—No. 10, *ibid.* 113-16
No. 10, "The King's House" 119
Count Bothmar tenant, *ibid.*
Offered by George II. to Sir Robert Walpole, who accepts, for his office of First Lord of the Treasury, *ibid.*
No. 10 itself discussed 121-3
The subject continued 126-45
The Rooms of No. 10 described 146-65
No. 11 (the Chancellor of the Exchequer's) 157
Portraits at No. 10 158-60
Place of Cabinet meetings 172-81
Prime Minister's room 189
No. 11 said to be condemned 216
Prime Ministers' tenancy of No. 10 217-18
Past Associations 219-322
Historical Notes on Portraits at No. 10 323-6

PAGE

DOWNING STREET, No. 10.
  Portraits at 158-60
  Historical notes on 323-6

ELIA (Essays of).
  Quoted 134

ELIZABETH (Queen).
  Introductory i., 39
  Earliest lease dealing with site of Downing Street 38-9, 50-1
  St. James's Palace incident 40-1
  Wolsey's Treasury, so named 43
  Speech to the first of the Cecils 181, 201
  Privy Council, record of 201

FABRICI, Monsieur.
  Hanoverian Minister preceding Baron Bothmar 117

FOX, CHARLES JAMES.
  His bust in the Treasury Board-room 124, 253
  Frequently at No. 10 252
  His devotion to gaming 255
  Junior Lord of Treasury 256
  His curt dismissal by Lord North, *ibid.*
  Fortunate for his fame, *ibid.*
  The talents imputed to him by Dr. Parr 258-60
  His literary tastes 306
  Not guarded in language 308-9

"FRIENDS, The King's."
  Historical note 328

GAMLINGAY.
  In its church, the "Throne," or family pew of Sir George Downing 29
  The Downing estates here provided the means for founding Downing College, Cambridge 31

GARDEN OF No. 10.
  The bricked-up gateway 77-8
  Maybe Pepys and Downing walked here 157

PAGE

GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART.
  His Budget-box, Introductory, viii., 125
  Cabinets of 131
  In residence at No. 10 138
  His hospitality there 151
  And some of his guests 152-6
  His portrait after Millais 159, 296
  The Cabinet-room in his time 178, 219
  Incident of his departure (1894) 188
  Lord Kimberley's testimony in regard of him 206
  His premierships 218
  His portrait facing 278
  No name ranks higher than his 296
  Takes leave of his colleagues 297
  Criticism of, as party-man and party-chief 298-9
  The nobility of his aims 301

GODERICH (Viscount).
  His Portrait facing 204
  Premier (1827-8) 218
  In residence at No. 10 261
  His son, the present (1907) Marquis of Ripon, K.G., born there, *ibid.*
  Historical note 332

GRAFTON (Duke of).
  Portrait of facing 122
  Premier (1768-70) 217
  Historical note 330

GRENVILLE, GEORGE.
  Portrait of facing 102
  Prime Minister (1763-5) 217
  Historical note 331

GRENVILLE (Lord).
  Portrait of facing 158
  Prime Minister (1806-7) 217

GREY (Earl).
  Note 215
  Portrait of facing 216
  Prime Minister (1830-4) 218
  One of the "Society of Friends of the People" 261
  An advocate of Parliamentary Reform 262
  Devoted to popular liberty, *ibid.*
  Encourages Haydon, the Painter 263

PAGE
GREY (Earl)—*Continued.*
The Reform Bill of 1832 the great monument to his reputation 266
A staunch Whig 281-2

HAMBDEN HOUSE 56–7, 326–7
Note, "Hamden" is a misprint for "Hambden," so spelt by Wren.
HATLY [Hatley].
A town near to, called "Clappum," bought by Sir George Downing 13
HATLEY, EAST.
Croydon Church (not far from), the reputed burial place of Sir George Downing and his wife 30
The Downing Estates here (and at Gamlingay) provided the means for founding Downing College, Cambridge 31
HATLEY ST. GEORGE HOUSE.
Sir Charles Hamilton's place, referred to 30
HENRY VIII. (King).
His Tennis Court and Tilt-yard ; Introductory viii.
York Place 43
Whitehall in his day 44-9
Sir Thomas Knyvet (Hampden House) 51
The Tilt-yard, Tennis Court and Bowling Green 67
"His Majesty's House called the Cockpit" 67-86
Historical Note (Tilt-yard) 326
"HENRY'S HEAD (King)."
Tavern 51
A reminiscence of "Bourlie King Hal" 63
Where it stood 128

KNEVETT [KNYVET], SIR THOMAS.
Afterwards Lord Knevett [Knyvet] 38, 39, 50, 51, 53, 54

LINCOLN (The 4th Earl of) 115-16

PAGE
LINCOLN (The 9th Earl of).
House in temporary possession of 111
Downing Street re-numbered : No. 5 becoming No. 10, *ibid.*
Plan showing that house 112
How he became tenant of it 113
LIVERPOOL (2nd Earl of), ROBERT BANKS JENKINSON.
His income when Premier 89
Meetings of Treasury Board in his time 93
Not Lord Bute's Private Secretary (Note) 115
His portrait facing 192
Prime Minister (1812-27) 217
Cato Street Conspirators 277
LONDON.
The glory of England. Introductory v.
New. Not preferred to the old city. Introductory vii.
Old. The Author's veneration for. Introductory i., iii., vii., 135
Topographical Society 110
LOWNDES, Old Mr.
Secretary of the Treasury 95, 100
A saying of his 95
LOWTHER, SIR JAMES (temp. George I.)
Anecdote of 309

MALTHUS, F.R.S., Rev. T. R.
A Friend of the Constitution 147
MELBOURNE (Viscount), WILLIAM LAMB.
Speech of 209
Prime Minister (1834, 1835-41) 218
Melbourne House 267
When thoroughly alarmed 267
Anecdote of 268
Tommy Young, his Secretary 269
First Minister to William IV. and Queen Victoria 270-1
Greville's view of court etiquette, *ibid.*
Duke of Wellington supports it 272
His qualities as Minister discussed by *Edinburgh Review* 274-5
Home Secretary 277

PAGE

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.
  Florio's translation of Introductory ii.

MOORE, THOMAS ("Life of Sheridan").
  His definition of Whiggism 155
  Historical note 329

NORTH, Lord (2nd Earl of Guilford).
  Portrait of facing 130
  Enters into occupation of No. 10 132
  Prime Minister (1770-82) 217, 228
  Described by "Junius" 228-9
  His engraved portrait in "Letters of Junius," *ibid.*
  An old letter of his 230
  Contemporary references to 231
  Anecdote of, *ibid.*
  The "Boston Tea-party" 232
  His amiability 233
  Proposes to Convocation of Oxford University to confer D.C.L. on Samuel Johnson 234

OKEY (Colonel ?) so-called "Regicide."
  His case against Sir George Downing discussed 21-4

PALMERSTON (Viscount).
  In whose administrations he served 131-2
  Sir Henry Bulwer's Life of, quoted 174, 184, 289
  The "Torpid" Cabinet-council 175
  Receives news of Sebastopol's fall 179, 287
  Vigorously human 180
  Where his Cabinet met 180
  Prime Minister (1855-8, 1859-65) 218
  Portrait of facing 262
  Guest at No. 10 285
  His personality 287-9
  His Statesmanship, *ibid.*
  Historical note 331

PAGE

PEEL, SIR ROBERT.
  His working-room at No. 10 179
  Prime Minister (1834-5) 218
  Portrait of facing 228
  Referred to in Recollections of House of Commons 269-70
  Mobs in his time 276
  Cato Street Conspirators 277
  Not living at No. 10 278
  Too fond of his pictures, *ibid.*
  "Peelites" 279
  Chartists met by his Police 280
  Reformer 281

PELHAM, HENRY.
  Portrait of facing 72
  Related to 9th Earl of Lincoln, who lived at No. 10 113
  Prime Minister (1743-54) 217
  Historical note 330

PELHAM-HOLLES, THOMAS (Duke of Newcastle).
  Portrait of facing 80
  Brother of the above-named Henry Pelham 113
  Prime Minister (1754-6) 217
  A living, moving, talking caricature 163-4
  Bribery in his time 313
  Historical note 330

PEPYS, SAMUEL (the Diarist).
  Introductory viii.
  His contemporary testimony concerning Sir George Downing 3, 18, 19, 20, 23, 26, 28
  Lived in Axe Yard 18
  An official colleague of Downing, *ibid.*

PITT, WILLIAM (Earl of Chatham).
  Portrait of facing 90
  Prime Minister (1756-62, 1766-8) 217
  Made England "the greatest country in the world" 236
  His speech on the American war 238
  Insupportably tyrannical in the Cabinet, *ibid.*
  Friend of Garrick 259
  Burke's inscription on London's Guildhall monument 239-40
  How he wrote to an Ambassador 241
  His public life reviewed 241-4

PAGE

PITT, WILLIAM.
- Introductory vii.
- Portrait of facing 142
- "Imaginary Conversations" (Walter Savage Landor), quoted 142
- His bust at No. 10, *ibid.*
- His portrait also 150
- His Cabinet (1783) 184
- Prime Minister (1783-1801, 1804-6) 217
- Lady Hester Stanhope kept house for him at No. 10 244-5, 248
- Chancellor of the Exchequer 246
- One of the noblest and greatest of Ministers 249
- His refusal of a gift of £130,000 251

PORTRAITS
- At No. 10, Downing Street 158-60
- Historical notes on 323

PRIME MINISTER.
- Exalted office of 103
- Usually associated with that of First Lord of the Treasury, *ibid.*
- His authority and power 104-5
- Stated from an American source, *ibid.*
- No monuments of, at No. 10 126
- His house not lordly, *ibid.*
- Political genealogy 129-33
- Term of occupancy of No. 10 137
- Unsettled condition of 139
- Sir Robert Walpole's opinion of the office of 142
- "Imaginary Conversations" (Walter Savage Landor), quoted 143
- Classical allusions 149-50
- Hospitality at No. 10 151-6
- Presides in Cabinet-room 161, 164, 185
- The Cabinet 171, 173, 181
- Men of great place 188, 211
- Reverie in his room 189, etc.
- His laborious duties 192, 193, 199, 209, 210, 333
- Bolingbroke on 207
- List of Premiers 217-18
- No such thing as Prime Minister known to Constitution 231
- His necessary qualifications 303

PAGE

PRIME MINISTER—*Continued.*
- Value of a character 318-20
- Historical note 329

PORTLAND, DUKE OF.
- Portrait of facing 172
- Prime Minister (1807-9) 217

PRIOR, MATT (Poet and Courtier).
- Friend of the Earl of Dorset.
- Under-Secretary of State 85
- Well-known at the Cockpit 126
- A remark of his at Versailles, *ibid.*

ROCKINGHAM (Marquis of).
- His Portrait facing 116
- Prime Minister (1765-6, 1782-3) 217
- Historical note 331

ROSE, MR. GEORGE.
- Secretary of the Treasury 97-100
- Note 100

ROSEBERY (Earl of).
- Tenanted No. 10 for a year 130
- His room 138
- Not sorry to vacate the Premiership 203
- Prime Minister (1894-5) 218
- Thanked for the privilege of publishing Mr. Gladstone's portrait 297
- His own Portrait facing 302

RUSSELL (Earl), JOHN.
- The famous "Torpid" Cabinet-council called at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park 174
- He died there, *ibid.*
- Prime Minister (1846-52, 1865-6) 217
- His Portrait facing 234
- Helped to carry the Reform Bill, 1832 262, 281-3
- A stout-hearted Whig, *ibid.*
- The advocate of "popular rights," *ibid.*
- Laboured under physical deficiencies 285
- An Assembly at No. 10 in his time, *ibid.*
- Historical note 333

PAGE

SALISBURY (Marquis of).
  Never actually in residence at No. 10 130
  Cabinet meetings, where held during his premiership 146
  William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, his distinguished ancestor, quoted 202
  An incident related, *ibid.*
  Prime Minster (1885-6, 1886-92, 1895-1902) 218
  Portrait of facing 294

SCHARF, K.C.B., SIR GEORGE.
  Artist. Director of the National Portrait Gallery 164
  Note 326

SCROPE, SIR JOHN.
  Secretary of the Treasury under Sir Robert Walpole 94-5

SHELBURNE (Earl of), WILLIAM PETTY, first Marquis of Lansdowne.
  Portrait of facing 136
  Prime Minister (1783) 217
  One of the ablest Statesmen of his time 308
  His education, *ibid.*

SOANE, R.A., SIR JOHN.
  The distinguished Architect, founder of the Soane Museum. Made a survey of and added to No. 10 86, 157
  Plan by him 121
  Architect (the Treasury) 123
  Designed State dining-room 149-50
  The kitchen doubtful 151

SPIERS, A.R.I.B.A., WALTER L.
  Curator of Soane Museum.
  Note (Preface).
  Plan by him 84, 86

ST. JAMES'S FIELDS.
  In Tudor times fringed an ill-made road 46
  Later became the King's Way, or Street, *ibid.*
  Now the modern thoroughfare known as Whitehall 47

PAGE

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.
  Queen Elizabeth residing there 40
  "A house of recreation," *ibid.*
  Originally a hospital for lepers 48
  Queen Anne Boleyn, a reminiscence of her married-life . 49

ST. JAMES'S PARK 40
  In Tudor time, St. James's Fields 46-7
  Made a park by Henry VIII., *ibid.*
  Probably originally belonging to the Benedictine Monastery adjacent 48
  Cockpit Royal 72
  "His Majesty's House called the Cockpit" 73-4
  Treasury adjoining 121

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.
  Sir Robert Walpole's place of residence 119

SUNDERLAND (Lord), Prime Minister of George I.
  Anecdote of 309

TREASURY BOARD, The.
  The Sovereign occasionally presided at 89, 91, 93
  When it met, *ibid.*
  Quorum of one 93

TREASURY, First Lord of the.
  Office of 87-93, 171
  The Lord High Treasurer 87-9
  The golden keys 88
  Salary of office 88-9
  Lord Liverpool's salary (Note) 89
  Prime Ministers 103
  The House of, described 109-165
  No. 10, Downing Street, annexed to office of 119
  Plans of house of 118, 120

TREASURY, Secretaries of the
  Sir George Downing 90
  Engraved series of portraits of 94
  John Scrope's, *ibid.*
  "Old Mr. Lowndes," a saying of his, *ibid.*
  How originally paid 96-8
  Perquisites in former time, *ibid.*
  Mr. George Rose 97-9

PAGE
TREASURY, SECRETARIES OF—*Continued.*
  How appointed 98
  Government Whips 100
  Their office in Downing Street 101
  An interesting event connected with, *ibid.*

WALPOLE, HORATIO (known as Horace Walpole,) 4TH EARL OF ORFORD, third and youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole.
  Interested in Downing Street 60
  Leases premises in 61-5
  His son, Lord Walpole, succeeds as lessee 63-4

WALPOLE, K.G. (SIR ROBERT), 1ST EARL OF ORFORD.
  His Portrait facing 56
  Twenty years Prime Minister 60
  Gratitude among friends 80
  John Scrope, Secretary of Treasury under 94, 119
  Home Department of his time 101
  Moves into No. 10 119
  Gift of the King 119, 129, 141
  His knowledge of Treasury affairs 142
  At dinner with Craggs, Addison, Steele, Whiston 144
  Perhaps read a paper of Addison's 147
  His portrait at No. 10 159, 190
  Cabinet Council 181-2
  Prime Ministers since his day 215-18
  In possession of No. 10 (1735-42) 217
  Bolingbroke and he 220-23
  "A fixed star" 222
  Secret Service Money 223
  Not too polite 224
  His week-ends, how spent, *ibid.*
  Dean Swift's criticism of 226
  Queen Caroline's dowry, *ibid.*
  Change in manners since his day 305
  Lord Sunderland 310
  Craggs (the elder), *ibid.*
  Office-seekers 311
  His successors 313
  Lord Townshend 316-17
  Historical note 329

PAGE
WALPOLE (LORD).
  Son of Horace Walpole 63-4

WELLINGTON (DUKE OF).
  His Portrait facing 210
  Prime Minister (1828-30) 218
  Precedence of a Prime Minister 272
  Reform Days 273
  Historical note 332-3

WHITEHALL.
  Dates from Tudor period 37
  A stately house of that period on present site of Downing Street 38
  Philip II. of Spain inquires why called "Huy-tal" 40
  Wolsey's Treasury so-named 43
  Brief sketch of 44-7
  King Henry VIII. adds the park and enlarges the palace 47-8
  The fine Gothic gate 83
  Apartments at 83
  Connecting link, Stuart and Georgian periods 85
  Cockpit, an outbuilding of palace, *ibid.*

WILMINGTON (LORD), SPENCER COMPTON.
  His Portrait facing 62
  Prime Minister (1742-3) 217
  Lends No. 10 to Mrs. Sandys 226
  Queen Caroline's dowry 227

WOLSEY'S TREASURY (so-named).
  Sketch of 42

WREN, SIR CHRISTOPHER.
  "Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Works" 59
  His plans at the Soane Museum 86
  Overlooked No. 10 exteriorly and interiorly 115, 163
  His plan 118
  Altered and restored the First Lord's house 156-7

162

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